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- ART. I.—1. *Vita Sancti Antonii.* (*Opera Omnia sancti Patris nostri ATHANASII.*) Paris. 1698.
2. *Vita Pauli.* (*Opera Omnia HIERONYMI.*) Paris. 1693.
3. *Vita Hilarionis.* (*Opera Omnia HIERONYMI.*) Paris. 1693.
4. *Historia Lausiaca* PALLADI. (*Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum.*) Two Vols. Paris. 1624.
5. *Nili Ascetæ Epistolarum Libri IV.* Rome. 1668.
6. *General History of the Christian Religion and Church.* By AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated by J. Torrey. Eight Vols. London: Bohn. 1851.

A FEW miles from the western coast of the Red Sea, near the base of Mount Kolzim, just where that hill bends, and looks out through the desert pass of Mount Kalil towards the plain of Baccarah, there flourished, about the close of the third century, a small grove of date-palm trees. Nourished by three springs of brackish water, it offered to the scorched and weary traveller both scanty repast and shade. Near this grateful shelter from the heat of the barren waste, was a small enclosure, which seemed to be rescued from the ocean of sand; and within it were growing, as if for the comfort of those who might succeed in reaching the solitary place, a few onions, beans, and patches of grain. The cultivation was the rough work of a single labourer; and he was sometimes to be seen, seated at the entrance of a recess in the hill, which, amidst the hot and dreary loneliness of the silent desert, appeared to invite the pilgrim to quiet repose.

His attenuated form was simply clad in a tunic of wash-leather. His yellow countenance was expressive of quiet earnestness, high and holy purpose; and while his hands were busily employed in weaving baskets with leaves of the palm tree, the lustrous depth of his eye, when it was occasionally upraised, as if answering to the swell of his chanted Psalm, indicated the profound devotion which kept his abstracted soul in communion with heaven.

This was Anthony, the often ridiculed, but sainted Anthony; the acknowledged founder of Christian Monachism. Anthony was the son of one of those respectable families of Coptic Christians, which were once found so largely peopling the districts of Central Egypt, and the feeble remnants of whose offspring still cling to the few ruinous convents in the desert. Simply but piously trained, Anthony soon showed, that deep religious feeling and a craving after Divine things were the leading characteristics of his soul. His early love for inspired truth led him to so close an acquaintance with the sacred writings, that in after life he could feast on the word without the help of the written volume. He was bereaved of his parents in early life. The world soon became an object of disgust to him; and being deeply impressed during a public religious service with our Lord's advice to the rich young man, he followed that advice literally, sold all that he had, and retired to a life of rigid discipline and self-denial. He first occupied a grotto not far from his native village; then spent about twenty years amidst the ruins of an old castle; and, at last, to avoid the wondering multitude, he betook himself to the distant solitude of Mount Kolzim. A large monastery now marks the scene of his retirement and devotion.

'St. Anthony with his picturesque infernal legion,' says a writer on 'Ancient Christianity,' 'has been the jest of modern times; and it is thought of much rather as a subject for Flemish art, than in any more serious connexion. Or if his name has occurred in the page of modern ecclesiastical history, it has been hastily dismissed with a word or two of philosophic scorn. But this loose style of treating such subjects will not serve us any longer.' No, but while we abstain from the 'philosophic scorn' in which Gibbon and even Jortin have indulged, we should in fairness give Anthony credit for more than the virtues of a mere deistical enthusiast; and yet the writer who has condemned the 'loose style of treating such subjects,' asserts that Athanasius's *Life of Anthony* 'contains not a syllable, except the word *Christian*, which would enable the reader to guess that the subject of it was any other or any better than many a Mahommedan dervish has been.' From this it might be inferred,

that the outlines of true Christian character had not been even dimly sketched in Anthony's case. In fact, however, the biographer clearly shows the distinctiveness of the saint's Christian character by recording his deep reverence for God's word, and by enabling us to witness his apt and diligent use of the Christian Scriptures during his intercourse with his disciples. He must have been more than a Mahomedan dervish, while he ever exhorted his companions to 'prefer the love of Christ before everything in this world;' and to give themselves to God on the consideration that he 'spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.' The spirit of the recluse was certainly imbued with that 'justice, temperance, fortitude, love, kindness, and faith in Christ,' to the cultivation of which he so earnestly invited his friends; while the unbelievers who sometimes visited him could scarcely fail to see the marks of Christianity in one who declared that, if he accomplished any good work, it was by 'faith in Christ;' and that it was only through 'the love of Christ' that his word had any power.* Familiar as his susceptible mind had become with authorized sketches of his Redeemer's conflicts with the wandering powers of darkness, it was not unnatural that the scenes of his own early struggles for power over sin should seem to be peopled by his spiritual foes. And if the record of his mental combats appears too vivid, even for the reader of Bunyan's *Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners*; if, at times, the pages glow and appear instinct with unearthly life beneath our eye; the reason may be found rather, perhaps, in our lack of sympathy, than in the agonizing penitent's error. We are become so used to the even movements of society, the steady influence of settled government, and the regulated forms of ordinary existence, that we have almost ceased to believe in the power of those impulses and excitements which, under other circumstances, have moved the lowest depths of human energy. The daily task of balancing merriment and care may wear away one's keen sense of interest in the more profound emotions felt by those of other climates or former days. And when men find themselves called to pay habitual deference to prevailing usage, ever to consult utility, to follow expedients, to cultivate mere sagacity, and to train even their passions to artificial modes of expression, they soon lose the power of looking into the more spiritual transactions of the soul; and, accustomed at length to nothing but the common surface of life, they can no longer sympathize with the upward movements of the more hallowed few. Hence, unhappily, they are ill prepared

* *Vita Anton.*, sect. xiv., xvii., lxxvii.

to understand the language of pure faith, by which the New Testament expresses that realizing impression of unseen things, which so remarkably distinguished many of the first Christians. And feeling themselves unequal to the celestial neighbourhood to which apostolic example invites them, they seek so to interpret the Holy Spirit's revelations, as to make them agree with their more earthly or, as they think, more practical standard and level. It is not surprising, therefore, that what was solemn fact to Anthony, should now, to some, appear to be fiction. But if the genuine Christian view of fellowship with the Divine Persons, and of communion with the surrounding 'cloud of witnesses,' took an extravagant form in the mind of the saint during his earlier career; or if the scriptural disclosures of infernal agency occupied his impassioned soul on its first awakening, until he became bewildered amidst the exaggerated notions and morbid feelings which he had called up from within; he has at least a claim on our charity, though we fail to realize his religious state. It must be admitted that at first he lacked the right conception of the Christian renunciation of property; and, for a time, he missed the clue to the object of his search,—the 'perfect love' of God; and sought that object by dint of ascetic exercise rather than by faith in Christ; while he consequently mistook many of his own natural sympathies and affections for the temptations of the wicked one. But sincerity like his is only found in such as are not far from the kingdom of heaven. In his maturer state, we hear him saying to his monks: 'Let not our imaginations be busy with spectres of evil spirits, or be troubled as if we were to perish. Let us rather trust and be glad that salvation is to follow. And let us consider that the Lord who is with us has routed and crushed our foes. Let us ever remember that if the Lord is with us, the enemy can do us no harm. When the spirits of evil come, they will be just what they find us; and will accommodate their images to our thoughts. If they find us fearful and timid, they are furies, and invade the soul so as to augment its terrors; but if they find us rejoicing in God and in hope of future good, conversing with the Lord, consigning everything into His hand, and believing that no demon can ever injure the Christian, they turn away in confusion, having no power over the soul.'*

Anthony learnt to seize the opportunity which his name and character secured, to give lessons of goodness, which, if not always acted upon by his pupils, left an undying impression; and many of his sayings have been borne down to our own times

* *Vita Anton.*, sect. xlii.

by the voices of those who affectionately cherished his memory. The fame of his religious character had passed to the very seat of imperial life; and the Emperor Constantine and his sons had acknowledged his authority as a spiritual father, by asking for a communication from him. 'Do not wonder,' said he to his monks, 'that the Emperor writes to us, for he is a man; but rather wonder that God has written his laws for men, and spoken to them by His own Son.' In meeting the wishes of his distinguished correspondents, he congratulated them that they were Christians; plainly told them what he thought would be most conducive to their welfare; exhorted them not to dwell with complacency on their earthly power and greatness, but ever to think of a future judgment, and always to confess Christ as the only true and eternal King. A philosopher once visited him, and showed an inclination to treat him with contempt because he did not read. 'How can you bear to live without books?' said he. Anthony inquired, in return, 'What is first, spirit or letter?' The pagan decided that 'spirit is first.' 'Well, then,' continued the saint, 'the healthy spirit is not dependent upon letters. The whole creation is my book; the volume is ever open before me, and I can read when I please; it is God's word to me.'*

A century had nearly passed over him when he paid his second visit to Alexandria, to bear his testimony against the spreading heresy of Arius. Even then, amidst the decay of his outer man, his great soul was erect; and intelligent and learned pagans felt that the flashes of his spirit made way for Christian truth. Many conversions were the fruit of his few days' toil. Nothing, however, would be more touching than his interview with the celebrated Didymus, who was then at the head of the Alexandrian school of divinity. Though blind from his youth, this remarkable man had risen to the chair from which Jerome, and Rufinus, and Palladius, and other illustrious students had received their theological lessons. He was naturally disposed to mysticism; but as if he had become more happily familiar with the Divine Spirit, while his outer sight was dim, he gave to the Christian world that treatise, which seems to have suggested the arguments by which all following generations have sustained the doctrine of the Holy Ghost.† The founder of Christian Monachism, and the blind professor of spiritual theology, now met: who would not like to have seen the greeting? The venerable recluse, looking with intense affection on the sightless but speaking face of his brother, said, 'Be not troubled at your want of eyes such as small insects use; but rejoice that you have

* *Vita Anton.*, sect. lxxvii.

† See DIDYMUS *De Spiritu Sancto*, in Jerome.

eyes like those with which angels see, by which too you see God and receive His light.'

Anthony lived to see gathered around him the nucleus of that system which, above all others, was for a long period to sway the movements of the Christian Church. He was not the first recluse of the Egyptian desert. Paul the Eremite made an earlier choice of hermit life, but had failed to form a community of disciples; so that, though his enthusiastic biographer, Jerome, does his best to immortalize his example, he admits that to Anthony belongs the glory of originating the Christian convent. Anthony may be called the first Christian abbot. He had now reached his hundred and fifth year; and feeling that his end drew near, he called two monks who had for some years been his close companions and ministers, and said, 'I am indeed going the way of the fathers. The Lord hath called me. Be watchful; and lose not the fruit of your heavenly exercises. As you have begun, keep up your diligence. Our spiritual foes, it is true, are ever seeking to devour; their strength, however, is limited; fear them not, but ever breathe after Christ. Have faith in Him. And as you are dying daily, attend to His precepts which you have heard from me. Mind the same things; so that, joined to the Lord and to His saints, ye may be received as His friends into everlasting habitations. Let not my body be taken into Egypt, nor be placed in your house. Bury it, and cover it with earth. Keep the secret in your own minds; and let no man know the place of my burial; for I shall be received by the Saviour Himself incorruptible at the resurrection of the dead. Divide my garments. Give one to Athanasius the Bishop; and the *pallium*, now worn out, which when new I received from him. Give another garment to Serapion the Bishop. My hair-cloth vesture is left to you. Farewell, my sons! Anthony is departing hence; nor will he be with you any more!'

* The old man remained standing while they gave him the parting kiss; and then, reclining himself with a cheerful countenance, he breathed his last.

The example of this remarkable man had awakened the enthusiasm of many sincere hearts; and, in his cherished memory, a pattern was still preserved, which continued to excite the emulation of both Egyptians and Greeks; until the face of the desert, even to the borders of Lioya, was dotted with monastic communities and cells. Here, then, the distinctive form of Christian Monachism began. It will at once be seen, that, whatever comparative degrees of good or evil belonged to the system in its infancy, it sprang up and extended for a time entirely irrespective of the Church of Rome. It was a thing of an earlier age.

* *Vita Anton.*, sect. xci., xcii.

Its character had been shaped, and its influence acknowledged, long before the Western Church set up her exclusive claims. Rome, however, at length felt the congenial nature of the system, and, with characteristic ingenuity, worked up the ready material into her own fabric, and used it for her own ecclesiastical purposes. These purposes made it desirable, by and bye, to adopt the views which were held by some as early even as the days of Jerome, and to claim for monastic orders a more primitive and sacred origin. They were traced to the first Christians and apostles; or to John the Baptist; and indeed even to Elijah the Tishbite. But those who quote John the Baptist and Elijah as authorities on behalf of Christian Monachism, only show that they lack the power to understand the 'high calling' of the Christian. A Divine voice once said, 'Among those that are born of women there is not a greater than John the Baptist; but he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.' The genuine Christian who enjoys the least privileges of his dispensation, is called to a purity and freedom, and really attains a harmony of character, beyond him who, of all the prophets, was nearest to Christ. From the severe shape which the Baptist's piety assumed, it would be very natural for those of his followers who passed into discipleship under the Redeemer, to look for their Divine Master's authorization of the ascetic style; especially if they knew that He had gone from the place of His baptism into desert life for a time: but how graciously did He open the first lesson in that series which was intended to disabuse their minds on this subject! Why was a marriage-feast one of the first scenes into which He led them? and what was the great moral of His first miracle? Did He not intend to show, at starting, that His religion was too free and too happy to take an austere form? Did He not teach that the grace and power which His first miracle manifested, would not be confined to desert or cell, but be freely given to hallow nature in all its social and family relations? Much of the rigid severity which marks the piety of John and Elijah, was peculiar to their dispensation, and was necessary to the accomplishment of their peculiar mission. To rest the monastic system on such authorities is, as even a Romish authority says, to build on 'mere conjecture;' as there can be nothing but 'an imaginary connexion' between Christian Monachism and the ancient prophets or apostles.* It is true, as the same writer judiciously remarks, that, 'in the primitive Christians, the apostles, and even before them, in the prophets, we have those models of admirable virtue which monks have in some instances really

* Thomassin, *Disc. de l'Eglise*, chap. xii., 10.

copied. But such virtues are not peculiar to monks; they are common to all saints in all ages. Monks are distinguished by rules, discipline, community, particular costume, regulated and uniform exercises, colonies, and schools. Such characteristics were not known before the days of Paul and Anthony in Egypt.*

But Rome clings to the notion of antiquity; and lest the position should be lost, it has been asserted, that the Jewish sect of the Essenes were Christians, and Christian monks. This assertion is so clearly at variance with historical fact, that it would deserve no attention, had not some Protestants exercised their ingenuity in calling up something like a shadowy argument to sustain it. It is said, first, that 'no such philosophical sect as the Essenes ever existed among the Jews;' then, that 'Josephus, the Jewish historian, does not mention the new-born brotherhood of Christians;' and taking the latter statement for granted, the silence of Josephus is thought to be so remarkable, that we must be driven to conclude that, in describing the Essenes, he really describes the primitive Christians. To avoid the difficulty springing out of the fact that the historian speaks of the Essenes as divided into four classes, an attempt is made to show, that the first Christian society was composed of 'four concentric circles around one mysterious centre;' the outermost being made up of those who were still mostly Judaic, the next of those members who were more familiar with the Messianic prophecies, the third of all those whose attention was more fully fixed upon the personal manifestation of Christ, while the inner circle was formed of entire Christians.* All this is ingenious, but not true. Though some variety marked the Christian Churches during the apostles' days,—variety arising from the several shades of Jewish prejudice, or from the different degrees of Christian knowledge and spiritual life,—in no case can distinct lines of classification be traced, dividing the community into such castes as answer to the four orders of Essenes. The whole theory dissolves before the light of one fact. The Essenes, as a Jewish sect, existed nearly two centuries before Christ. They sprang up, just as Christian Monachism did; and formed one of the three leading parties, whose birth was nearly contemporary in the Maccabean age, and in whom were embodied the three principles or tendencies,—Pharisaic formality, Sadducean unbelief, and Essenic mysticism. These Jewish monks first appeared in the quiet scenes which border the western shore of the Dead Sea. 'On the western border of that lake,' says the elder Pliny, 'dwell the

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xlvii.

Essenes, at a sufficient distance from the shore to avoid its pestilential effluvia,—a race entirely by themselves, and beyond every other in the world deserving of wonder, men living in communion with nature, without wives, without money. Every day their number is replenished by a new troop of settlers, since they are much visited by those whom the reverses of fortune have driven, tired of the world, to their modes of living. Thus happens what might seem incredible, that a community in which no one is born, yet continues to subsist through the lapse of centuries. So fruitful for them is disgust of life in others.* Many of this sect are said to have assisted Mattathias the Asmonean, who rose against Antigonos Epiphanes; and are spoken of in the Book of Maccabees, under the name of Assideans. (1 Mac. ii. 42.) Josephus, however, who speaks of them as well known before the appearance of Christ, gives the deepest insight into their character and manners. Their cultivation of *caste* feeling, and some of the laws which regulated their four divisions, might remind us of the laws of caste in the Institutes of Menu, and indicate a copy, if not a common origin. Marriage was allowed in one only of the four orders. Some colonized in cities and towns. Civil office might in some cases be filled. Secrecy, as a rule, marked their mutual intercourse; and their communications admitted no more than the simple 'yea' and 'nay;' except in the case of initiation, when an oath was administered to the new member. They held their goods in common; were strict observers of the Sabbath; and sent gifts to the temple, though they were never seen in it. Indeed, whether they settled in the wilderness, or amidst a gathered population, they were studiously quiet and secluded. Their occupations were peaceful; and they were honoured as industrious and hospitable, benevolent and honest; though they purposely shrank from contact with the uncircumcised, and would rather die than partake of food not prepared by their own or their brethren's hands. Their peculiar characteristics are noticed also by Philo, who has introduced us to the kindred but more contemplative Jewish sect of the Therapeutæ. These, composed of both men and women, were found quietly enclosed in their separate cells on the borders of Lake Mœris, near Alexandria; illustrating the vain pretensions of ascetic discipline long before Christianity appeared in Egypt.

The Essenes had perhaps the distinction not only of an earlier origin, but of being more practical and more pure. It has been thought remarkable that our Lord never named this sect, nor

* *Natural History*, book v., chap. 15, Neander's Translation.

formally condemned them, as he did the Pharisees and Sadducees. A sufficient reason, however, may be found in the fact, that their recluse life, for the most part, kept them from crossing His path; and as they never appeared in the temple, they would not, like their ostentatious and sceptical contemporaries, who affected such publicity, call forth a distinct and open reproof. It may be, too, that their general sincerity shielded them; and that the long-suffering 'Son of Man' might exercise forbearance toward the frailties which, in their case, were associated with so much acknowledged virtue. But though Jesus never named them, He did not leave their errors uncondemned. St. Matthew describes Him as alluding to their ascetic practice; (xix. 11, 12;) and records the lesson which He gave, that any violation of human nature is inconsistent with the Christian religion; that the rule of His kingdom does not follow Judaism in pronouncing celibacy to be in itself dishonourable; nor does it, on the other hand, enforce the rule of ascetic life, or recommend the celibate as a superior condition of existence; but that it rather requires the heart to be so devoted to piety, that every relation of life into which Providence leads the man may be hallowed, and its proper duties performed to the glory of God. Nor can anything be more beautiful than the manner in which He reproves Essenic severity, in that action which follows His lesson on the conjugal relation. A family scene opened around them, where the women brought little children that He might touch them. Some of the disciples, who still retained much that was austere, rudely tried to prevent the mothers from invading their Master's sanctity; but He said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven: and He laid His hands on them, and departed thence.' He meant, among other things, to say, that family ties and filial affections are to be honoured and sustained in His kingdom; and that the spirit of Christian simplicity and tenderness which is so congenial with domestic life, and a pattern of which is winningly set forth in the little child, will best prepare us for discerning our proper place, and for fulfilling our own duty. Other actions of our Lord are equally significant, as indicating the difference between the members of His spiritual family, and the Jewish brotherhood of monks. He seeks every opportunity of leading His disciples to the sanctuary at Jerusalem, as His Father's house, His own temple, which He was come to cleanse and glorify, but not immediately to subvert; and thus He impressively shows, that those who studiously avoided the appointed sacrifices, or renounced the temple service, and substituted feasts of bread and salt, nightly illuminations, and hymns, with mystic talk and dances, for the established

ritual of their fathers, were prematurely throwing off their share in the symbolic worship, and making changes on inadequate authority. And while the Redeemer thus expressed His will, His apostles have not left the errors of the Jewish sect untouched. Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, they have pointed out the difference between Essenic peculiarities and Christian doctrine; leaving it impossible for those who have caught their spirit, and understood their arguments, to view Essenes and primitive Christians as one and the same. Those who were obedient to the teaching of Paul, could not be confounded with the ascetics who superstitiously observed human forms of worship, venerated secret traditions on mystic medicine, believed themselves called to hold the secrets of nature, were sworn against all food from unconsecrated hands, bound never to reveal the mysteries of angelic names, and used ascetical preparations to qualify them for a search into the future. The spiritual children of John the beloved disciple must have been distinct from the exclusive spiritualists who denied the doctrine of the resurrection, rejected the idea of an incarnation, though they entertained a shadowy conception of the Trinity, and, when Christianity published its claims, proved to be as blind to the humanity of the manifested Saviour, as were the Pharisees to the Divine nature of Christ. Indeed, all who are acquainted with their distinguishing views and customs must see, that these cannot be harmonized with genuine Christianity, and can scarcely fail to understand and acknowledge the peculiar force of those warning voices which once cried: 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God.' (1 John iv. 1-3. See also Col. ii. 8, 16-23; 1 Tim. iv. 4-8.)

How truly has Dean Prideaux remarked, that 'almost all that is peculiar to the sect of the Essenes is condemned by Christ and His apostles!' Many truths were held in common by Pharisees and Christians; and, in some of its aspects, Essenic life came very near to that of the primitive Church; but the society which had been created by the power of the Holy Ghost was essentially as distinct from the community of Jewish mystics, as it was from the sect who 'made the commandment of God of none effect by their tradition.' The sequestered class of Jews probably retained most of a traditional sympathy with the spirit of those institutions which have been called 'the schools of the Prophets;' and was gradually formed by the association of those

who cherished a desire to realize again the heavenly warmth of the prophetic days. There was nothing in the later temple service, in the synagogue system, or the public festivals, which met their inward longings; and when once the example of religious retreat had opened a refuge in the desert, they soon formed a distinct embodiment of Jewish spirituality. In their chosen exclusion they wearied themselves in trying to harmonize contemplation and activity. They had started on a wrong principle; and, failing to see that their first necessity was purity of heart, they sought for perfection in mere abstract thought, or in the exercises of the outer man. Their inward evil was overlooked, or misunderstood; and they aggravated it by following a course in which their pride was fostered, while their conscience remained impure. It is easily conceived, that such a class would soon be attracted by that Christian community which, for a time, 'had all things common.' There would at first appear much that was congenial with their own spirit, and a great deal that promised an improvement on their own system; and though some, whose pretensions were high, might be staggered by the promised union of happiness and spiritual poverty, many would be found among the swelling number of Christian converts. In such cases, even perfect sincerity would not prevent them from retaining much of that ascetic spirit and formal externalism which could scarcely fail to infuse into the Church a leaven that probably originated many of the troublesome errors which apostles had to condemn, and whose lingering influence prepared the way for a subsequent recognition and establishment of conventual life. Merely in this way can we detect any relation between early Christianity and the sect of the Essenes. That sect, claiming the honour of antiquity, remained distinctly Jewish; until, in the second century, like the society of Therapeutæ, it melted into the indefinable forms of Elkesaite or Gnostic Ebionitism. Both Essenes and Therapeutæ had disappeared before Christian Monachism prevailed.

It is not surprising that those who attach undue importance to mere antiquity, should be betrayed into error when seeking for the most remote ground on which monastic claims may be fixed. Many pre-Christian systems had so much in common with the more modern forms of recluse life, that whoever contends for the monastic institute as a legitimate form of Christianity, or claims for the Church exclusively the honour of that institution, may easily be seduced into dreamy notions of piety, and soon learn to ignore all that distinguishes the Christian religion. In tracing the history of the monastic principle, we are by and bye brought to the conviction, that it did not properly belong either to the Greek

or the Latin Church. It was adopted by both; originated by neither. Nor is it Christian; nor exclusively Jewish; though worked out for nearly three centuries by Judean and Alexandrian mystics. No; it is rather a thing peculiar to fallen human nature. Hence, we find it exemplified, perhaps most perfectly, in the great centres of heathendom. The systems of Paganism are but the ruling propensities of the human mind embodied; and all these are distinguished by their mysteries, reserved for the privileged and meritorious few. There is a disposition in human nature, under a sense of its guilt and misery, to trust in any vicarious worship and obedience; as well as a desire and hope of transferring from one man to another the merit of good works, and the benefit of devotional exercises; so as to enable the mass of the people to serve God, as it were, by proxy. The course of Hindooism, even in its earlier history, strikingly illustrates this; while Budhism still exhibits a gigantic embodiment of the same principles, after more than twenty-four centuries of intense action and nearly unrivalled influence. The natural disposition of the human mind, as manifested in these systems, is not favourable to pure Christianity; and for a time after the rise of the Christian religion, the hostility of that disposition was clearly seen: but as the doctrines of Christ widened their sway; as they became less and less unpopular, and the number of disciples continued to multiply; there appeared an increasing class of persons who, though professedly members of Christian Churches, had not yet fully understood the character of the Gospel, nor fairly imbibed its spirit; and by these the very principles and errors which had at first arrayed themselves in opposition to Christ, were gradually introduced into the Church. Among the first promoters of this wrong tendency in Christian life, were those who have been already noticed, as drawn towards Christianity from among the Jewish ascetics; and although, as Judaism dissolved, the main streams of error would be diverted by the mixed parties who sprang up to a peculiar position between Jews and Christians, yet the elements of evil, in some cases, were 'brought in unawares,' and effected changes in the Christian community such as became so evident in the Church at Colosse. Distinctions were fixed between those who kept the ceremonial or ascetic rule, and those who did not; the former were marked as a superior and privileged class; and thus the unity of the Christian religion was broken. Notwithstanding apostolic letters and enforced discipline, the evil grew, aided by other unhealthy influences from Oriental and Grecian sources, until such was the state of the Church, that the introduction of a well-regulated monastic system might be

viewed, perhaps, as a blessing to it; at least, as a thing most suitable to its existing circumstances and character. When the Christian world was thus prepared, the leaders of the new movement appeared. Three names stood at the head. This place may be awarded to them on the authority of an historian of the Romish Church,* whose fair and accurate statements are sometimes, as in this case, curiously associated with an overflow of his ecclesiastical feeling. 'Paul, Anthony, and Hilarion,' says he, 'gave birth to the holy institution in Egypt and Palestine; and from thence it expanded itself over the earth like a torrent of benediction!'

The ascetic zeal of Anthony's biographer is not wrought up to that intensity which glows in Jerome's memoirs of Hilarion and Paul; nor is the monastic state in the one case invested with so much of that kind of unearthliness, which in the other checks the approaches of ordinary life. Indeed, Jerome's heroes never seem to come very near to our hearts; while Athanasius rather helps us to love Anthony, and to respect the sincerity of his monks. But even the more amiable brotherhood of Mount Kolzim is so strangely unlike that first Christian community described by St. Luke, that when we place the later picture and the earlier and inspired sketch side by side, as representing the Christian piety of two periods, we cannot resist the conviction, that great changes must have taken place during the intervening time. Here, we detect much that is artificial and constrained; there, we see manifest Divinity in union with naturalness and ease. In the Egyptian scene, violence is done to some of the distinctive feelings of our species; at Jerusalem, human sympathies and affections have full but hallowed play. So that, while we readily admit the peculiar interest which attaches to the men who put themselves aside from the world, and obliged the seekers of truth to go 'out into the wilderness to see' models of devotion, we can never turn towards those Judean homes, which day by day were successively thronged by the affectionate family groups of primitive Christians, without feeling some curiosity, at least, as to how the Christian profession, so simple, pure, and genial in its character, came to be esteemed as most perfect when most abstruse, rigid, and severe. The process is not obscure. Christianity was designed to be the ruling principle of the world. It was to take to itself, and command for its holy purposes, all that belongs to man. It was necessary, therefore, that it should come into contact with the masses, and enter into conflict with the leading principles and practices of

* Thomassin.

heathen society. This must be done in the persons and character of its converts; who were not to be taken out of the world, but, like the first model Christians, were to continue in the same domestic and civil relations as before their conversion. They were to remain among their neighbours as 'the salt of the earth,' the 'leaven' of the population, the 'lights of the world,' whose open transparent sincerity, cheerfulness, and benevolence should diffuse grace and truth through even the worst scenes of persecution and vice. True Christians, however, could scarcely have entered on their mission before they realized the fact, that it is the nature of genuine piety to shrink from the manifestations of carnal restlessness. When the Holy Ghost touches the sympathies of human nature, they are so refined and Christianized, that they all turn in favour of meekness, humility, and retiring devotion. Christian piety, therefore, will necessarily feel that the proud tumult of a carnal world is repulsive. By a kind of spiritual instinct it draws back from the scene. And so entirely do kindness and modesty, quietness and peace, engage the disposition of a truly Christian mind, that it shrinks from noise, controversy, and strife. This aversion of sympathy and disposition is founded on hostility of principle. The principles of genuine religion are hostile to the manifestations of worldliness. Even though these manifestations assume an elegant form, and appear under attractive circumstances, as when they are seen associated with refined philosophy, polite literature, and venerable art; still, spiritual piety, true to its principles, maintains its essential aversion to the manifested evil. This is beautifully exemplified in the case of St. Paul, when, for the first time, he stood on Mars' Hill in Athens. No scene could be more exciting to a philosophical and accomplished scholar. No objects would be more likely to master a powerful and cultivated intellect. And if strength of understanding, warmth of temperament, and correct taste would incline a man to yield to the spirit of the place, Paul might be borne away by what surrounded him. But grace had turned his mind into another current. Neither the elegant associations of the scene, nor the charm of philosophical company, swayed his sympathies so far, as to prevent his firm expression of Christian principle. He saw nothing but God dishonoured by the idolatrous mass, and souls perishing amidst their carnal excitements. Holy antipathy to evil, and pity for the victims of error, precluded every other feeling; and he stood forth, at once the champion and the example of a piety which shrinks from the carnal restlessness of the world, while it loves and tries to save the restless souls of men. Genuine Christian feeling sometimes makes a near approach to the ascetic

spirit; and the early history of the Church affords evidence that the most sincere minds may allow their lawful distaste for worldly things to degenerate into an unchristian dislike to active charity, or a morbid desire to escape from contact with the multitude. It has always been difficult to preserve the balance between the contemplative and the practical. The contemplative power is at the foundation of every consistent Christian character. The doctrines which the Christian receives are so holy and deep, the relations into which he is led by receiving them are so sacred, and his privileges and calling are so high, that it becomes him to be sedentary in a spiritual sense and in a proper degree. His soul should be seated in holy quietness, that it may entertain the thoughts which claim its attention. He is called to a quiet habit. The depths of his soul must be still enough to realize the abiding presence of God. When, therefore, in his spiritual course, he finds his path beset by a hostile and noisy world, which would never allow him to take a fixed and transforming look at the truth which he loves, or silently to listen to his Master's voice, he is in danger of seeking relief in mere local retreat, and of passing out of the sphere of duty into the scene of morbid stillness. The line is soon crossed. It was overstepped by many Christians at an early period. And to this false movement we may ascribe the final establishment of systems, in which the once floating elements of evil are now embodied in such wondrous harmony and power. The leaders in this pilgrimage to the desert were saved, in most cases, from the extremes to which their plausible error tended, by that feeling of sympathy, forbearance, and love towards other men, which a genuine conviction of their own sinfulness inspired; but many of their followers rushed from the scenes of ordinary life under a blind infatuation, and wrapped themselves in the ascetic garb, in entire ignorance of their own hearts; so that, in the indulgence of self-gratulation, they soon learned to look at themselves as the exclusive inheritors of distinguishing grace, and to treat all who retained their common social position as incapable of pure godliness. Thus the gulf was formed, and gradually widened, between the religious and the secular. Thus, Christian Monachism, like most of the gigantic evils which have afflicted the world, may be traced to an origin in which there was much good, both of principle and practice; and it owes a great deal of the depth and perpetuity of its influence to this original leaven of sincere though erring piety.

An apologist of the second century shows that the earlier Christians had no idea of the later monastic system: 'We are not Brahmins,' says he, 'nor naked Indian fanatics,

dwelling in the woods, and cut off from human life. We remember our debt of gratitude to God, our Lord and Creator. We do not refuse to enjoy His works; but we use them temperately, avoiding what would appear rash and extreme. Our existence is not apart from the public resort, the market, the bath, the tavern, the office, the fair, or anything else that is necessary to social life. We, as well as yourselves, have our shipping interests, our part both in army and navy; we mix in agricultural and commercial transactions, and contribute our share towards the public labour and profit. We live, indeed, without using the rites which some observe; we are never found mingling at the public *saturnalia*; nor do we degrade ourselves by following examples of indecent freedom. In the proper use of all social comforts, however, we prove ourselves to be men.* But though these early Christians did not withdraw altogether from the scenes of active life, a practice grew up among them which nearly answered to the authorized 'retreat' of later times. Certain days were exclusively devoted to the work of self examination, private prayer, and formal acts of renewed consecration to God. The stated observance of this was thought to prepare them for a more consistent application to their usual calling. The holy days were fixed by each individual for his own benefit, and as best suited his own convenience. They were by and bye marked as fast-days, during which the outer man was allowed but limited indulgence, or subjected to total abstinence, that the soul might be more free in its spiritual pursuits. What was saved by self-denial was spent in relieving the poor. Many, too, in the warmth of their first love, interpreted their baptismal vows in the largest sense, and threw a great part, or even the whole, of their worldly goods into the treasury of the Church, to express their strong decision, or their contempt for the things which once enslaved their hearts. The 'pearl' of 'great price' was to be secured at the greatest cost. Without entire renunciation of outward things they could not be perfect. Nor did they think themselves at liberty to look for treasure in heaven, till they had brought themselves to poverty on earth. Their home was the Church; and, content to be unknown to the world, they quietly sustained themselves by the labour of their hands. In most cases they thought it best literally to follow St. Paul's example and advice by remaining unmarried; so that, undisturbed by the cares of a growing family, they might give themselves more fully to the Divine service. Such Christians came to be called '*ascetics*,' the more strict observers of self-discipline,

* Tertullian, *Apolog. ad Gentes*, cap. 42.

who 'exercised' themselves 'to godliness,' and most zealously strove for Christian perfection. In some instances, even young persons conceived so strong an attachment to religious occupations, that with ill-regulated zeal they once for all closed against themselves every prospect but that of virgin life. 'There are those,' says Justin Martyr, 'who, though now sixty and even seventy years of age, were disciples to Christ in their youth, and still remain in purity.*' These were of both sexes. The females were distinctively called 'virgins.'

At the same time, it was not uncommon among the heathen for men to consecrate themselves to a meditative life; and in such cases they would be distinguished as 'ascetics,' or 'philosophers,' terms often synonymously used. It sometimes happened that, in their eager pursuit of moral beauty, men of this class were brought within the range of Christian influence, and adopted the new religion without giving up their philosophic habits, which seemed rather congenial than repugnant to it. Others would have their first serious reflections awakened by an exhibition of Christian doctrine or example; and finding a profession of philosophy favourable to their new turn of mind, they made the first approach towards the use of a monastic garb, by appearing in the well-known cloak which distinguished the abstinent devotee. This always secured for them the reverence of the multitude; and was an introduction to those with whom they wished to converse on their chosen theme. Respect or curiosity brought many a circle around them, as they sauntered through the public walks; and while opportunities were thus afforded for dispensing the fruit of their spiritual thinkings, the notion would be originated and fixed, that the higher principles of Christianity belonged to a distinct religious order. 'Good morrow, philosopher,' said a loungee to Justin Martyr, as early one morning he entered the promenade; while another in the closing group added, 'My master taught me never to slight the philosopher's cloak, but courteously to welcome all who wore it, and reap if possible the advantage of their conversation.' Nor was Justin disinclined to meet their advances, by familiarly talking on the evidences of genuine piety. A little later, and in another scene, the Christian mantle found an apologist, who closes his eulogium with a shout: 'Rejoice and exult, O Pallium! A better philosophy has thought thee worthy, since thou hast begun to clothe the Christian!†

No one can fairly doubt the sincerity of these first ascetics.

* *Apolog.* ii.

† Tertullian, *De Pallio*.

Some of them were examples of humility and love. But we discover in their case the first indulgence of that mere human tendency to extremes which had been so remarkably developed in the false religions and philosophy of the East; while we mark the process by which that disposition to an overdone renunciation of the world, which had been freely cherished by the heathen, insinuated itself into the Christian Church. This propensity was not peculiar to any one form of philosophy or false religion, but to human nature itself; and being fashionable in the East, unwatchful Christians, who felt that the nature of true piety shrank from the corruptions of public life, mistook the whisper of an enemy for the voice of the Holy Ghost, and suffered their scriptural aversion to carnality to pass into an extreme and morbid longing for life in the desert. So that those principles of earthly philosophy which men at first opposed to the pure and simple religion which was to renovate society, were at last adopted by Christians, and soon became embodied with the first principles of the Church. The evil grew, for a time unconsciously, perhaps, even to the most sincere; until, as Eusebius says, 'there were instituted two modes of living: the one, raised above our common nature and ordinary life, has no marriage, no family, no substance or estate; and, being altogether separate and removed from the usual associations of men, is given up entirely to a Divine service, from an unmeasurable love for celestial things. Those who embrace this mode, are as if cut off from this mortal life; their bodies merely are on earth; in thought and soul they move in heaven; and, as saints above, they look down on the life of other men. They are truly consecrated to the Supreme God for the whole race, not for the sacrifice of beasts, with scent, or smoke, or fire; but with a proper sense of true piety, with purified hearts, and such words and works as spring from virtue: these are the Divine propitiatory offerings which as priests they offer for themselves and others. This is the perfect manner of Christian life. The other is a lower and more human form. This admits chaste wedlock, offspring, family care, military occupations. Nor is agriculture, or merchandise, or any part of civil duty, neglected in connexion with religion. Those who have taken this way of life, have their set times for devotion, and particular days for hearing and learning God's word. These are viewed as being of the second order of piety.* This language would be plausible to those who lived at the time; but we cannot fail to discover, that the principle here admitted broke

* *Dem. Evang.*, lib. i., cap. 8.

up the original unity of the Christian religion; and, by allowing two kinds or orders of Christianity, it laid the foundation of that system which promotes the self-deception of the ascetic by ascribing merit to his abstinence; while it indulges the corruption of the masses, by pandering to their natural dependence on the merit of the few. An undue estimation of celibacy and of the ascetic contemplative life gradually prevailed. Men were taught to expect a more exalted state of blessedness as the reward of their solitary consecration; while the praises lavished on such a course led those who were still occupied in the world to lower the standard of piety for themselves, until they had quite lost sight of the 'high calling' of the Christian. So that as early as the times of Clement of Alexandria, it was not uncommon for the people, when reminded of the seriousness which becomes Christians, and of the inconsistency of mingling with Pagans at the public shows, to reply, 'We cannot all be philosophers and ascetics; we are ignorant, we cannot read, nor do we understand the Scriptures; and why should such severe demands be made on us?'

* In all this we see the preparation of the Christian world for that system which was now more formally to be introduced and acknowledged as a part of Christ's kingdom. It only needed such men as Anthony and Paul to give consistency and form to the elements which, by this time, were so prevalent as to make the Christian world decidedly ascetic in its tendency.

Many circumstances of place and time, however, helped to intensify the monkish bent of the age. These circumstances may be viewed as partial excuses for those sincere Christians who were the instruments of establishing Monachism as a necessary part of the Church. It has been said truly, that 'all the principal or most characteristic forms of fanaticism have had birth beneath sultry skies, and have thence spread into temperate climates by transportation or infection.' Monachism had its birth in the East, and the scenes of its youth are still reflected in its character. Vehement feeling in man answers to extremes in the outer world. A continuous companionship with vast solitudes, and burning deserts, and silent mountain passes, or familiar intercourse with an oriental sky, with earthquakes, hurricanes, and burning winds, promotes the wilder and more enormous development of human nature. Nor must it be forgotten, that during the times which saw the rise of Christian convents, the universal corruption of pagan manners would naturally shock and repel the pure and spiritual minds of the first Christians;

* *Pædagog.*, lib. iii., f. 255.

who, while they were daily grieved at the sensuous irregularities of the multitude, would, in many cases, fall into the natural error of condemning the use as well as the abuse of created things; and, rather than risk their purity, would run to the extreme of entire abstinence, and become ascetics, in order, as they supposed, to preserve their religion. The working of this plausible principle may be marked in the history of the several sections of total abstainers which sprang up towards the end of the second century; and for two hundred years illustrated the curious relation between a false government of the senses with lax opinions on the one side, and severity of ecclesiastical rule on the other. Tatian stands out among those who were the leading advocates and models of this misshapen virtue; his course may be received as an example of the class. While he remained under the living influence of his spiritual father, Justin Martyr, he was held back from extremes; but when freed from the check of healthy example and teaching, he yielded to his ascetic bias, and, misunderstanding or perverting the language of St. Paul, (1 Cor. vii. 5,) he taught that marriage must be renounced in order to chastity; and that temperance was inconsistent with the use of wine. And the zealous propagation of these doctrines, though they were associated with a loose assemblage of Gnostic errors, would naturally sway many sincere souls who were disgusted or vexed with the extravagance and luxury of the age. At the same time, when multitudes adopted the profession of Christianity, and, resting in the mere name, introduced into the Church the indulgences of pagan life; the more earnest and decided Christians were constrained to shrink away from the disagreeable manners of their fellow professors, and to fly into the desert, that they might escape the swelling tide of dissipation and ungodliness. It is true, that during the short period of the Church's 'first love,' her members, with few exceptions, were necessarily distinguished by simplicity of aim; but at an early period the discerning few could detect a diversity among the candidates for Christian membership, and, like Origen, deplored the fact, that 'all did not seek Jesus in the genuine way, but from various wrong motives.' And even that longing after reconciliation with God which moved the more earnest seekers was found at length to assume a 'rude and carnal shape.' 'Such persons,' remarks Neander, 'sought in Christ not a Saviour from sin, but the bestower of an outward and magical annihilation of sin. Transferring their pagan notions to Christianity, they sought in baptism a magical lustration, which should render them at once wholly pure. Without doubt a mere outward view of the Church and the

sacraments presented a support to this erroneous notion. Hence it was that many who meant to embrace Christianity, delayed their baptism for a long time, that they might meanwhile surrender themselves without disturbance to their pleasures, hoping to be made quite pure at last by the rite of baptism.* Several of the leading spirits of the day bore their testimony against this evil; but it quietly grew and bore its own fruit. For a time the early apologists could defend themselves from heathen slander, by calling on their foes to judge every man by his life, to award blame wherever it was due, but not to condemn the entire Church for the inconsistencies of a faithless minority. At length, however, the outlines of character on the part of the Church were so far melting into the shades of the world, that in spite of the warning and teaching of such men as Cyprian, Christians were openly framing excuses for mingling with pagan crowds at public exhibitions, and lulling their own consciences, while they promoted the corruption of their brethren, by pleading that nothing but God's gifts were employed in the amusements which they countenanced; that these gifts were bestowed that they might enjoy them; that the Scriptures did not expressly forbid such pleasures; that Elijah's chariot course to heaven was a warrant for chariot races upon earth; that music and dancing in the theatre were as innocent, if not as laudable, as David's movement before the ark, or the choral noise of cymbal and trumpet, harp and shawm, in the temple service. Tertullian may be heard as a representative of those who tried to call back the wandering eyes and hearts of the erring Church. 'Tell me,' he cries, 'tell me, pray, have *we* any other desire than that which was the desire of the apostle, to depart from the world and to be with the Lord? Wherever thy wishes are, there are thy pleasures. But why art thou so unthankful, that thou art not satisfied with, and dost not acknowledge, the many and great pleasures which even now are bestowed on thee by the Lord? For what is there more joyous than reconciliation with God, thy Father and thy Lord, than the revelation of truth, the knowledge of error, the forgiveness of so many past sins? What greater pleasure than the contempt of such pleasures, and of the whole world, than true freedom, a pure conscience, a blameless life, and fearlessness of death, than to be able to tread under foot the gods of the heathen world, and to cast out evil spirits, to heal diseases, and to pray for revelations? These are the pleasures, these the entertainments, of the Christian; holy, everlasting, which cannot be bought with money.'†

* *Church Hist.*, vol. i., p. 350.

† *De Spectaculis*, cap. 29.

Whatever was the effect of such appeals on the faithful, the sophistries of those who quoted the Scriptures in support of their folly were more popular than the rebukes of severer minds. The spirit of the world worked its way, favoured by longer intervals of rest from persecution, and the gradual accumulation of wealth among the converts of the new religion. It may be that the mode of resistance on the part of those who tried to check the swelling tide, would have proved more effective had it been less stern. It is evident, however, that the spirit which failed to prevent the corruption of the multitude retained its power over a few, until the evil which had defied it became so flagrant as to afford reason and opportunity for a reaction. The reaction was towards an ascetic course. Broader distinctions between classes of character were becoming apparent. Licentiousness was preparing to unveil itself, and openly to offer its plea even within the Church; while the feeling in favour of severe self-discipline was venturing on a note of triumph. This may be marked in the sublime passage with which Jerome closes his *Life of Paul the Hermit*: 'Perhaps,' says he, 'those who adorn their houses with marble, and cover their estates with elegant villas, may ask, Why was this poor old man deficient of all these? You drink out of a cup of gems, he is satisfied with nature, the hollow of his hands. You clothe yourselves with embroidered raiment, his garb was such as your slaves would not wear. But, on the contrary, pardon is opened for this poor man, while for you rich ones hell is prepared. He, content to be naked, had the vesture of his Redeemer; you, clothed with silk, will lose the robe of Christ. Paul, thrown into the vilest dust, is chosen to a glorious resurrection; you, covered with elaborate sepulchres of stone, shall be burned up with all your works. Spare yourselves, I beseech you; spare, at least, the riches which you love! Why should not vain ostentation cease from mourning and tears? Will not the corpses of the rich decay unless they are wrapt in silk? I entreat all who read these things, to remember Jerome, a sinner, who, if the Lord would allow him to choose, would prefer Paul's poor tunic with his merits, to the royal purple of Kings with their punishment.'* In addition to the corruptions of the age, the successive storms of persecution drove many into the deserts, where an ascetic life seemed to be forced upon them. When the palsied arm of Judaism was unable to wield the weapons which her malice would have employed, they were taken up by iron-handed Rome, and used against the hated Christians

* *Vita Pauli.*

with dreadful energy and effect. From the days of Nero, who lighted up the scenes of his horrid revelry with the flaming bodies of agonizing saints, until the reign of Valens, who let loose his military furies even upon the wretched asylums of the Egyptian wilderness, the blood of martyrs had scarcely ceased to cry to heaven from the ground.

If, for a time, the tempest of tribulation seemed to abate, and the promise of quietness inspired some hope that Christ's witnesses might still hold their municipal privileges and their domestic blessings; the accession of a new Emperor, or some fresh political expediency, or the sudden claim of some personal prejudice or feeling, would again awake the fury of the desolating storm. Not even under Trajan and the Antonines were Christians free from the pressure which afforded a lawful reason to many for their final abandonment of a persecuting world. Nor, perhaps, was the forced emigration of the harassed wanderers any other than an assertion of the liberty which the Saviour granted to his followers, when He said, 'If they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another.' And the record of the Redeemer's early flight into Egypt, as well as the fact, that when the persecutors sought to take Him to put Him to death, He 'walked no more openly,' but 'went away again beyond Jordan,' may have been understood by the persecuted Church as intended to teach that the Christian's life is not to be thrown away in mistaken zeal, or lost for want of prudence, or in consequence of needless haste; and that a readiness for martyrdom is neither allied to a rash and forward spirit, nor inconsistent with any lawful effort to escape the trial. Many, therefore, who had caught the spirit of their Master, and could say with St. Paul that they counted not their lives dear unto themselves, would, at the same time, use all lawful means of preserving that life, which they now viewed as no longer their own, but Christ's, so that it might be spent for the good of the world, the edification of the Church, and the glory of God. The solitude to which they were driven would shortly have the charms of a beloved retreat. What they were forced to take as a refuge, became, ere long, their dearest home; and, under their circumstances, the transition from the fugitive confessor to the consecrated monk was soon complete. The disciples, who were 'scattered abroad' by Jewish powers, 'went everywhere preaching the word;' but the Churches which were broken by the fury of Paganism, sought to recover their strength in retirement and silence. Nothing could warrant the latter course but the assurance that all the more public scenes of Christian activity were shut against them; and those only who were thus assured, would gather spiritual power amidst

the temptations of the wilderness. But, in many cases, the flight from persecution was in a wrong direction; and then a natural but mistaken longing after rest gathered strength from the mutual sympathy of the associated exiles, and found expression at length in the different forms of monastic life.

Nor were the distractions of the Roman Empire without their influence in promoting this result. The world was too uneasy for those whose native taste for repose had been intensified by Christian feeling; or whose peaceable disposition was unequal to the repeated alarms which fell upon the scenes of public life; or whose oppressed fortunes were worn out by the intolerable demands of the state. Indeed, the last and fatal storms were gathering up around the tottering Empire; and the wretched feelings which foretold their stealthy advance, were now creeping over both Christian and Pagan. That which was called the Roman Empire was now a species of irregular republic, over which the military power held a perpetual rod. It was an iron despotism, under which the people were doomed to hopeless uneasiness. The barbarian hordes, so long unknown, and too frequently despised, even where they pressed inconveniently on the frontiers, were now becoming formidable. Among the rest, the German race was dimly opening up its majesty, sending before it the mysterious shadows of its advancing power, paralysing the aged and trembling faculties of Rome, mocking her ill-timed efforts to define the danger, and giving her a token that her time was passed. She had once conceived the annihilation of all but herself; but when the work seemed to be near its completion, a new world sprang up around her, and trampled her in the dust. The frightful disorders of the imperial succession came to a crisis under the Thirty Tyrants, the bloody scourges of their generation. While Valerian was humbled by the Persian, and his son was giving loose reins to disorder at home, the invading swarms were pressing upon the fated population at every point. And though a few of the succeeding Emperors maintained the state for a while, it was only at the deeper expense of public strength and patience. The tribute in the provinces became intolerable. Exaction was the order of the day; and the impoverished citizens, followed by hungry assessors, had no resource but to throw themselves upon the very barbarians, or, as many of the Christians did, to bury themselves amidst the solitudes of the desert, where the horrors of military conscription could scarcely follow them, and where they might hope for a chance of escaping from the merciless grasp of the civil power. The idolatrous masses, who felt that the whole system was breaking up, reproached those whose pure

and spiritual worship dishonoured the gods of Rome; but the Christians retorted by pointing out the secret of the general distress. Diocletian, they said, had lost the Empire by sharing it with his colleagues. For each of these sought to keep up as great a state and as large an army as if he was sole Emperor; so that those who were to be sustained at the public expense, were so disproportioned to the number on whom the levies were made, that the charge could not be borne; the lands were forsaken by the labourers, and the scenes of cultivation soon became desolate and waste. The population was fugitive; and on the tide of outward emigration, many from among the harassed Churches would pass to the perpetual quiet of monasticism. Among these there were probably some cases of flight from justice. Under the pressure of the inexorable times, the patience of some was perhaps overborne; and irritation may have prompted to deeds of resistance, the legal results of which could be avoided only by retirement to some distant retreat; where, under ascetic discipline, the conscience might seek relief.

The miseries of that slavery which had long cursed the social and political life of Rome, may also have lent their aid in swelling the numbers of monastic devotees. Rome must have slaves,—slaves of the hearth, and slaves of the field. Those who were made the instruments of show and luxury in the cities and villas of Italy, were imported, for the most part, from the remoter provinces, and chiefly from the East. Sicily, Egypt, and other parts of Africa, had to fill their corn fields with toiling gangs; and as the slave population was to be kept up only by fresh purchase, the markets must be supplied. The evil necessarily grew; for, as the increasing luxury of the times required larger and still larger numbers in every household, and for every garden and field, each market would be enlarged, and vie with that of Delus in Cilicia, where the sale of slaves had reached ten thousand a day. The demands of ancient as well as modern slavery were sufficiently pressing to make those whose interests were involved unscrupulous as to the mode of procuring supplies; and amidst the last convulsions of the Empire, very many Christians, in every province, would see no way of escape from the toils of serfdom in the field, or the hardships and insults of the *ergastula*, but that of withdrawing themselves from the world for ever. Among the first converts to Christianity there were large numbers of slaves, especially of the domestic class. Their sense of spiritual liberty would, in many cases, move them to desire the blessing of civil freedom, and to seek it in accordance with that inspired authority which said, 'Art thou called, being a servant? care not for it; but if thou mayest be made

free, use it rather ;' avail thyself of the privilege, rather than remain in bondage. They might either purchase enlargement for themselves, or secure it by the combined efforts of their fellow Christians. But as the ascetic spirit gathered strength, the Church would feel itself less and less equal to the purchase of civil rights for the increasing number of applicants ; while, at the same time, the inconveniences and sufferings of the slave population would, for various reasons, be continually augmented. Indeed, so wretched at length was its condition, that in some provinces, even in Gaul, the revolution effected by the barbarian invaders seemed rather to lighten their woe, than to give additional heaviness to it. The slavery to which they were subjected by the conquerors was distinguished by nothing with which they had not been cruelly afflicted before. Under such circumstances, in connexion with the wider prevalence of mere superficial piety and partial knowledge, it was natural that St. Paul's language should be thought to admit of a wide interpretation ; and that when he said, 'Ye are bought with a price ; be not ye the servants of men,' he gave a licence to escape from servitude by any means which the times might afford. A few successful attempts would consecrate any open path to the deserts ; and the mutual services of the monastic brotherhood, while felt to be a pleasant relief from the drudgery of the past, would seem to these religious refugees sufficiently meritorious to cover anything doubtful in their mode of self-deliverance. At the same time, a few persons here and there, sick of ordinary life in so disturbed an age, turned fondly towards the example of some favourite philosophers ; and, like them, went aside to await a happy future, and solace themselves in Christian retirement ; a course the more easy and agreeable in a climate which induces a natural love of quietude and repose. Thus, under the guidance of one or another of various influences peculiar to the times, a few at first from every class fled from public life. The number increased, and a passion for solitude seized the multitude, so that mixed crowds, falling into the popular current, accumulated around the centres which a few leading spirits had fixed in the wildernesses of the East, until Egypt and Palestine furnished the world with patterns of solitary discipline, and models of monastic rule.

When Anthony bequeathed his mantle to his disciples, he fore-tokened the successively quickened propagation of that order which inherited 'a double portion' of his own 'spirit.' The feeling which had gathered strength around his cell was borne towards the birth-place of Christianity by the enthusiastic young Hilarion, a native of Thabatha, about five miles from

Gaza. There, on the border of the southern desert, he sprang from idolatrous parents, 'like the rose,' says Jerome, 'which flourishes on a thorn.' A mysterious wilderness furnished the scenes which first opened on his infant senses, and excited his earliest thoughts; while the days of mental training were spent among the schools of Alexandria. His superior genius was soon brought out, and his moral dignity became as remarkable as his native elegance. An early convert to Christ, he was proof against all the temptations of the outer world, and gave himself unreservedly to the service of the Church. When the fame of Anthony's piety reached him, he started at once for the desert; where, deeply impressed with his first interview with the saint, he took the garb of a recluse, and for two months was a devout observer of the hermit's teaching and example. He was now a mere youth of fifteen; but he had chosen his course. Alone, unprovided, and with no defence but the grace of his Redeemer, he turned towards his native land in search of a retreat. On the way from Egypt to Gaza, about seven miles from the city, was a salt-marsh near the sea-beach,—a lone and dismal spot, where the stillness was unbroken except by the noise of the waves and the voice of blood. It was a scene of frequent murder and rapine; and was still the haunt of wild and banded robbers. Here, however, deaf to warning from relatives and friends, he took up his religious abode; and hoped to be saved from death by learning to despise it. He formed a narrow cell about five feet in height; and there, as in a sepulchre, clothed in sackcloth or a rough cloak, he struggled against the warmth and pride of his youthful nature. His delicate frame was subjected to heat and cold; and temptations to bodily indulgence were met by sterner discipline and more frequent devotion; until the fire of his soul seemed ever to renew the lustre of his eye, and his speaking features expressed that sense of inward power which made him the wonder of his country and his age. It is said, that even the bandits who prowled around him were overawed and restrained, and in his presence confessed the majesty of virtue. Some circumstances in his life wear a doubtful aspect, though his biographer so zealously proclaims them as miraculous. Nothing, however, shows more strikingly the purity of Jerome's mind than the unsuspecting simplicity with which he classes among Hilarion's miracles, what should rather, perhaps, be viewed as the evidence of his infirmity, or the fruit of his transgression. The struggles of the young ascetic must have been severe. But they were not without success. He lived to secure not only the expressed esteem of Anthony, his model and guide, but tokens of respect from Syria and Egypt,

and even from the German and Saxon Christians of north-western Europe. He had diffused an ascetic enthusiasm through his beloved Syria; and, after forty-eight years of labour, had gathered around him two or, perhaps, three thousand disciples. The zeal of the apostate Julian was subsequently indulged in the destruction of his monastery; but the spirit which he had awakened was not so easily crushed; and long after the Emperor's attempt to restore heathenism had failed, Hilarion was remembered as the father of Christian Monachism in Palestine. Meanwhile the system developed itself in its greatest variety and power on the banks of the Nile. After Anthony and Paul, it was nourished in its higher spirituality chiefly under the teaching and influence of the Macarii; two venerated men, whose names were supposed to be a happy allusion to the blessedness of that mode of life which they so successfully recommended, and of which they were such pure and eminent examples. One, and perhaps the younger, was a native of Alexandria, where he continued to reside, and where, by his cheerful piety and affable manners, he persuaded large numbers of even young men to retire into monastic seclusion. The other, born in Upper Egypt, in the province of Thebais, during the first year of the fourth century, was called 'the Egyptian.' He was probably one of Anthony's disciples; and his character was distinguished from that of his Alexandrian namesake by its greater austerity and reserve. At an early age he was so remarkable for gravity and sound judgment, that he was known as 'the young-old man.' He was ordained a presbyter at the age of forty. During the fiery persecution of the orthodox Christians which was raised by Lucius the Arian bishop, he, with the other Macarius, in company with many of their friends, was banished to a pagan island; the inhabitants of which were converted to Christ during their stay. As soon as the storm of trial was hushed, he returned to the favourite solitude which he had chosen in early life, and now settled in the wilderness of Sceta; where he was honoured as the founder and president of a large congregation of hermits, who gathered around him, and occupied the caverns and cells of the saltpetre mountain. Here, and in the neighbouring deserts, he spent sixty years; taking the lead in a course of labour and self-denial, which so kept his 'body under' that his skin, it is said, would not sustain the ordinary appendage of a beard.

In his ninetieth year, on the fifteenth of January, 391, he was released from the flesh which he had taken such pains to subdue, and left the scene of his humiliation for a sphere of greater purity and freedom. The fifty homilies which, on respect-

able evidence, are ascribed to him, had, perhaps, at one time, in part, if not entirely, an epistolary form; as there is fair reason for supposing, either that they are one and the same document with the letter which it is said he addressed to the monks of his charge, or that the letter is now incorporated with them. It is not difficult to trace in the pages of Macarius some reflections of his character; nor will they fail to afford an insight into Monachism, as it was found under his oversight. His style is without affectation; and though he sometime deals in allegory, and more frequently in comparison, his figures, for the most part, would be familiar to his disciples, and are clearly used with a sincere desire of making his lessons plainer. His thoughts are sometimes sublime. He always speaks from his heart. He is full of Christ, clear in his views of salvation by faith, the necessity of regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and the blessedness of that perfect love which holds the soul in communion with God. His familiarity with the sacred writings is remarkable; and his frequent use of them is apt, intelligent, and reverent. In one respect, especially, he is truly apostolic; he writes in the light of the future, under a realizing impression of unseen things, and in gracious friendship with the spiritual world. Nor can his addresses be read without growing affection for the author, as a Christian eminent for simplicity, patience, gratitude, and submission to the Divine will; one who came very near to Christ's standard of childlike humility; a man habitually devotional; rigid in self-discipline, but generous and kind to all; free from cant; and, in short, a sincere and earnest seeker of full conformity to the mind of his Lord. The minds of his monks seem to have been agitated at times with questions in philosophy and religion, very similar to many which occupy more modern thinkers and seekers of truth. It is interesting to find indications that the teacher and many of his disciples must have been intelligent observers of human life; while they were neither blind to the beauties of nature, nor entirely unacquainted with the arts and sciences of their times. And though it is clear that Macarius, like St. Paul, might say to his flock, 'And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ;' yet, they had not learnt to aim merely at the sustenance and glory of their order; but spiritual good was looked at as the great object of the ascetic institute; and the doctrine with which they were made most familiar was, that without faith in Christ they could not reap the benefit of a religious retreat. They all enjoyed a freedom of devotional expression which sometimes threatened to result in discord; the pious excitement of some breaking forth at times in a style which was disagreeable to the more sober and

quiet souls. It may be inferred also, that they had no fixed rules which prevented any brother from consulting his own taste or capacity in the choice of his daily occupation, whether manual, contemplative, or studious. Under this dispensation of liberty, there sprang up occasionally those little jealousies, against the pernicious effects of which the more pure and leading spirits had frequently to guard their fellow eremites. Monastic life could not linger at this stage of its development. It was to undergo a more regular and systematic shaping. This began under the hand of Pachomius, the father of Christian *cænobia*, or convents. The eremites who had gathered around Anthony, the Macarii, and Hilarion, in order to secure the benefit of their teaching and example, had formed their own cells, each in the neighbourhood of his own master's retreat; and the inmates of each scattered cluster of huts were united only as they were disciples under the same superior. These societies were known as *lauræ*, a term applicable to the place of their abode, large open spaces, or broad streets. Pachomius introduced cloister life in its more compact form; and brought monks together into connected buildings, which were distinguished as *cænobia*, or monasteries; and in which the community was more completely organized under the eye of the archimandrite, or abbot. The author of this plan was contemporary with the Macarii, and was a native of Upper Egypt, where he was born of heathen parents. In early life he had been pressed into the army, and had fought under Constantine against Maxentius; but even the circumstances of a soldier's life could not wear away the impressions which Christianity had fixed in his heart; he made, at length, a public profession in baptism; and, obtaining his release from military obligations, he retired, and placed himself under the guidance of Palemon, a venerated hermit. For twelve years he sought consolation amidst the austerities of his chosen solitude. The earnest prayers of his sincere heart were not cast out. He was taught the secret of love to God, and under the gracious influence of that principle he was constrained to devote himself to the work of saving and guiding the souls of his fellow men. He thought he heard the voice of an angel calling him to reconcile men to God. Under a warm impulse he opened his mission on Tabennæ, an island in the Nile, between the provinces of Tentyra and Thebes. Here he founded his model *cænobia*. Three thousand brethren were soon enrolled; and though before his death no less than seven thousand were under discipline, it continued to advance until the first half of the fifth century, when its regulations were observed by fifty thousand monks. The monastic rule which is ascribed to him, bears testimony to

his discrimination and judgment; and is interesting, as a sketch of the first attempt to regulate the daily particulars of conventional life. The few letters and moral precepts which bear his name indicate pure simplicity of character. In habitual observation of his own heart and mind, and in close communion with truth, he seems to have acquired a spiritual discernment, which minds less hallowed than his own might sometimes misunderstand; for it is said, that he was accused before the council of Diospolis of divining the secret thoughts of men. The synod honourably absolved him, after hearing his declaration of God's enlightening and consoling mercy to his inner man. The fourth century closed just as his earthly career was at an end. He departed, leaving many spiritual children to cherish the memory of his paternal care, his methodical oversight, his rigid example, and his pious discourse. The form of Monachism which was represented by Pachomius soon became more clearly distinguished from the societies which followed the order of the Macarii, by its identity with a distinct theological school. The influence of Origen's writings and example had originated two parties at least, whose different views and opposite bent led them to wide separation, and finally into hostile relations. On the one side, were those whose sympathies were with Origen; and who, being for the most part of higher mental culture, were the more speculative, spiritual, mystical, and contemplative, adopting the allegorical mode of interpreting the sacred volume: on the other, were the less cultivated minds, who clung to the letter of the word, ascribed human forms and passions to the Divine Being, entertained gross views of the Redeemer's kingdom, and, indeed, were the primitive models of 'Fifth Monarchy men.' The anchorites of Sceta were ranged as Origenists, and sought for spiritual food in the teachings of the transcendent father. Pachomius, on the contrary, favoured the more material notions of the Anthropomorphitæ and Millenarians; and warned his monks against the writings of the Alexandrian scholar, as being more dangerous than those of open and entire heretics. There were a few choice souls, who strove to keep themselves in a medium course, and to prevent a scandalous clashing of extremes; but their judicious and amiable endeavours were in vain. A controversy ensued, which gradually involved many excellent and leading spirits.

Among those who stood out from the crowd, and whose names are recorded as writers and actors in this theological feud, was found Evagrius of Pontus, a disciple of the Macarii, whose views he sustained, and in whose spirit he lived. He had been ordained a deacon, at Constantinople, by Gregory Nazianzen; and came with him to Egypt;

where he remained for many years, a recluse of the Scetic desert ; and where he wrote, *The Monk : or, Active Virtue ; The Gnostic ; The Refutation : or, Selections from the Scriptures against tempting Spirits ; Six hundred prognostic Problems ;* and verses addressed to *Monks in Communities*, and to *the Virgin*. All these were pronounced excellent, and were read widely both in the East and the West. The fact that he offered a poetic effusion to *the Virgin*, might indicate the rise of spiritual gallantry among the more refined votaries of the celibate ; and, if his verses were popular, Mary's name was already gathering to itself that peculiar charm, which afterwards opened her way to so lofty a place in the monastic system. Evagrius was matched on the other side by one who was equally earnest and, perhaps, more deeply read, though not so judicious or acute. This was Epiphanius, a native of Palestine, but trained in Egypt in the narrower style of intellectual culture. In later life, he had the benefit of discipline under Hilarion ; and was thus more fully prepared for teaching and transmitting the opinions and manners of his party, among the monks of a cloister which he founded near his birth-place, and which for some time was under his care. About the year 367, he was elected bishop of Salamis in Cyprus, where his writings and conduct secured a wide reputation. Without much prudence, he entered into the strife of the day, in a rough, unconnected, and inaccurate style ; and first battled with John bishop of Jerusalem, then got up a council in Cyprus for prohibiting the use of Origen's Works ; contended, even in Constantinople, with the saintly Chrysostom ; and ventured, at last, to enter the list against the Empress Eudoxia, whose strong sense and quiet sarcasm were more than equal to his forward zeal. He died at sea, just as he had passed his ' threescore years and ten.' Among the leading men of the spiritualists, the four ' Long Brothers ' must not be overlooked : Dioscurus, Ammonius, Eusebius, and Euthymius, who were as distinguished by their influence as they were eminent in stature. The secret of their power was in their inflexible honesty, combined with hearty and unflinching faith in the system of their choice. It was so important to enlist their fresh and virgin energies, that the ecclesiastical authority of Alexandria seemed unscrupulous as to means, in its efforts to draw them around its seat ; but they were true to their elect calling. Purity in the desert was to them more sweet than the stained honours of a metropolitan Church. Alexandrian policy succeeded better in its attempts on the societies of the other school ; at least in the case of the poor old Serapion ; who, with his grosser creed, had vied with Origenists in the rigid purity of his life. Persuaded, at last, to confess

that his views of the Divine nature were mean and incorrect, he knelt with those who devotionally celebrated his conversion; but unable to realize the presence of God without a sight of the usual symbol, he cried in distress, 'They have taken away my God; in whom shall I trust? to whom shall I pray?' thus indicating the close relation between unworthy notions of God, and virtual idolatry.

At length, the controversy involved the celebrated Jerome, who brought into it all his characteristic zeal and power; sustained by the results of the hard biblical studies which he had chosen as an ascetic discipline. He was not wise enough, however, to prevent his struggle for orthodoxy from showing that he was capable of undignified excitement, sensitive vanity, ill-concealed pride, and too much fondness for contention and rule. He had abandoned the classic authors in favour of holy writ, in obedience, as he says, to the warning of a vision; and having had his attention turned to the writings of Origen, while on a visit to Constantinople, he conceived the design of promoting more widely the thorough study of the Scriptures by a revision of the Latin version, and even a new translation of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew. In his monastic retreat at Bethlehem, and amidst a large number of youthful ascetics who sought his guidance, he performed a service for the West, which answered to the benefit with which Origen had enriched the Eastern Church. It was natural that he should avail himself of the treasures which Origen had bequeathed; and that, without adopting his doctrinal system, or, perhaps, fully mastering it, he should manifest, here and there, in his writings, the influence of that scholar over his mind. Not that there was much spiritual sympathy between Origen and Jerome. They were of different bent. When some western zealots of the more literal school had raised an excitement at Jerusalem, about the supposed prevalence of heresy among the admirers of Origen; Jerome, though he had professed some attachment to the author of the *Hexapla*, and had even translated some of his homilies, found little difficulty in providing against the coming storm, by siding with the alarmists, and claiming shelter under the orthodoxy of Rome. His friend Ruffinus was inclined to the opposite course. There was a severance, a short reconciliation at the altar, and then a wider breach. The two old friends seemed to forget all former affections, and to renounce all the dignity of scholarship and religion, that they might the more painfully scandalize the followers of Him who, 'when He was reviled, reviled not again.' 'Alas!' cries the more amiable Augustine, 'that I cannot meet you, and, in the dust at your feet, implore you to cease the unchristian

warfare ; each for his own sake, for the sake of each, and on account of others, especially the infirm ones for whom Christ died !' Grievous as was the strife in this case, the agitation in another part of the field took a turn, the melancholy issues of which touch the heart with more tender sorrow. Theophilus, bishop of Alexandria, while professedly favourable to the followers of Origen, offered his mediation, in order, if possible, to effect the restoration of peace between them and their opponents. His style of interference, however, was injudicious. Indeed, his character was not equal to his task. His attempt was understood as an unfair use of his authority, in order to proselyte ; and he was soon invaded in Alexandria by an excited mob of fanatical monks ; who denounced him as an atheist, threatened him with death, extorted from his lips a public tribute to their peculiar notions, and required him to pass sentence of condemnation on the memory and writings of Origen. This was not difficult for one to whom the people had given the title of, ' The Buskin that suits either foot.' Theophilus thought it right to obey for the time the superior force, reserving the right of expressing other views under different circumstances. The times, however, did not call him to retract what expediency had constrained him to declare ; but various influences from without tended to bring his temper into accordance with his latest creed. He now sided with Epiphanius and Jerome ; and even excited the anthropomorphite monks to more bitter enmity towards his former friends. Decrees of council were issued from Alexandria, forbidding the perusal of their favourite author ; and when they hesitated to obey, the prefect of Egypt, at the call of the bishop, sent the military upon them ; and the defenceless communities were broken up, and mercilessly hunted through the solitudes which no longer offered them a home. Their only hope now was in Constantinople ; and, encouraged by Chrysostom's reputation for truthfulness, justice, and love, they resolved in an appeal to the imperial court. The gentle bishop received their representatives kindly, and courteously interceded with Theophilus on their behalf. But the wily Alexandrian stood on his dignity, and opened a litigation from which the peaceable Chrysostom endeavoured at length to withdraw. At this point, the monks seized an opportunity of laying their case before the Empress Eudoxia ; and their petition was, that Theophilus might be called before the episcopal tribunal of the metropolis. Even the gay Eudoxia valued the prayers of monks ; and perhaps felt that she needed their intercessions, and that it would be, therefore, wise to grant their request. Their suit was gained, and Theophilus was cited to appear. From this moment, his con-

troversy was no longer with the monks, but with Chrysostom; whose downfall he resolved to effect. Nor would his rage allow him to be scrupulous in the choice of means. Opportunity was soon at his command. The bold rectitude of Chrysostom's administration, and the faithfulness and power of his public and private testimonies against fashionable wickedness, had irritated many envious men among the clergy, and awakened the deep resentment of those whose conscience had failed to master their love of sin; and when the Empress appeared to side with these, there was a ready combination against the devoted preacher. Theophilus was soon a correspondent and co-worker with his kindred spirits; until, having secured the sanction of Eudoxia, he gathered a packed council, before which the object of his aversion was summoned, on various charges, grounded on his seeming neglect of some ecclesiastical forms. The accused denied the competency of the tribunal; and, having repeatedly refused to appear, was formally deposed. A subsequent threat of forcible expulsion from his diocese induced him quietly to withdraw, and submit to be conveyed into exile. His first banishment lasted but a few days; for the conscience-stricken Empress was constrained to recall him. After two months, however, his pulpit thunders again aroused the spirit of his imperial mistress; and, by the agency of the watchful Theophilus, he was finally degraded. Sent first to the borders of Armenia, and then banished into deeper suffering among the barbarians on the farther frontiers of the empire, he sank under the hardships of the journey, and closed his career with his favourite sentence on his lips, 'Blessed be the Lord for all things!'

Thus fell one of the purest dignitaries of the Church; victimized by ecclesiastical craft, in vicious association with courtly vice and imperial passion. One of the brightest lights of Christian genius and eloquence was quenched by the storm in which infant Monachism renewed its strength. There came a lull of the tempest, but Chrysostom was gone. The martyrdom of such a man necessarily left a shadow on this period of monastic history. At the same time, ascetic life was now at a deeply interesting point of its development; was unfolding a wonderful capacity, and giving prophetic tokens of its future power. In its principle a violation of natural order and Christian freedom, it had nevertheless nurtured some of the noblest specimens of spiritual piety, could exhibit Christian character in all the stages of its formation, and, indeed, might show within its range all the phases of religious life. The gems of Christian thought and feeling, which have been caught up and preserved for us by such men as Palladius, and the other early

ecclesiastical historians, are enough to show that, amidst the motley groups whose ascetic experiments so sadly failed, there were some, whose sincerity Divine providence and grace were combined to honour; and who, having passed through many fearful stages of acquaintance with themselves, could at last say with Nilus, 'Where shall we find defence or help, but in reliance on Christ alone, our most compassionate Lord? The remembrance of our most dearly beloved Master presents itself to us in our despondency, like a benevolent, peace-bringing, friendly angel; and deep-rooted, unshaken faith in Him banishes all our fear and shame, fills the heart with joy, and brings the wanderers back to union and fellowship with God.* Besides these happily embalmed examples of that sincere earnestness which pressed to its goal in spite of the principles on which the race was begun, there must have been many, many others, whose recluse life of successive agonies and joys passed away, like the occasional rain-streams which lose themselves in the desert lake, without leaving a trace on the wilderness through which they had struggled. The memory of fanatical extremes and wild error seems to be more tenacious of life. And the legends which still excite the fears of wandering Arabs, may be traced to the days of incipient Monachism, when it exhibited within its range the earliest types and earnestness of every disorderly thought, and irregular feeling, and fantastic expression, and extreme conduct, that was ever to test the claims and virtues of the Church; or astonish, amuse, or curse the world, during the Christian era. To study the scene, is to be saved from surprise at anything that may open upon us under the name of religion. It is to be confirmed, too, in the truth of the proverb: 'There is no new thing under the sun.' Here are all the transformations which might be expected among the crowds who adopted the monastic rule from motives as various as the classes from which they sprang. There is the water-carrier, figuring as an abbot; the runaway slave, enforcing ascetic discipline upon former masters; the shepherd, trying his defensive powers against fiends instead of wolves. There is the raging victim of spiritual pride; the imbecile, who has literally annihilated self; the incoherent dreamer, whose untrained wits have been bewildered and lost among theological speculations and prophetic visions; and the beast, who has flung away his false principles of holiness, and given himself up to filth. There, too, is the maddened selfishness, which had formally renounced its lucre, without ceasing to love it; the towering pride, raging for 'the sides of the north;' and the morbid sentiment, darkling

* Lib. iii., epist. 284.

like hell under a sense of hopelessness. These were all at large in the desert, which was an asylum, among whose patients every shallow and graceless physician might almost be pardoned for ascribing to religion that madness which, in so many cases, results from the want of it. In an age and under a system so remarkable for variety of mental and moral phenomena, we are not surprised to find a strange and curious diversity in the modes of religious expression. There was the Eusebius style of combating Satan, with the head held down by a short chain from an iron collar to an iron girdle. There was Heron's pattern of piety, in a run of thirty miles through the hot desert, with a continuous repetition of Scripture texts; an imitation of which we have seen, within our own island, by a modern sect, whose members have been sometimes taken with what they call 'running glory.' There were those who affected the heavenliness of Ptolemy, and would quench their thirst with nothing but dew, collected on their mountain perch, in vessels of earth. There were the Symeons, adoring and being adored on the tops of their pillars; setting an example which Irish saints probably attempted to follow, as far as their climate would allow, in the upper story of their 'round towers;' from which their exalted spirits flitted at last without leaving an antidote for antiquarian strife. There were some that whirled, after the old fashion of religious dances; and some that crouched; some that grazed; and many from whom the self-whippers of the middle age may have inherited their zeal for a 'baptism of blood.' Nor were there wanting savage swarms, who horrified their generation with their use of 'the clubs of Israel;' as many have done since, by wielding what they called 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.' The contemporary efforts to justify all these forms of ascetic life were almost as curious as the phenomena themselves. 'As princes,' it was said, 'after certain periods change the emblems on their coins, choosing sometimes the lion, at others stars or angels, for the die, and endeavouring to give a higher value to the gold by the striking character of the impression; so God has made piety assume these novel and varied forms of life, like so many new characters, to awake the admiration not only of the disciples of the faith, but also of the unbelieving world.*' Instead of commanding the admiration of all the faithful, these extravagances called up a corrective system, which eventually reduced the chaos to some consistency and order. The fact, that the wild disorders were, for the most part, among those who adhered to the earlier style of hermit life, affords some reason for the

* Theodoret. See Neander, vol. iii., p. 364.

struggle which now arose between the rival claims of Anachorets and Cenobites. It was soon felt and seen that the organized community had the advantage in the cultivation of both active and passive virtues. The monastic brother rose superior to the solitary recluse. The communities of monks and nuns, which arose and flourished under the successors of Pachomius, became the types of the eastern monastery. Many of the monastic buildings of the Greek Church, still retaining their primitive altars, answer, all but entirely perhaps, to those which were reared in many parts of Asia under the eye of such men as Basil. Athanasius laid the foundation of a still more gorgeous system in the West. Jerome, Ambrose, and Martin of Tours, helped to develop its proportions, until Benedict opened the grand succession of those orders; by which it was brought to its commanding form in the Latin Church. Its subsequent magnificence affords the most impressive evidence of its failure as a system. Its continued violation of the most distinctive attributes of human nature is the recorded secret of its failure. Its principle of poverty has ever outraged man's original conception of property; as a celibate, it is directly opposed to the social nature of man; and its law of solitary striving for religious perfection is antagonistic to the first principle of Christian communion and spiritual intercourse. But as is the sin, so is the punishment. The magnificent ruins which still adorn so many of our lovely valleys, tell us of the miserable issue of secret discipline; and even now bear silent witness, that the profession of poverty frequently ended in the most insatiable avarice and cupidity, while vows of perpetual virginity resulted in unbounded licentiousness. That which began with a sincere desire for perfect purity, ended in the diffusion of licensed corruption. The lesson is solemn. Nor will the Church of Christ ever cease to find an interesting and beneficial study in that system which, for many ages, held together so much good and evil.

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- ART. II.—1. *On the Origin of Universities and Academical Degrees.* By HENRY MALDEN, M.A. London. 1835.
 2. *Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners on the Universities of Scotland.* 1831.
 3. *Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners on the Universities of Aberdeen.* 1858.
 4. *Bill to make Provision for the better Government and Discipline of the Universities of Scotland.* 1858.

ABOUT five-and-twenty years ago a sharp controversy arose, when the splendid educational establishment in Gower Street assumed the title of 'the London University,' and petitioned for a Charter by which it should be empowered to grant degrees in arts, laws, and medicine. It had long been understood that the privilege of conferring such honours was the distinguishing feature of a University; and the question so keenly discussed was, what kind of institution was entitled to bear the name and become invested with the prerogative. The men whose views had been formed in the old cloisters of Oxford and Cambridge, maintained that the true idea of a University was a congeries of colleges, moulded into one corporation, but each being a corporate body of itself; and that there could be no University where there were no colleges to amalgamate. Others were of opinion that the amalgamation conveyed by the word 'University' referred to the range of studies, and that the true idea of a University was the same as was once conveyed by *Studium Generale*, a place where all the faculties were maintained. Unfortunately for both these theories, it turned out that in the Middle Ages, when these institutions were founded, all corporations were called *Universitates*, as forming one whole out of many individuals; that in the German jurisconsults *Universitas* is the term for a corporate town; that in Italy it was a term applied to the corporate trades in the cities; and that in ecclesiastical documents it was sometimes used to designate a number of churches united under the superintendence of one archdeacon. The Scotch people took fire at the pretensions of the Oxford men, which would have stript their ancient colleges of the corporate name and character; and old Latin histories, long forgotten dissertations, royal charters, papal bulls, and other records, were brought to light, with the view of ascertaining what was the original nature of these corporations, and what their functions, in order to prove by the testimony of antiquity that an establishment need not necessarily be organized on the plan of Oxford and Cambridge to entitle it to the name and privileges of a University.

We are above twenty years older since this controversy was at its height, and our views have become more and more utilitarian. The present opinion, as witnessed by various enactments during the last few years, is that the constitution and functions of a University in the nineteenth century cannot be regulated by those which obtained in the twelfth. The main idea is, that these establishments are set in the country for the maintenance of a high standard of education, and that the sole object to be considered is how to make them as extensively useful as possible. The older institutions of Great Britain have all departed from this

idea. Those of England have maintained a high standard of learning, but in such a manner as to limit their sphere of usefulness to a few of the wealthier classes. Those of Scotland, on the other hand, have studied general utility; but in so doing have lowered the standard, till their literary honours have become contemptible. A new era has dawned, however; Oxford at least has begun a career of popular usefulness, and Scotland has been placed in the way of retrieving her character. It is with the latter we have at present to do; but a cursory glance, at least, at the early history of European Universities is necessary to enable us to appreciate the position in which these institutions have come to stand relatively to the communities among which they are placed, and to comprehend the provisions which have been made by the late Lord Advocate's Bill for restoring Scotch Universities to a respectable standing.

In referring to the origin of Universities, we must in imagination transfer ourselves to the time when printed books were none, and manuscripts were seldom the property of private individuals; when whoever would know the contents of any particular book must go to the ('readings') lectures of a teacher, in a school possessing a copy of such book; and when whoever had some new truth to propound gathered audiences around him to hear it from his own lips, instead of handing his manuscript to a printer, as he would in these days, to put in a form which each man might study at his own fireside. We must remember, too, that Latin was the exclusive language of learning, the vulgar tongues not having acquired either such verbal extent or grammatical accuracy as to fit them for other than the every-day business of life. Let us add to this, that the learning of the day was comprised in the 'seven liberal arts,' of which the first course, called the *trivium*, included grammar (Latin), logic, and rhetoric; and the second, called the *quadrivium*, embraced arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, (*astrologia*), and music. When we have fixed upon this state of learning, as that in which the Universities took their rise, it is of less consequence what precise date we attach to the origin of the most ancient. That they arose out of the schools which were usually attached to the churches in the Middle Ages, is highly probable, but merely through the circumstance that such schools were nuclei for the learned men who first organized themselves into corporations. Diligent research has exploded the tradition that the University of Paris was founded by Charlemagne, and that of Oxford by Alfred the Great; for though these may have been places of instruction in the ninth century, yet the peculiar characteristics which stamp a University cannot be traced earlier than the

twelfth. It was then that Paris, which already had a school of liberal arts, superintended by the Chancellor of the church of St. Geneviève, became the resort of a number of learned men, who delivered theological lectures in the town, and drew multitudes of disciples from all parts of Europe. Their schools were purely voluntary associations arising out of the concourse of teachers and pupils. Whenever a man had attained a sufficient amount of theological lore to give public instruction, or had acquired such a reputation as to attract an audience, he began to read and expound the Holy Scriptures to all who came to listen; and we infer that certain fees were received, as we are told that some amassed considerable fortunes. The natural consequence was, that ere long the office of teaching theology in public was assumed by many who were very imperfectly qualified to exercise it; and, as a measure of protection, the teachers of established reputation made common cause, and found themselves influential enough to establish the rule that no one should teach without their sanction, to be conferred by a solemn ceremony after an examination of his acquirements and a public trial of his ability. The term 'Doctor,' which may have been earlier used as the descriptive appellation of a public teacher, now became the honourable title of one licensed to teach. Accordingly we find Pope Innocent III. (A.D. 1207) declaring of Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of King John, that it was to be remembered to his honour that he had spent a long time at Paris in liberal studies, and had attained the dignity of Doctor, not only in the liberal faculties, but also in theological studies. This is perhaps the earliest extant record of a theological degree, and it seems to imply that the system had already been extended to the faculty of arts, and that the licences formerly granted by the Chancellor of St. Geneviève were now conferred by the University.

The increasing importance of this body of instructors presently attracted the notice of the sovereign, who took it under his protection and afforded it various privileges and immunities. The Pope then, perhaps with the view of preventing this influential corporation from becoming subservient to mere local interests, issued a bull, by which he granted to the University of Paris that Doctors who were approved there should be accounted Doctors everywhere, and should have the power of teaching, lecturing, and governing public schools (*docendi, legendi, regendi*) in any part of Christendom; thus elevating these teachers into general organs of instruction, and confirming their authority.

Almost simultaneous with the organization of the theological

school at Paris, was that of law at Bologna, and, soon after, that of medicine at Salerno. Teachers from these schools doubtless repaired to Paris, and formed faculties of law and medicine there, while Paris and Salerno respectively furnished teachers of theology and medicine to Bologna; so that before the middle of the thirteenth century all the faculties seem to have been organized at Paris and Bologna, and degrees were regularly conferred in each after a public examination. The mode of doing this was by solemnly placing a hat on the head of the candidate in presence of the Chancellor.

A Master or Doctor in those days was one authorized to open an independent school for his own benefit; the term 'Master' being applied to the teacher of a school of arts, and 'Doctor' to a member of the superior faculties of divinity, law, and physic. Bachelors were what we should now call teachers in training,—those who delivered lectures to the pupils in the hearing of some fully accredited instructor. But when teachers had attained the dignity of a literary corporation, favoured and protected by royal charter and papal bull, many aspired to the honour of being enrolled among them, though not caring to partake of their labours. As the number of graduates increased, it became more easy to obtain this exemption; the licence thus became merely a literary honour, and the graduates came to be divided into 'regents' and 'nonregents,' the management of university affairs falling chiefly into the hands of those who sustained its labours.

Having necessarily used the term 'faculty' which so constantly occurs in treating of University matters, it may be stated that it was very early applied to distinguish the four sections of teachers in arts, theology, law, and medicine. The distribution cannot be traced to any deed, act, regulation, or constitution of a faculty; it seems to have risen naturally and spontaneously from the circumstance of Paris forming a school which supplied the rest of Europe with Doctors in theology, while those of law and medicine were first incorporated in two other distinct localities, and the old schools formed the basis of a separate section of teachers in arts.

In the earliest days of the universities the public lectures of the graduates were delivered wherever suitable rooms could be obtained, which was generally either for hire, or through the generosity of religious corporations. We are told that in a single street of Oxford there were forty sets of schools, that is, buildings each containing from four to sixteen class-rooms. The students lodged with the people of the town, and attended whatever lectures they chose. Their great numbers rendered it difficult to obtain accommodation, and would have made living intole-

rably expensive, but for enactments which in our days would be deemed most arbitrary infringements on the freedom of trade, and according to which not only were the prices both of lodgings and provisions regulated by taxers on behalf of the University, but the proprietors of lodgings were not allowed to disturb a student once in possession so long as he paid his rent. Nevertheless, inconveniences arose both from the scarcity of lodgings, and from the corrupt influences to which the pupils were exposed by this mode of distribution. In Paris first, as it seems, some of the religious orders appointed houses called *hospitia* for such of their own members as resorted thither. Private individuals, following the example, appropriated dwellings for the use of the more indigent scholars. Free board and small pecuniary allowances were afterwards added by the benevolent, who rejoiced at the impulse given to religion and learning by means of the University. It was deemed expedient for the sake of good order that each of these establishments should be placed under the superintendence of one or more graduates, whose duties, at first confined chiefly to matters of personal cleanliness and orderly deportment, afterwards extended to assisting the pupils in their studies. Such was, in the thirteenth century, the commencement of those corporations which have since been known by the name of colleges, and some of which in their palmy days contained several hundred inmates. In course of time, regent masters were appointed as lecturers in these establishments, and the attendance of a pupil on their courses was allowed to stand for attendance on the lectures of the University schools. Afterwards they threw open their lectures, and received boarders called 'pensioners,' on suitable payment, to associate with those supported by their funds; and finally it became the rule that every student, at least in arts, should belong to some college, and place himself under the superintendence of a recognised tutor.

The history of Bologna, Oxford, and Cambridge, followed that of Paris pretty closely in these successive steps: only at Bologna the system of independent schools taught by graduates for their own support was superseded not so much by the college tuition, as by the endowment of professorships for affording gratuitous courses of lectures; while in the English Universities the system of Colleges, Inns, and Halls, favoured by rapidly increasing wealth, obtained much greater predominance than on the Continent, and finally almost superseded all the functions of the University, except those of examining and conferring degrees.

Those of us who have formed our ideas according to English models, naturally think of Universities as the chosen homes of

erudition, where men of learned leisure unite to prosecute literary researches, to carry certain branches of science and philosophy to the highest perfection, and to maintain by their examinations a standard for the whole country; while by their tutors they afford instruction to those who for a certain period find a home under their shadow, and submit to their discipline. This is true of Oxford and Cambridge chiefly through the colleges. Their scholarships and fellowships are the rewards of learning, and are not to be obtained but as the result of such an ordeal, that for a man to hold one of them is sufficient to stamp him as a scholar of no mean order. The examinations for University degrees are comparatively slight. The degree of A.B. (*Artium Baccalaureus*) is obtained without serious difficulty by those who can afford the expense of passing the requisite time as 'pensioners' at college, and the higher degrees require no further attainments: it suffices that the Bachelor of Arts keep his name three years and a half longer on the books in order to become a Master; and the Master nine years longer to become a Doctor of Divinity. The wealth which rewards learning is the wealth of the colleges; the Universities have little besides their buildings, museums, libraries, and some small funds appropriated by the donors to the salaries of certain professorships. The domains of learning have not proved exempt from the rule that wealth commands the superior article; and so it has happened that the poorer University corporations, established for educational purposes, have sunk their pretensions before the wealthier collegiate ones, originally founded merely for purposes of residence, aliment, and subsidiary discipline; and that those University 'honours' which now mark gradations of merit are valued chiefly because they lead to college preferments, which is deemed the highest test of scholarship.

We have now to contrast with all this the history and present position of Scotch Universities.

Paris, Bologna, Oxford, and Cambridge had passed, whether for the better or worse, through the stages of change to which we have adverted, before any similar corporations were organized in Scotland. It does not clearly appear what other means of instruction the northern part of the island possessed; but at a very early period a college was founded at Oxford for the reception of Scotchmen, and subsequently another at Paris. Probably there was a school of considerable extent at St Andrews long before the date of the papal bull which purports to have been granted in the year 1411 at the solicitation of James I. of Scotland, Bishop Wardlaw, and the heads of the Augustinian priory, and which proceeds to institute 'a *Studium Generale* or Uni-

versity for instruction in theology, canon and civil law, medicine and the liberal arts, with power to confer degrees on such candidates for these honours as the bishop might, after due examination, and advising with the Doctors and Masters of the University, deem worthy of them.' This is understood to convey an installation of the bishop as Chancellor.

The Scottish feeling is decidedly repugnant to students living *collegialiter*. It is not easy to account for this, except perhaps by referring it to the revulsion of the national feeling against conventual establishments which took place at the Reformation, and which it suited the interests of the landed aristocracy to foster, as they obtained the revenues of these establishments without incurring the obligation of replacing them by institutions more conformable with Protestant ideas. The fact, however accounted for, is, that though there have long been private charities, and in recent years successful private speculations, of this nature, none of the public seminaries of Scotland are constituted as boarding-schools. At each of the Universities that were organized before the Reformation one college had been founded by individual liberality; and at St. Andrews, which was the earliest, there had been three. Their constitution seems to have been pretty much the same, each providing for the support of a principal, three or more regent masters, six or more poor students, and certain subordinate officials. But this order seems to have been broken up shortly after the Reformation. Instead of the Scotch Universities being superseded by the collegiate system, the colleges were merged in the Universities, the terms came to be used synonymously, except in reference to certain endowments, the regent masters of the colleges became professors of the University, and professorial tuition superseded all other. The system expanded, and the staff of professors increased, as one individual bequeathed funds for a chair of mathematics; another certain lands, of which the revenues were to support a professor of medicine; and others were added by public grants, till all had a staff sufficient to afford the education which the ecclesiastical law requires as a preparation for the Church, and Edinburgh, Glasgow, and, to a certain extent, Aberdeen, could boast a school of medicine. It does not seem that these endowments were ever designed, like those in Paris, to supersede payments from the students; they were rather of the nature of retaining fees to secure the services of superior men. The management of the funds, the granting of degrees, and the arrangement of all matters of discipline, as well as the patronage of a large number of the chairs, was either originally vested in the principal and the professors, who, in their corporate capacity,

are called the *Senatus Academicus*, or it fell into their hands in default of any other efficient authority. The only exception was in the case of Edinburgh, where not only the patronage and the funds, but even the power of regulating the internal discipline, was vested in the magistrates and town council of the city, who, however, have confined their actual interference chiefly to the revenues and the patronage.

We thus arrive at the secret of the anomalous position and functions of the Scottish Universities. Here are, or rather were, five corporations of professors, who had to make the most they could of their situations. They enjoyed a monopoly of secondary education in the country, and had to study only how to secure the largest revenue from it. Their *alumni* were united to them by no permanent interest; they had no home at college during their studies, and no privileges in connexion with it afterwards. There were no such provisions as fellowships for the maintenance of literary men, who, having distinguished themselves in their academic career, receive a handsome maintenance within the precincts of their *alma mater*, to allow them to prosecute their studies without other care, as a reward for their early exertions. Moreover, the Church, as organized after the Reformation, provided no benefices in which literary leisure might be enjoyed. It made provision for a working, not an erudite, clergy; for 'the rank and file,' as it has been well expressed, 'of a parochial priesthood, to preach, and catechize, and baptize, and marry, and perform the other ordinary ministrations of religion among their several flocks, but not for a staff composed of men of more distinguished gifts and accomplishments, to be the champions of religion on the high and public field of letters.'

The demand for superior scholarship naturally abated when there was no adequate provision for its reward either in the colleges or the churches, and the professors were urged by no sufficient motive to maintain a high standard of education, while their interests strongly tempted them to lower their requirements for the sake of gaining numbers. The community were not found willing to sacrifice much, either of time or money, for an education which was connected with no substantial prizes; and hence the professors have abated their demands till, as it appears, a lad who can do little more than read his mother tongue, may get through a college curriculum without seriously interfering with his labours as a shopman, artisan, or farm-servant. How far they have gone in degrading University education is pretty fully brought out in the voluminous report of the commissioners, who spent from the year 1826 till 1831 in the inquiry; and also from the one which has recently appeared

with reference to Aberdeen ; and there is really some difficulty in estimating the amount of blame which ought to be attached to them, when the circumstances of their position are duly considered.

In order to estimate the kind of labour which the Scotch Universities had to prosecute, we must look at the material they had to work upon. In England, when the religious houses were suppressed at the Reformation, a large portion of their property went to establish grammar-schools throughout the country, that is, schools exclusively for instruction in Latin and Greek, calculated to prepare a goodly number of the youth of the country for prosecuting a high course of study at Oxford and Cambridge. In Scotland, almost the only provision made for replacing the schools formerly attached to the churches and monasteries, was by the laws which were established after the Reformation, to the effect that the heritors (that is, landed proprietors) of every parish should maintain a school, with a master competent to teach English and Latin, and that the magistrates should make a similar provision in every corporate town. A few of the larger burghs had high or grammar-schools, but this provision for classical education seldom attracted any but the townspeople ; so that, till within the last thirty years or so, very few obtained any preparation for the University except that afforded by the parish schools, conducted by men whose emoluments averaged about £50 a year, including fees, and whose duties comprised teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, to all the children of the parish who could afford to pay from three to five shillings a quarter, besides Latin to those who could reach 7s. 6d.

The colleges have been obliged to take up education at the point where it is usually left by the common schools of the country. The students, on an average, enter at about fourteen years of age, and there is no rule to prevent entrance at ten or twelve. Four years are required to complete the curriculum in arts, including Latin, Greek, logic, moral philosophy and natural philosophy, mathematics being optional. The attendance necessary for this purpose, however, appears not to exceed two or three hours a day, and that for five or six months in the year. Even this brief term is often shortened by poverty. A large proportion of the students are assisted by bursaries, mostly of from five to ten pounds a year, and all these receive a proportionate reduction in the class fees. 'In fact,' says Professor Blackie, 'the Aberdeen people have practically turned the curriculum of arts in the college into a free upper school, where all high academic work is practically ignored.' 'Most of the young men,' says the Report of 1831, 'come to college totally

ignorant of the elements of Greek, and generally unacquainted even with the letters of the alphabet.'

What can be done for such lads by attendance on the lectures of a professor two hours a day for five months, may be guessed by those of our readers who have passed through the years of hard work, at school and college, which in England and Ireland are found all too little to form a respectable scholar. Then, as to science, little beyond what is elementary can be attempted; and in the natural philosophy classes the lectures seem generally to embrace such popular explanations and experiments as might suit almost any promiscuous audience. 'Numbers who attend the class of natural philosophy,' says Professor Leslie, speaking of the Edinburgh University, 'are wholly ignorant of the first principles of mathematics; and not a few have made so slender proficiency, that it is necessary to teach in a very different manner from that which would be adopted were the students properly prepared.' Doubtless, if the University corporations had all agreed to require a certain standard of qualification for entrance, they would have either forced the parish schools to meet it, or created a demand which would have been supplied by other means; but any attempt of one professor, or set of professors, to maintain a standard of this sort was likely to result only in a student's going to a rival establishment where the terms were easier.

In order to appreciate this difficulty, it must be told, that in Aberdeen there have been two distinct Universities within about a mile of one another, each supporting a body of professors, and conferring degrees in all the faculties; each fiercely jealous of the other, and maintaining the rivalry by the same arts as are usually practised by neighbouring shops to gain customers in trade. Here, because of the proximity of the two establishments, the rivalry has been most apparent, and University education degraded to the lowest point. But the system of under-bidding each other, whether in the shape of abating the requirements for entrance, lessening the demands upon the students' time during the course, or granting degrees upon little or no examination, has extended more or less to all the Scotch colleges. If here and there an enthusiastic professor, such as Dr. Blackie of Edinburgh, would have risen above the school-master's drudgery, and believed he had a right to do so, his fellow-professors complained that his entrance examination sent young men to Glasgow; and he felt that other interests ought not to be imperilled, however willing he might be to risk the sacrifice of his own.

There has been no attempt at exercising any control over the

students, save that which each professor maintains in his class during the hour of lecture. It seems to be optional with the professors whether they examine their classes from time to time to ascertain whether their prelections have been apprehended; nay, it appears not to be necessary even to ascertain whether those who matriculate actually attend, there being no roll-call, or any equivalent for it, in many of the classes.

This picture, drawn from the Blue Books, appears so inconsistent with the high character which is generally understood to attach to Scotch education, that it is right to add the statement that the deterioration has been comparatively recent, and had been proceeding with great rapidity previous to the commission of 1826, when the exposure to which it was subjected induced some attempts at reformation. The Scotch Universities were meanwhile living on the reputation which they had acquired in previous ages; and how justly they had obtained it may be judged from a glance at some statutes of the sixteenth century which are still extant, and which evince that every student passed his time in a course of study and discipline calculated to carry him through an elaborate and comprehensive survey of all the branches of education cultivated in those days. About the year 1577, King James VI. new-modelled the constitution of the Glasgow College; and shortly afterwards, that is, about the year 1581, a body of statutes was framed, from which we learn that the session embraced eleven months in the year, and the following was the curriculum.

‘In the first,’ that is, the lowest, ‘class, from the first of October to the first of March, the principles of Greek grammar were to be taught and illustrated by reading Isocrates, Lysias, &c.; from that time to the first of September the precepts of eloquence were to be explained, and the various kinds of style were to be exemplified by reading Cicero, Demosthenes, Homer, Aristophanes, &c. In the second class the whole art of rhetoric was to be amply treated in prelections on Aristotle and Cicero *De Oratore*, &c., with the application of the rules in Demosthenes, Cicero, Sophocles, and Pindar; and the other half of the year the principles of invention and disposition were to be accurately unfolded from Ramus, and their use illustrated by examples from Plato, Plutarch, Cicero *De Finibus*, and the *Tusculan Questions*. In the third class the subjects were arithmetic, geometry, and other branches of mathematics; Aristotle’s *Logic*, *Ethics*, and *Politics*; Cicero’s *Offices*, and Plato’s *Dialogues*. In the fourth class Aristotle’s *Physics*, the doctrine of the sphere, cosmography, introduction to universal history, and the principles of the Hebrew tongue.’

We further learn from this code, that each of the regent masters was obliged to enter his class-room at six in the morning, and examine the students or otherwise instruct them till eight, when all proceeded to public prayers for half an hour, after which they were to retire separately to their private studies and revise the morning exercises till nine. Half an hour was allowed for breakfast, and study was to be resumed till ten. From ten till eleven the public lecture in theology was to be given to the higher classes. At eleven every master was to attend his class, while his students reviewed the morning lectures. At twelve an hour was allowed for dinner; and at one every master was to hear his students, in their order, defend their theses, as announced the day before. On three days of the week recreation was allowed from dinner till four o'clock; but on other days the students were to be in their rooms from two to four, to review the public prelections. From four to five the masters were to advise and teach their classes; and at five all the classes assembling in the public schools were to dispute in presence of the masters; the subjects, which were in Greek and Latin alternately, having been prescribed the previous day. On the days on which recreation was allowed after dinner, these disputations were held after supper. One of each class in rotation was every third day to exhibit his thesis, and the two higher classes were to dispute both against one another and the lower classes. All were to speak Latin, and, to preclude idleness, the principal was every month at least to take account of the progress of each student by oral examinations, by writing, or by the interpretation of a classic author.

'This general account,' say the Commissioners, 'framed while Presbyterianism was at its height, may suffice to show what were the views of the leaders of the Church of Scotland with regard to the conduct of public education.'

In modern times, besides those prosecuting a regular curriculum as a preparation for the learned professions, the University classes have been largely attended by young men designed for other walks of life, and requiring merely a respectable education a few steps in advance of that afforded in the common schools of the country, and including the general knowledge required for the pursuits of business and the intercourse of social life. Even men of mature years, and engaged in business, have been in the habit of attending college lectures either as matter of mere recreation, or in the expectation of deriving advantage to their secular pursuits from the new applications of science to the arts. From the desirableness of meeting this class of persons, the system of instruction has embraced a much

wider and more popular field than that of Oxford and Cambridge; and there has arisen a strong temptation to adapt the style of teaching to suit these casual listeners, instead of prosecuting the modes more peculiarly required for regular students.

A certificate of attendance seems to be given in each class, as matter of course, to every one who has enrolled himself; and the degrees of M.A. and M.D. have been conferred almost as certainly on all who applied for them after attending a certain number of sessions. Till a very recent period, indeed, the Universities of Aberdeen would, on payment of certain fees, confer either degree on any one recommended 'by two respectable persons as being of good education, good life, and so forth,' though he had never received any college education; the moneys thus realized as fees forming an important branch of the income of the professors. St. Andrews, though possessing no medical school, carried on a business worth £1,100 a year in medical degrees, till 1826, when the labours of the Commissioners exposed these proceedings, and the animadversions to which they were subject forced the professors to abandon the traffic.

Other crying evils might be adverted to, all springing from the same root, the want of any practical authority, except the will of the professors, acting either individually or as a senatus. In some instances they seem to have managed the revenues as independently as though they had formed a private estate. Valuable property has been alienated; large premiums have been taken on leases, to the injury of the permanent revenue; improvements, of which future professors alone could reap the benefit, have been neglected for the sake of present advantage, these functionaries not having that interest in their successors which men are wont to feel for their personal heirs. The libraries have been subject to similar treatment. The commissioners found that in Edinburgh, in October, 1827, 736 books belonging to the University were in the private libraries of ten professors; while at St. Andrews fourteen professors had 1881 books, of which 1461 had been borrowed before the beginning of that year.

It has long been obvious that a thorough reform was necessary, and that it could be effected only by endowing these Universities with more permanent authorities, and placing them under such uniform rules as to remove that temptation to underbid each other which has acted so powerfully to prevent those who would from raising the standard of learning. There are now many superior schools where an adequate preparation for college may be obtained, and various other institutions for im-

parting knowledge to those chance students who once had no resource but the professorial lectures; and it is more than ever felt desirable to use some means for raising a class of highly educated men in connexion with each University, and keeping them permanently associated with its interests. The fierce opposition which was raised in the House of Commons to an attempt which was made in this direction in 1836, afforded little room to hope that such a thing could be effected; and it is regarded therefore as no small triumph which was achieved by the late Lord Advocate during the past session, when he carried a Bill which embodied provisions for a thorough reform.

The plan of the Bill is to hand these institutions over to a body of commissioners for three years, after which those powers which have hitherto been used and abused by the present managers are to be permanently vested in courts composed of the representatives of all the parties interested in the Universities. The powers and duties of the commissioners to whom the management of the transition state is committed, may be thus briefly stated. They are to frame ordinances for the general government of the Universities, and especially for regulating the conditions of entrance, the amount of fees, the curriculum of study in each faculty, and the conditions for obtaining degrees; making all these regulations uniform throughout Scotland. They are to provide for the due preservation and administration of all the property belonging to the Universities, including the funds, buildings, museums, and libraries. They are to inquire into all the professorial endowments, and appropriate them so as to secure an efficient staff of professors in each University, abolishing those chairs that are unnecessary, supplying those that are lacking, and providing retiring pensions for superannuated incumbents. They are to revise and alter, if need be, the appropriation of any bursaries that have existed above fifty years, with the view, as it is understood, of establishing a few really sufficient ones, to be bestowed according to merit out of the heterogeneous funds which now provide a large number of students with small sums, and which are in few instances distributed on any approved principle. Finally, they are to inquire and report how far it may be practicable and expedient to amalgamate all the existing institutions into one national university. Whatever ordinances are framed on these subjects by the commissioners are to be duly published and submitted to Parliament and to the Queen in Council, with opportunity for any one aggrieved to show cause against them before they are finally confirmed. So that the details of Scotch University affairs are

likely to be much before the public for at least three years to come.

The constitutions provided by the Bill for the permanent government of these institutions differ slightly in consideration of the interests involved; but generally they may be thus described. There is to be a general council in each University, to assemble twice a year, and to be composed of all the office-bearers, and also all the graduates, or those who, having attended four years as matriculated students, would have been entitled to become graduates, if they had asked for the privilege. This council is to elect the Chancellor, and to take into consideration all questions affecting the well-being of the University. It is, in short, to be such a convocation as that which was appointed in 1857 for the London University.* The principal management is, however, vested in a University court, consisting of a rector, elected by the matriculated students; the principal of the college; an assessor nominated by the Chancellor; an assessor nominated by the rector; an assessor elected by the general council; and an assessor elected by the *Senatus Academicus*. The ordinary discipline is still to rest with the *Senatus*, subject to the review of this court, which is also to see to the due performance of professors' duties; to regulate the fees, to control the administration of the revenues; and, with the concurrence of the council and chancellor, to effect alterations and improvements in the internal arrangements of the University. The patronage hitherto exercised by the *Senatus* is to be vested in this court, that of Edinburgh being shared between the court and the town council. The two Universities of Aberdeen are to become one; and all the Universities may be similarly amalgamated, if they think fit to surrender their present powers of granting degrees.

Such are the leading features of the recent Bill 'to make provision for the better government and discipline of the Universities of Scotland.' Very little came out in the debate upon it in either House, except that the Edinburgh town council were very unwilling to surrender the management of their University, and that the feelings of the people about Aberdeen were decidedly hostile to the amalgamation of theirs, and anxious for the continued maintenance of two establishments with rival professors. The strongest, and, as it seems to us, the only intelligible, reason alleged for this feeling was, that according to the present system a considerable number of young men of the lower classes, that is to say, in the rank of farm servants, have managed, with the

* See the *London Quarterly Review* for October, 1857.

help of the small bursaries above mentioned, to attend college classes during part of the winter, and have obtained positions in the Church which they have filled respectably and usefully. No doubt it is desirable that in every public seminary there should be provisions whereby young men of rare mental endowments in the lower walks of life may have an opportunity of cultivation and advancement; but, according to English views and feelings, these ought to be exceptional cases. We are accustomed to think that, as a general principle, University education is not for ploughboys, nor elevation to the position of clergymen in an established Church appropriate to them; and therefore what Lord Stanhope advanced as an argument against the contemplated reforms appears to us the strongest reason in favour of them. If the farmer of five hundred or more acres finds that the man who a few weeks or months ago was tending his cattle on the hills has suddenly become his own spiritual pastor, he has a right to expect from him somewhat more than that he fills his new position 'respectably and usefully.' There ought to appear such singular gifts of nature or of grace as would have commanded respect, whatever his position,—such gifts as to counterbalance all the disadvantages arising from his previously humble condition. After this disclosure of the extent to which persons of the lowest class have been in the habit of getting through the northern Universities, and thence into the pulpits, no one will wonder that the landed proprietors of Scotland have usually bestowed their own parish churches on the quondam tutors of their families, and have themselves for the most part joined the Episcopal Church. Since the Church of Scotland and its Universities have thus combined to degrade each other, it seems but a natural and deserved consequence that those who sought to raise the University should have severed its last link of necessary connexion with the Church, by abolishing the law which required the principal to be a clergyman.

The machinery provided by the Lord Advocate's Bill appears suitable enough for the purposes in view; but we doubt whether there will be found a sufficient motive power to raise the tone of education in these institutions to a pitch worthy of their ancient fame. The great want which we have indicated appears to remain,—that of preferments of some sort in the power of the University to bestow on singular proficiency; a provision for encouraging a few at least to aspire to the highest attainments, and become the standard-bearers of learning in the country. Such, if there were provision for them, would of course supply the staff of examiners, the means of procuring which, apart from the professors, has been suggested as a serious difficulty in

working out the plans now in contemplation. As matters are, it may be doubted whether any such *éclat* will ever become attached to a Scotch University honour, apart from more substantial advantages, as to prove an inducement to any one to cultivate a higher degree of scholarship than is required by the corporation of the profession he intends to enter. These institutions will continue to be the useful servants of the learned professions, and will be applied to for just that modicum of education which the Church, the Bar, and the Medical Faculty demand; but we should desire to see, if possible, every institution dignified with the title of a University setting up an independent standard of its own, and having it in its power to confer rewards on the acquisition of knowledge, independent of what may be gained elsewhere by its practical application to the uses of common life. This appears to us to be essential to an efficient University, and we doubt whether the end in view can be obtained by the mere bestowal of empty titles. Honours will cease to be coveted, and will be granted on easier and still easier terms, if unaccompanied by substantial advantages.

Another very important point is connected with the length of time occupied by a University education. The Scotch curriculum of arts requires four years, and the Church of Scotland demands that four more should be devoted to theology; that is, it requires the student to enrol himself four years at the Divinity Hall, though it suffices if he actually attend one session. A very large proportion, as we have seen, of those who pass through this curriculum, cannot afford to give the eight years exclusively, or even chiefly, to study; nor does it suit the go-a-head methods of the present day to spend eight years over that which might be acquired in two or three, if exclusive attention were given to it. It appears to us that, if lads came properly prepared at sixteen years of age, two years, or at most three, ought to be sufficient for the curriculum in arts; and that those who are willing to devote their whole time to their education ought to have an opportunity of completing it in a proportionably shorter period than those who are concurrently prosecuting an avocation from which they derive a maintenance. Likewise, that if one session is counted sufficient for acquiring a knowledge of theology, the nominal attendance of three sessions more ought to be dispensed with; only it might be proper that that year should be devoted when the aspirant to the work of the ministry is of full age. It appears to answer no good purpose to prolong the term, unless that term is spent in actual study. If the Universities would take their stand, and determine on a curriculum in each of the faculties in accordance with the present views and

habits of the age, no doubt the laws of the various learned professions would be remodelled in conformity with theirs.

At the very threshold, however, of their work, the Commissioners will have to encounter the ineradicable feeling in Scotland, that the highest education the country affords ought to be available to all classes of the community. To us it seems vain to hope that any educational institution can rise high if it stoops so low; that it can, as a general rule, form accomplished scholars on plans of study suited to the position of those who are earning their bread by manual labour. Scotland points with justifiable pride to Hugh Miller, the stone-mason, and not a few others of the most eminent men of this and other ages, who were raised from the labouring classes; and she argues that all are entitled to a chance of similar development. We point likewise to the sparkling gems which the lapidary exhibits as things picked up on the Grampian Hills; but we do not thence infer that establishments should be erected for cutting and polishing all the stones in Aberdeenshire. It is vain, however, to argue the point against the deep-rooted feeling of the nation. The Commissioners will probably not attempt to combat it. They will accept it as a settled point, that the conditions of education in the Universities must be such as to keep them available to the lower as well as the middle classes; and they will provide for carrying it to as high a point as may be compatible with these conditions. What that point can be we must wait for time to tell.

ART. III.—*Mémoires complets et authentiques du Duc de Saint Simon sur le Siècle de Louis XIV. et la Régence.* Collationnés sur le Manuscrit original par M. CHERUEL, et précédés d'une Notice par M. SAINTE-BEUVE, de l'Académie Française. Twenty Vols. 8vo. Paris: Hachette and Co.

THE history of this publication affords another case of mutilated MSS. and disfigured editions, another instance of faithless publishers, and literary executors either paralysed by fear, or unfit through sheer stupidity for the task they had undertaken. The Memoirs of Saint Simon have suffered outrage and mutilation which it is much more easy to account for than to pardon. Knowing as we do now the duke and peer's reminiscences, we can imagine what an impression of terror they must have left upon the first persons who during the reign of *Louis le bien Aimé* were admitted to peruse them in the original glory of their neat, small, precise handwriting. There all things held sacred by

the faithful subjects of His most Christian Majesty were mercilessly exposed to ridicule, to hatred, to contempt; nay, the King himself was represented as a selfish, heartless tyrant; his conduct towards the Jansenists and the Protestants blamed as an act of stolid, shortsighted tyranny; his adulteries described as adulteries; his ministers and his generals stripped of the *prestige* which ignorance had cast around them; and all the glories of the court of Versailles made to look like tinsel of the most tawdry description. Such things could not be allowed; amidst the scandalous doings of the French court, Versailles must still be deemed the head-quarters of dignity, propriety, and virtue; and although a shrewd observer, Mademoiselle de Launay, had said of the French nobility, '*Les princes sont en morale ce que les monstres sont dans la physique: on voit en eux à découvert la plupart des vices qui sont imperceptibles dans les autres hommes*,'—they must be held up as a shining light blazing for the edification of the rest of the world; and *lettres de cachet* would be a punishment hardly adequate for the offence of any *esprit-fort* bold enough to entertain a different opinion.

Such being the necessities of the case, we are not much surprised to learn that as soon as Saint Simon's remains were safely deposited in the family vault, his manuscripts were confiscated by order of the government, and placed under lock and key, as containing state secrets and other mysteries of too important a nature to be divulged amongst the public in general. In this condition only a few privileged persons were occasionally allowed to have a glance at them,—Duclos and Marmontel, for instance, who borrowed from Saint Simon's narrative a number of particulars which they inserted in their own works.* M. de Choiseul became minister; his liberal ideas had always made him appreciate very correctly the government which he was called upon to serve, and he saw no harm in authorizing Madame du Deffand to study the *dessous des cartes*, as it was exhibited in the long talked-of journals. Writing to her friend, Horace Walpole, this lady says, '*Nous faisons une lecture d'après-dîner, les Mémoires de M. de Saint Simon, où il m'est impossible de ne pas vous regretter; vous auriez des plaisirs indicibles*.' (Nov., 1770.) And, in another passage, '*Les Mémoires de Saint Simon m'amusent toujours, et comme j'aime à les lire en compagnie, cette lecture durera longtemps; elle vous amuserait, quoique le style en soit abominable, les portraits mal faits; l'auteur n'était point un homme d'esprit; mais comme il*

* Marmontel, *Mémoires*.—Duclos, *Mémoires secrets sur les Règnes de Louis XIV. et de Louis XV.*

était au fait de tout, les choses qu'il raconte sont curieuses et intéressantes; je voudrais bien pouvoir vous procurer cette lecture.' (Dec., 1770.) It is rather amusing to see Madame du Deffand finding fault with Saint Simon's style, blaming him for not being witty enough,—in short, applying to the gigantic work of the French Tacitus the line and plummet which served her for testing such writers as Marivaux or Crébillon *fil.* She, however, soon found reasons to correct her former opinion; and in a passage with which we shall conclude these quotations, she says, '*Je suis désespérée de ne pouvoir pas vous faire lire les Mémoires de Saint Simon: le dernier volume, que je ne fais qu'achever, m'a causé des plaisirs infinis; il vous mettrait hors de vous.*' (Jan., 1771.)

It seems quite evident from the testimony of contemporary authors that Saint Simon was included in the category of those who made it their business to spread about false reports, and who were guilty of destroying the nation's confidence in a strong government. At that time newspapers had not yet become the organs of public opinion, at least to the degree we see at the present day; and therefore public opinion found an outlet in memoirs, correspondence, manuscript collections of gossip, circulating under the title, *Nouvelles à la main*. Now let our readers imagine Saint Simon living in our own time, in the year 1858, and under the *strong* government of His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III.! Why, the *préfet de police* would have visited him with a fine of forty pounds as an alarmist, and perhaps sent him to Cayenne! The noble author certainly told very disagreeable truths, and was not altogether sparing in his censures. Turn from a perusal of his Memoirs to the celebrated *Siècle de Louis XIV.* by Voltaire, and see the difference! The literary monument raised by the philosopher of Ferney to the glory of *le grand monarque* is a master-piece of composition and style; but we can now clearly see that it is nothing except a brilliant fiction; and we understand why Voltaire should have felt the wish to refute Memoirs, the statements of which were so damaging to his own production.

It is by fragments, by detached pieces, that the Memoirs of Saint Simon found their way before the public.* That wonderful work, written in a style which has never been equalled, much

* We subjoin a list of these various collections of extracts:—*Pièces intéressantes et peu connues pour servir à l'Histoire et à la Littérature.* Par M. de la Place. *Galerie de l'ancienne Cour, ou Mémoires, Anecdotes pour servir à l'Histoire des Règnes de Louis XIV. et de Louis XV.* 3 vols. 12mo. *Mémoires de M. le Duc de Saint-Simon, ou l'Observateur véridique sur le Règne de Louis XIV., et sur les premières Epoque des Règnes suivantes.* Par Soulavie. 3 vols. 8vo. 1788. *Supplément aux Mémoires de M. le Duc de Saint-Simon.* Par Soulavie. 4 vols. 8vo. 1789.

less surpassed, was at first printed in a mutilated form; the whole series of portraits was only gradually unveiled; and a few paragraphs, carefully selected, with the permission of the licensers of the press, were expected to satisfy that great majority of persons who had not, like Madame du Deffand, a prime minister to open for them the *arcana curiosa* of the state-paper office. These imperfect and grossly disfigured publications appeared in the interval comprised between 1788 and 1818. M. Sainte-Beuve relates* from the correspondence of the Marchioness de Créquy with Sénac de Meilhan, how out of six volumes the *censeur royal* made '*à peine trois, et c'est encore assez.*'† '*Je vous assure,*' the same lady adds, '*que les Mémoires de Saint-Simon paraissent, mais très mutilés.*'‡ Then comes a paragraph to the effect that Saint Simon was no writer, that his style was bad, and that the interest which we generally feel in everything connected with the reign of Louis XIV. could alone make the book readable. There again, by the bye, we see how all these grand ladies and gentlemen of the last century agreed in denouncing our author as a poor, incorrect, ungrammatical scribbler. Are then the standard rules of propriety and correctness altered to such a degree? Can one generation consign to destruction the books which will be master-pieces in the estimation of the next? In one word, has taste just now an altogether different signification from that which it had a hundred years ago? No doubt, with respect to the great landmarks of literature such discrepancies do not exist. Madame du Deffand admired Virgil just as much as we do, and M. Sénac de Meilhan could find as much delight in Thucydides as Dr. Arnold. But respecting those works which come immediately below the acknowledged *chefs-d'œuvre* of the human mind the disagreement begins; and as La Bruyère, accustomed to the regular uniform architecture of Perrault and Mansard, could find no beauty in the gigantic proportions of a Gothic cathedral,§ so, by the same æsthetic rule, men and women fed upon the intellectual food of Marivaux and Boufflers shrank, as a matter of course, at the contact of Saint Simon, with his picturesque style, his energy, and his passion.

The first complete edition of Saint Simon's Memoirs appeared in 1829.|| Its publication had been announced by the *Moniteur*

* Preface to Hachette's edition, p. xxxiii.

† *Lettres inédites de la Marquise de Créquy à Sénac de Meilhan.* Paris. 1857. Letter of Feb. 7th, 1787.

‡ Sept. 25th, 1788.

§ '*On a entièrement abandonné l'ordre Gothique que la barbarie avoit introduit pour les palais et pour les temples.*'—*Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit.*

|| *Mémoires complets et authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon.* Paris: Sautélet. Twenty Vols., 8vo.

two years previously,* and the sensation produced was something quite extraordinary. The scanty extracts doled out at various epochs, carelessly, incorrectly, gave no idea of that singular work, in which the court of Louis XIV. appeared before the modern reader, as if summoned from the grave by the wand of a powerful enchanter. The whole edition was speedily disposed of, and the noblest monument of French memoir literature—next to Froissart—took its place in the library not only of those who are interested in historical researches, but of the more general class of readers, who simply admire originality and genius. Yet how incorrect that edition was, is evident from a comparison with M. Hachette's reprint, now given *verbatim* for the first time from the original MSS. It is quite a standing joke to-day, that in discussing the authors of the seventeenth century, we must weigh words and even syllables just as much as in treating of Homer or Virgil. Father Hardouin was considered *hominum paradoxotatos*, because he maintained that the Greek and Latin classics were the composition of mediæval monachism. Why should such an assertion startle us? We may certainly say that the præ-Faugère Pascal was composed by Nicole and by the Duc de Roannez; and before M. Chérueil undertook to publish a new edition of Saint Simon, it would have been unfair to father upon the noble writer the loose sentences, the mistakes and stupidities which occur almost at every step. A few examples of each must be adduced by way of *pièces justificatives*. Loose sentences, clumsily written, and stupidly corrected for the sake of *perspicuity*. (!) Speaking of his mother, Saint Simon says,—

'Elle ajoutoit le défaut de tous proches, oncles, tantes, cousins germains, qui me laissoit comme dans l'abandon à moi-même, et augmentoit le besoin de savoir en faire un bon usage sans secours et sans appui; ses deux frères obscurs, et l'ainé ruiné et plaideur de sa famille, et le seul frère de mon père sans enfants et son aîné de huit ans.' †

That paragraph, certainly, is sufficiently explicit; at the same time, it is well written, terse, and expressive. See, now, what it becomes under the pen of licensed correctors:—

'Elle ajoutoit le défaut de tous proches, oncles, tantes, cousins germains, qui me laissoit comme dans l'abandon à moi-même, et augmentoit le besoin de savoir en faire un bon usage, *me trouvant* sans secours et sans appui; ses deux frères *étant* obscurs, et l'ainé ruiné et plaideur de sa famille, et le seul frère de mon père *étant* sans enfants et son aîné de huit ans.'

But these are niceties of style, comparatively unimportant,

* Number for Nov. 28th, 1828.

† Edit. Hachette, vol. i., p. 2.

except to those who read Saint Simon in the original, and as a monument of literature quite as much as for his historical value. Let us come to more serious misdemeanours on the part of recent editors. Under the head of omissions we may notice:—Edit. Hachette, vol. ix., pp. 63, 64, from '*cette explication*' to the end of the paragraph. Vol. xvii., pp. 199, 200, from '*Pécoil mourut*' to '*ne devoit pas être oubliée.*' These and many other important passages are entirely suppressed by the first editors, whilst, through an inconceivable act of stupidity, they have left in the text allusions to characters, descriptions, and scenes, which the reader would seek in vain. Their ignorance of mediæval French makes them mistake '*orde*' for distinct words, '*or de,*' and thus put down a passage which has no meaning whatever. Anachronisms with them are venial sins, and their acquaintance with French history is so slender that we do not wonder at their being entirely at a loss when they come to discuss the affairs of other continental nations. In short, it was high time that Saint Simon should be presented to us *in propria persona*, and M. Chéruel is entitled to our best thanks for the care with which he has discharged his editorial duties. We think that his notes might have been more copious; and the interest which characterizes those he has thrown together at the end of each volume, makes us regret that they were not increased tenfold, even at the risk of swelling the publication to the extent of one or two additional volumes. The preface is by M. Sainte-Beuve, who had already written on Saint Simon a capital critique,* and who has here once more appreciated the historian with an impartiality, an accuracy, which leaves nothing for other *littérateurs* to add or correct. With such materials at hand, we can now surely examine the facts and weigh the opinions given by Saint Simon; but, before turning to the book, a short biographical sketch of the author himself will be both interesting and appropriate.

Louis, Duke de Saint Simon, belonged to a family which claimed a descent from the old Counts of Vermandois, whose elevation, however, was of very recent date. Claude de Rouvroy, his father, had been a favourite of King Louis XIII. Introduced to the monarch at an early age, he had gradually obtained the highest marks of a friendship which in most other cases was guided by all the fluctuations of caprice. After having been appointed to duties which required personal attendance upon the monarch, Claude became governor of Blaye, Meulan, Senlis, Pont Saint Maxence, Fécamp, Saint Germain en Laye, and

* *Causeries de Lundi*, vol. iii.

Versailles. Finally, in the month of January, 1635, he was promoted to the peerage, under the title of Duke de Saint Simon, from an estate which belonged to him, and which was situated in the '*Intendance de Soissons, Diocèse et Election de Noyon.*' The patent signed by Louis XIII. thus proclaimed the merits of the new peer: '*Nous avons remarqué en lui tant de généreuses actions et inclinations à la vertu, tant de sagesse et de conduite, tant d'ardeur et de zèle pour notre service, que, le croyant digne de notre singulière affection, nous l'avons élevé consécutivement et par degrés aux plus grandes charges, dignités et offices de notre maison, à toutes lesquelles charges chacun a pu voir avec combien d'honneur, de prudence et de fidélité il s'est conduit et s'en est acquitté dignement.*'

But Saint Simon was not the only man powerful at court during the reign of Louis XIII.; nay, in spite of the favour which he enjoyed, and the title bestowed upon him by the King, he was really, politically speaking, a man of no influence at all. Cardinal Richelieu's creatures, such as Father Joseph, Sublet Desnoyers, and others, were the real stars at the council board of Saint Germain; and Léon le Bouthilier, Count de Chavigny, who after the death of the King had retained his place as one of the advisers of Anne of Austria, has left in history a much more celebrated name than that of the governor of Blaye. Nevertheless, on the establishment of the regency, both Chavigny and Saint Simon, as well as many of their friends, fell into a kind of disgrace; the queen dowager had the deepest antipathy for all the politicians who had taken any part in the administration of Cardinal Richelieu, and she did not scruple to make them understand that their services were no longer needed. But neither Chavigny nor Saint Simon could brook this insult; and when the first disturbances of the Fronde burst out, the governor of Blaye did all in his power to excite Chavigny to overthrow the administration of Cardinal Mazarin. His correspondence on the subject has been preserved, and it is impossible for any one to express himself in terms of greater obsequiousness, and sometimes of more vulgar flattery, than the favourite of Louis XIII. did towards the *fidus Achates* of Richelieu. Promises of patronage with the Prince de Condé, assurances reiterated that this factious nobleman in case of success would immediately bestow upon him (Chavigny) '*la place où je vous souhaite toujours;*' arguments of every description were employed by Saint Simon with such perseverance, such determination, that at last the apparently indolent and careless Chavigny, then confined as an exile in one of his estates far from Paris, determined upon taking a preliminary step; and he published a violent manifesto against

the administration of Cardinal Mazarin, at a moment when this astute statesman seemed on the brink of destruction. Now, with the full conviction that in all this affair Chavigny and Saint Simon were joined together in an alliance, both offensive and defensive, that their interests, fears, and hopes were in common, let us turn to the *Memoirs of our Saint Simon*, and read the account *he* gives us of the whole transaction. He accuses Chavigny 'of having betrayed all parties,'* of having 'driven into exile the governor of Blaye,'† and of having 'stolen from him the office of *grand écuyer*, bestowed by the King,' in order to give it to the Count d'Harcourt, who was by marriage a connexion of Cardinal Richelieu.‡ 'At this news,' says Saint Simon, 'you may judge of my father's indignation; he respected the Queen too much, and thought Chavigny too vile: he therefore sent a challenge to the Count d'Harcourt.'§ This contradiction is so great, so flagrant, that there is no way of accounting for it, excepting on the supposition that Saint Simon *père*, when he saw the Fronde at an end, and the power of the King firmly established, wanted to throw the odium of the whole transaction upon Chavigny, and to represent the confidant of Richelieu as a minister who by his ambition and petty intrigues was constantly aiming at getting the advantage of His Majesty's faithful servants. Authentic documents, indeed, go to prove that, as soon as he found out which was likely to be the triumphant party, the governor of Blaye returned to the place he had been put in command of, and wrote to Cardinal Mazarin, offering him his assistance in quelling the rebellion. The minister was not deceived by these fine protestations; and it is not difficult to see by his answer to the Duke of Saint Simon, that the hurried flight of the intriguing nobleman had excited well-grounded suspicions. 'You might,' said the minister, 'have changed the manner in which this departure took place; and more particularly considering present circumstances: it has afforded food for various conjecture on the part of the people, who have feared bad results from the departure from court of a person of your quality without Her Majesty's leave.' The cardinal then goes on to say, that he had transmitted to the Queen the assurances of fidelity and devotedness which the Duke de Saint Simon gave him, and that she had received them with entire confidence.||

* *Mémoires*, edit. Hachette, vol. i., p. 64. † *Ibid.*, p. 65.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 67-69.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 69.

|| *Cf.*, on all this affair, a very interesting Article by M. Chéruel in the *Revue Contemporaine* for January 15th, 1857. The journalist's authorities are the *Carnets* or memorandum-books of Cardinal Mazarin, preserved amongst the MSS. of the Imperial Library in Paris. (*Fonds Baluze*.)

We have laid this affair in detail before our readers, because Saint Simon's veracity as an historian has often been attacked; and it is rather singular that in the very first pages of his Memoirs he should put down facts so totally at variance with the truth. As far, however, as the present case is concerned, we believe that the historian can be justified. There are, here, extenuating circumstances. He had in his father the most complete confidence; and we think it very probable that he was deceived by the astute courtier, who, in relating to the young man the principal incidents of his life, cleverly omitted all allusion to facts of a questionable character, merely detailing those which would prove him to have been a pattern of loyalty and courage.

We leave now, to return to him no more, the first Duke de Saint Simon, the favourite of Louis XIII., the would-be rival of Mazarin; and we turn at once to the young man who, born in 1675, was in a fair way of getting on in the world, and of obtaining, under a government very different from that of the late monarch, that notice, and those favours, which gave him afterwards so good an opportunity of observing characters, and of painting from the life the passions which fill the human heart. From his earliest infancy Saint Simon seems to have had a *penchant* for committing to writing the results of his observations. At the age of nineteen he had already obtained a captaincy in the regiment of Royal Roussillon; he was present at the battle of Nerwinden; and immediately after the action he wrote a minute account of it, intended only for a few intimate friends. It is interesting to see, in that earliest effort, the first proofs of Saint Simon's talent, and the promises of a style which, afterwards, was to leave such distinguished traces in the social literature of France.

Before the time of our historian many statesmen, generals, and courtiers had supplied valuable specimens of memoir-writing, and made that species of composition already popular and famous. Montluc, Agrippa d'Aubigné, La Noue, and many others, were almost classical authors; their works, the startling reminiscences of their valour or their skill, were handed about like household treasures, either to cheer the long night-watches of the camp, or to charm the leisure hours of the *bourgeois* quiet residences. Thus Saint Simon was enabled to peruse the Memoirs of Bassompierre; and he rose from the study of that book determined to follow the same course, and to jot down for the benefit of posterity what circumstances might enable him to hear and to see.

‘ Cette lecture de l’histoire et surtout des mémoires particuliers de la notre, des derniers temps depuis François I^{er}, que je faisois de moi-même, me firent naître l’envie d’écrire aussi ceux que je verrois, dans le désir et dans l’espérance d’être de quelque chose et de savoir le mieux que je pourrois en affaires de mon temps. Les inconvénients ne laissèrent pas de se présenter à mon esprit ; mais la résolution bien ferme d’en garder le secret à moi tant seul me parut remédier à tout. Je les commençai donc en Juillet, 1694, étant mestre-de-camp d’un régiment de cavalerie de mon nom, dans le camp de Guinsheim sur le Vieux-Rhin, en l’armée commandée par le Maréchal Duc de Lorges.*’

The life of Saint Simon was not marked by any incidents of a striking description. At the age of twenty, after having first courted a daughter of the Duke of Beauvilliers, but without being able to obtain her hand, he married the daughter of Marshal de Lorges, Turenne’s best pupil, whose kindness and sincerity, he says, had won him at once. A duke and peer of France, governor of Blaye, *grand-bailli* (an office somewhat akin to that of governor) of Senlis, and commanding a regiment of cavalry, he was then in a most enviable position. His marriage added to this all the happiness of domestic peace ; and the tableau of Saint Simon’s home forms an agreeable contrast to the dissoluteness, the licentiousness, and the profligacy of the society which he describes in his Memoirs. We may quarrel with Saint Simon for his prejudices, we may think that some of his pictures are overdrawn ; but we cannot but admire the staunch, uncompromising manner in which he stands on the side of virtue and religion, always exposing with the most unflinching earnestness the vice which his situation obliges him to witness, and taking such views of society and government as must have been most unpopular to those who had in their hands both his own fortunes and the destinies of the country. After having served with distinction during several campaigns, the regiment of cavalry which he commanded as *mestre-de-camp* was disbanded, and for some time he remained unoccupied. In 1702, the war occasioned by the Spanish succession broke out, promotions were made, and an opportunity naturally offered for Louis XIV. to avail himself of the services of a promising nobleman, who, only twenty-nine years old, had already acquired much distinction as a useful soldier, and a steady, clear-sighted commander. But we can readily believe that the *frondeur* character of Saint Simon was not one that would recommend him to the notice of either the King or his ministers. The spirit of opposition had actually become impossible in France ; and promotions, honours,

* Vol. i., p. 3. Edit. Hachette.

dignities, and riches were for those who felt disposed to bask in the smiles of the reigning favourite, and to find no fault with the scandalous love intrigues of Marly or Fontainebleau. The Duke d'Antin, the Duke de Villeroy,—for such as these are the *cordons bleus*, the pensions, the wind-falls of every description; the Duke d'Antin, who thought that he saw 'the heavens open' when he found himself at court;* the Duke de Villeroy, whose complete nullity was equalled only by his impertinence towards his inferiors, and his cringing servility towards the King. All those who manifested the slightest symptoms of independence were uniformly set aside; and, as Bussy-Rabutin before him had already been condemned to a disgrace from which he never recovered, so Saint Simon bore the vexation of seeing promotions bestowed upon insignificant courtiers and men of no experience, whilst he himself was passed by. Under these circumstances he asked the opinion of his friends, who decided unanimously that '*un duc et pair de sa naissance, établi d'ailleurs comme il l'étoit, et ayant femme et enfant, n'alloit point servir comme un haut le pied dans les armées, et y voir tant de gens si différens de ce qu'il étoit, et, qui pis est, de ce qu'il y avoit été, tous avec des emplois et des régiments.*' Backed by this opinion, Saint Simon sent in his resignation as *mestre-de-camp*, grounded upon the motive that his health was indifferent, and expressing the regret he felt at not being able to take active service. Thus the King of France lost a good officer, but *we* have gained a first-rate writer, and the best authority we have on the court and times of Louis XIV. For although cut out from military preferment, and, what was still more provoking for a man of his character, obliged to witness the rising fortunes of men whose incapacity was a strong contrast to the courage of Condé, Turenne, and the other great generals of the early part of the seventeenth century, Saint Simon still remained at court; his family position, his dignity, his riches, had marked him out for a conspicuous place in that assemblage which filled the galleries of Marly and Versailles; and, instead of spending his leisure time, like Bussy-Rabutin, in writing undignified petitions to the King, or obscene love songs, he took up the pen of Tacitus, and constructed the most eloquent piece of history which has been produced since the days when the Roman patriot branded the vices of Caligula and Nero.

The Memoirs of Saint Simon, beginning with the year 1691, proceed uninterruptedly till the year 1723, thus introducing to us the splendours of the reign of Louis XIV., the catastrophes which

* '*Je crus les cieux ouverts quand je me vis à la cour; je n'en connoissois guères toutes les amertumes.*'

marked its close, and the scandalous transactions of the regency. We have already noticed one episode, proving that our historian is not always very correct in his statement of facts: in order to dispose here at once of the dark side of our appreciation, we shall state the most grievous charges that have been brought forward against him. Amongst the principal corrections we have to make in common with recent annotators, is one referring to the well-known history of Fargues, one of the favourite *morceaux* of the Memoirs in point both of style and of tragic interest, and which the reader will find in the fifth volume of M. Hachette's edition. Saint Simon relates that Fargues, an old *frondeur*, was arrested in his own house at Courson by the officers of the Parliament, brought to Paris in conformity with an order from the First President de Lamoignon, condemned to death, and executed. He concludes his picturesque and striking narrative as follows:—

'He' (Fargues) 'met his accusation with a very powerful defence, and further alleged, that the murder in question having been committed in the heat of the disturbances and of the revolt of Paris in Paris itself, the amnesty which had followed them effaced the remembrance of everything which had taken place in those times of confusion, and covered every circumstance.....The distinguished courtiers who had been so well entertained at the unhappy man's house, made every effort with the judges and with the King himself on his behalf, but all in vain. Fargues was immediately beheaded, and his confiscated estate was given as a reward to the first president. It suited him extremely well, and became the portion of his second son. The distance between Basville and Courson is scarcely a league. Thus the father-in-law and the son-in-law were successively enriched in the same office, the one with the blood of the innocent, the other with the deposit which his friend had intrusted to him to keep. This trust he afterwards declared to the King, who made it over to him, and he knew well how to turn it to the best account.'

Now, there are in this narrative several inaccuracies. In the first place, the fact itself occurred towards the beginning of the year 1665, that is to say, long before Saint Simon's birth. Our friend quotes as his sole authority the Duke de Lauzun,* the person the least credible, on account of his vanity, the looseness of his character, and scandal of his life. What reliance could be placed upon such a witness? We find, accordingly, that when, in the year 1781, La Place published Saint Simon's details of the arrest and death of Fargues in the first volume of his '*Pièces intéressantes et peu connues pour servir à l'Histoire*,' the Lamoig-

* '*M. de Lauzun, qui me l'a conté.*'—Page 58.

non family appealed against what they maintained to be a defamation of character. We shall not enter upon an examination of the evidence carefully selected and sifted by M. Chéruel in his notes to the present edition; suffice it to say that, first, Fargues was condemned to death not for murder, but for theft, swindling, breach of trust, and other crimes of the same nature; secondly, he was not condemned by the Parliament of Paris, but by the intendant of Amiens, and other judges duly appointed by the King; thirdly, President Lamoignon obtained the Courson estate in 1668, as lord of the manor of Basville, a place to which Courson belonged.*

We come now to a second incident, still more important, because it refers immediately to public business, and in which Saint Simon has allowed himself to become the organ of the grossest calumny. Under the date 1694,† he relates that Marshal de Noailles, commanding the French army in Catalonia, was extremely anxious to lay siege to Barcelona, according to the King's earnest wishes. When the time came to begin operations, he resolved upon communicating at once with head-quarters, and dispatched, for that purpose, to Paris an officer named Genlis, a favourite of his, whom he had rapidly promoted, and who was then a field marshal in the French army. This Genlis appears to have been a man of skill and of talent, and his sole protector was the Marshal de Noailles, to whom he was indebted for all that he was. He came accordingly to Versailles, sent by Noailles as a faithful and trustworthy messenger; and instead of being the bearer of written dispatches, which might either be stolen or mislaid, he was to appear only as '*une lettre vivante qui répondroit à tout sur le champ, et qui, sans l'importuner d'une longue dépêche, lui*' (to the King) '*en diroit plus en une demi-heure qu'il ne pourroit lui en écrire en plusieurs jours. Les paroles volent, l'écriture demeure; un courrier peut être volé, peut tomber malade, et envoyer ses dépêches; cet expédient obvioit à tous ces inconvénients.*'

Unfortunately, the minister of war for the time being was Barbésieux, an intriguing man, a great enemy of Marshal de Noailles, and who had long been seeking an opportunity of ruining in the esteem of his master the commander of the French army in Spain. Through his spies, he found out the nature of the message intrusted to Genlis; he managed to corrupt the messenger; and Genlis, on appearing at court, spoke to the King diametrically in opposition to the entreaties of Marshal de Noailles, so that '*le projet de siège de Barcelone fut entièrement*

* Olivier d'Ormesson, MS. journal, quoted by M. Chéruel, vol. v., pp. 436, 437.

† Vol. i., pp. 225, *et seq.*

rompu sur le point de son exécution et avec toutes les plus raisonnables apparences d'un succès certain.'

Barbésieux has enough to answer for * without such a piece of iniquity as this. Fortunately for him, and for Genlis, there exist still, amongst the Noailles papers at the Louvre, several letters addressed by Catinat to the marshal, in which the siege of Barcelona happens precisely to be one of the points discussed. Now, in these letters, Noailles, far from ever hinting anything as to the probability of his beginning the siege operations, complains bitterly to his colleague that his hands are tied, that he can undertake nothing, and that the King will not listen to reason.†

We are very much obliged to M. Lalanne, for the industry with which he has corrected Saint Simon's errors, and thrown fresh light upon some of the debateable points of history.‡ To conclude this criticism on our author's veracity, we shall quote a third circumstance from the same authority, and then turn at once to the more pleasant part of our task.

Saint Simon relates with some detail § the intrigues which took place at Versailles against the Duke d'Orléans, when that prince was sent as commander of the French army in Spain. He was accused of aspiring, himself, to the Spanish crown; his enemies endeavoured to prove that he wished to dethrone the young King, Philip V.; and the accusations became so loud, so general, that for a moment it seemed as if a criminal case could be made out against the first prince of the royal blood, against him who, a few years after, was to become regent during the minority of Louis XV. From Saint Simon's narrative, it appears that the Duke d'Orléans, whilst denying, '*avec l'indignation qu'elle méritoit,*' the proposition made to him by some Spanish grandees and other considerable people, of hastening the downfall of the King of Spain, and assuming the regal authority for himself, '*s'étoit laissé aller à celles*' (the propositions) '*de s'y laisser porter, si Philippe V. tomboit de lui-même, sans aucune espérance de retour, parcequ'en ce cas il ne lui causeroit aucun tort, et feroit un bien au Roi et à la France de conserver l'Espagne dans sa maison, qui ne lui seroit pas moins avantageux qu'à lui-même,*' etc.

It is not very difficult to suspect under this very vague statement some other facts which Saint Simon did not choose to make known: he evidently knew a great deal more than he saw fit to disclose; and his evasive revelations, combined with the fact of

* Edit. Hachette, vol. iii., p. 53.

† *Bibl. Lower.* MSS. F. 325, vol. vi.

‡ Cf. *Revue Contemporaine* for August 15th, 1856, p. 139, et seq. § Vol. vi.

the imputations which he acknowledges were cast upon the Duke of Orleans, make us naturally anxious to know the character of a prince whose conduct occasionally justified the suspicion he was the object of at court. Here, however, we have abundance of information to complete the defective narrative of Saint Simon; Earl Stanhope's history of the War of the Succession is as full and explicit on this subject as we could wish. From the information we find there,* it is quite evident that the Duke of Orleans *did* entertain the idea of placing the crown of Spain upon his own head; and the letter written by Stanhope to Lord Sunderland† puts the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt. However, he was soon recalled to France, and he left Spain after having trusted his correspondence to Flotte and Renaut,‡ two men whose services had often been useful to him. These subordinate agents were immediately arrested by order of the Princess des Ursins, and their papers seized. From these no light could be derived respecting the suspected plans of the Duke of Orleans; but, on the other hand, the suspicion remained in all its force, and the consequence was a state of disgrace which ended only at the death of Louis XIV.

We have now enumerated the principal charges of inaccuracy that can be adduced against Saint Simon. By a reference to M. Chéruef's valuable notes some other items may no doubt be elicited; but the above are, we repeat, the most salient points; and after acknowledging that they are inaccuracies, and rather glaring ones too, we still see no reason for reversing the judgment which assigns to Saint Simon the very first position amongst the contributors to French memoir literature. '*La question de la vérité des Mémoires de Saint Simon,*' says M. Sainte-Beuve, '*n'est pas et ne saurait être circonscrite dans le cercle des observations de ce genre, même quand les erreurs se trouveraient cent fois plus nombreuses.*' §

In reading the Memoirs of Saint Simon, we are struck at once by the grave, the solemn tone with which he begins. He makes the undertaking of them a case of conscience; he sits down before his desk to note down his souvenirs with the same seriousness as if he were making a confession of his sins to the *curé* of his parish, and he goes back for precedents as far as the Acts of the Apostles. All the objections which can be raised are successively examined, discussed, refuted; the use of Memoirs is explained; and, strong in the approbation of his conscience, our writer sets to work. On the part of Saint Simon this was

* Sub anno 1708.

† Sub anno 1708.

‡ '*Drôle d'esprit et d'entreprise, actif, hardi, intelligent.*'—Saint Simon.

§ Preface to M. Hachette's edition.

no idle pretence, no empty show of a religious strictness which facts did not support. It is impossible to study attentively the *Memoirs* without coming to the conclusion that Saint Simon was really a Christian; and to be a consistent Christian in the midst of a court like that of Versailles during the latter half of the seventeenth century, is a fact in itself singular enough to deserve mentioning. 'The Duke de Saint Simon,' says an eminent critic, 'was a Christian; but in spite of his faith he was equally wrapped up in the prejudices of the peerage. In the details of his life, he is incessantly smitten with the privileges of the nobles; and the sincerity of his religion does not prevent him from allowing himself to go to excess in the exercise of an insupportable pride, without ever reflecting on the matter. In this respect he still belonged to that conventional age, that age of mere appearances, in which religion, very sincere in him who professed it, preserved above all its character of propriety. At that time, men intended to spend some weeks amidst the wilds of La Trappe, with the Abbé de Rancé, and began by delaying their visit till they were gratified with all the vanities of the world.'*

This judgment is too severe. It is quite true that at first sight Saint Simon appears to be more jealous of his rank as a peer of the realm than of his position as a Christian. All these questions of rank, of *tabourets*, of sittings, these genealogical discussions, seem tedious and puerile; but we must look a little beneath the surface, and see what were the principles involved in the maintaining or doing away with the privileges Saint Simon valued so much. The government of Louis XIV. was a personal government; that is to say, all the authority was becoming gradually centralized in the hands of the King, without any balance on the part of either the aristocracy or the parliaments. The principle of equality was triumphing, but at the expense of national liberty; the resources of the state, rendered available to an amazing extent by means of the workings of an active system of administration, had increased in proportion as the national vitality was losing its energy and its force. In standing up so boldly for the privileges and the rights of the aristocracy, Saint Simon was not only the eloquent interested spokesman of the order to which he belonged. He saw that the progress of political life in France had been thrown out of its right direction, and the consequences of so fatal a system could not escape so superior a mind as his was. A contemporary writer has lately proved in a

* *Vinet, Histoire de la Littérature Française au Dix-huitième Siècle.* Two vols. 8vo. Paris. 1853.

very conclusive manner,* that the Utopian scheme of making the notion of equality the fundamental axiom of political organization has been the ruin of liberty in France; and that Louis XIV., following the tradition of Cardinal Richelieu, began the movement downwards, whilst apparently consolidating the monarchy, and raising it to the highest pitch of greatness and of glory. This it was that Saint Simon perceived, and subsequent events have fully justified the fears which many people erroneously attributed to narrow prejudice and to exaggerated *esprit de caste*.

Our historian's Christian spirit is especially evident in the judgment which he passes upon himself, and in the rule of conduct which he applies, not only to the actions of others, but to his own life,—to his every-day dealings with his family, his friends, his enemies. Saint Simon does not conceal certain facts which were not likely to give a very good opinion of his Christian charity; he makes no mystery of his selfishness, he acknowledges it straightforwardly, not for the purpose of parading it about, but, on the contrary, because he knows what human nature is; and being possessed of an unvarying standard of action, he can judge himself, and confess many things which other men would never have the candour to acknowledge. Such a settling of accounts with ourselves, even when there is no witness of it but He who knoweth the secrets of the heart, is more difficult than many people suppose.

Other writers, besides Saint Simon, have given us their confessions, and analysed the phenomena of their moral life for the benefit of posterity; but how painful the impression which some of these autobiographies produce upon us! Montaigne is very amusing, very *naïf*; at the same time he is disgustingly cynical, and he seems to delight in revelations which make us blush for him. On the other hand, shall we turn to J. J. Rousseau, and to that insupportable pride which in him was combined with an equal proportion of hypocrisy? 'Let the trumpet of the last judgment,' exclaims the author of *Emile*, 'sound when it will, I shall go with this book in my hand, and present myself before the Sovereign Judge. I shall say aloud: "This is what I have done, what I have thought, and what I have been. I have shown myself what I was,—contemptible and vile, when I was so; good, generous, and high-principled, when I was so. I have unveiled the inner man, such as thou, O eternal God, hast seen him Thyself. Gather around me the innumerable multitude of my fellow-creatures, that they may listen to my confessions. Let them lament at my infirmities, let them blush at my

* Chambrun, *Du Régime Parlementaire en France*. 8vo. Paris. 1857.

miseries. Let each of them open his heart at the foot of Thy throne with the same sincerity ; and then let a single one say, if he dare, *I was better than that man.*"**

We shall now, by way of comparison, quote a passage from Saint Simon's Memoirs, leaving it in the original for fear of weakening to the smallest extent the author's ideas. It is a plain, out-spoken trait of the grossest selfishness. Saint Simon was guilty of it, and he acknowledges it ; but another memoir-writer, in his place, would certainly not have recorded an anecdote so likely to leave an unfavourable impression of himself ; and Rousseau, who jots down the vilest, the meanest, the foulest deeds he committed, when he can find in them a plea for singing his own praise, would not have handed down to posterity so glaring a piece of hard-heartedness, had he not been able to plead extenuating circumstances.

In two words, the subject of the narrative is Monseigneur, who was dying at Meudon of the small-pox ; and the Memoirs bring before us Saint Simon and the Duchess of Orleans coolly discussing together the chances of recovery, and lamenting when they see the probability of a prince whom they both detested, overcoming by the strength of his constitution the severity of the disease.

'Pour en parler franchement, et en avouer la honte, elle et moi nous lamentâmes ensemble de voir Monseigneur échapper, à son âge et à sa graisse, d'un mal si dangereux. Elle réfléchissoit tristement, mais avec ce sel et ces tons à la Mortemart, qu'après une dépuratation de cette sorte il ne restoit plus la moindre pauvre petite espérance aux apoplexies ; que celle des indigestions étoit ruinée sans ressources depuis la peur que Monseigneur en avait prise, et l'empire qu'il avoit donné sur sa santé aux médecins ; et nous concluâmes plus que languoureusement qu'il falloit désormais compter que ce prince vivrait et règneroit longtemps. De là des raisonnements sans fin sur les funestes accompagnements de son règne, sur la vanité des apparences les mieux fondées d'une vie qui promettoit si peu, et qui trouvoit son salut et sa durée au sein du péril et de la mort. En un mot, nous nous lâchâmes, non sans quelque scrupule qui interrompoit de fois à autre cette rare conversation, mais qu'avec un tour languissamment plaisant elle ramenoit toujours à son point. Madame de Saint Simon, tout dévotement, enrayoit tant qu'elle pouvoit ces propos étranges ; mais l'enrayure cassait et entretenoit ainsi un combat très singulier entre la liberté des sentiments, humainement pour nous très raisonnables, mais qui ne laissoient pas de nous faire sentir qu'ils n'étoient pas selon la religion.'†

This is not again like Montaigne, still less is it the spirit of boasting which characterized Jean Jacques Rousseau ; it is

* J. J. Rousseau, *Confessions*, liv. i.

† Vol. ix., chap. 6. Edit. Hachette.

merely human nature under its worst aspect, but under an aspect which is perfectly true. Selfishness is the principle of all our actions: thus said La Rochefoucauld; thus also would have said Saint Simon, had he not known by experience a still higher principle which springs from the Gospel, correcting our evil nature, and substituting the law of love for the unamiable, the unchristian element of selfishness.

We have not the slightest intention of setting up Saint Simon for a perfect model, and we are very far from wishing to justify all that he either did or said. His animosity against the Noailles family is carried so far, that exaggeration is written upon the plain face of it, and it becomes simply ridiculous. He was a good hater, as well as a strong friend; his character was one of decided sympathies and antipathies; he did not know how to conceal his feelings, and he had not acquired the art, so extensively practised around him, of adapting himself indifferently to the vices, weaknesses, and, speaking generally, the habits of those amongst whom he happened to be moving for the time being. To borrow an idea from Molière, he was more like Alceste than like Philinte; and this roughness, this asperity, is, we believe, one of the chief reasons which would have prevented his Memoirs from being popular during the last century, supposing the printer had obtained leave to publish them *in extenso*. When Madame du Deffand condemned them as *mal écrits*, she was thinking of the asperity of the thoughts quite as much as of the energy of the style; the fine ladies and gentlemen who frequented the court of Sceaux, or the *petits appartements* of the Palais Royal, were not accustomed to such explosions of indignation.

'Je prends tout doucement les hommes comme ils sont :'

such was their motto; and their complete indifference for all that is great, generous, or ennobling, caused them to wonder how any *honnête homme* could allow his temper to be ruffled by the sight of things not altogether corresponding to ideas vulgarly entertained on propriety or morality. Judging Saint Simon from this point of view, Count d'Argenson calls him *un dévot sans génie*,—the very reverse of the truth.

The next evidence we would give of Saint Simon's Christian character, is the company he used to keep. The Dukes de Beauvilliers, de Chevreuse, de Lorges, Fénelon, the Abbé de Rancé,—such were his intimate friends, those whom he habitually consulted, and whose opinion he liked to follow in all things. Amongst the most important additions which M. Chéruel has introduced in the present reprint, is a letter which Saint Simon,

then only twenty-four years old, wrote to the Abbé de Rancé for the purpose of consulting him on the first sketch of these Memoirs. It is an admirable *morceau*, and makes us appreciate at once the religious feelings, the moral worth, of the great man whose character has been the subject of so much discussion:—

‘Je m’y suis proposé une exacte vérité, aussi m’y suis-je lâche à la dire bonne et mauvaise, toute telle qu’elle m’a semblé sur les uns et sur les autres, songeant à satisfaire mes inclinations et passions en tout ce que la vérité m’a permis de dire, attendu que travaillant pour moi et bien peu des miens pendant ma vie, et pour qui voudra après ma mort, je ne me suis arrêté à ménager personne par aucune considération ; mais voyant cette espèce d’ouvrage qui va grossissant tous les jours, avec quelque complaisance de le laisser après moi, et aussi ne voulant point être exposé aux scrupules qui me convieroient à la fin de ma vie de le brûler, comme ç’avait été mon premier projet, et même plus tôt, à cause de tout ce qu’il y a contre la réputation de mille gens, et cela d’autant plus irréparablement que la vérité s’y rencontre tout entière et que la passion n’a fait qu’animer le style, je me suis résolu à vous en importuner de quelques morceaux, pour vous supplier par iceux de juger de la pièce, et de me vouloir prescrire une règle pour dire toujours la vérité sans blesser ma conscience, et pour me donner de salutaires conseils sur la manière que j’avois à tenir en écrivant des choses qui me touchent particulièrement et plus sensiblement que les autres.’*

This striking letter, written in 1699, and in which the hesitation of a young man is so well described, should be compared with the Introduction, bearing date July, 1743, and therefore composed when the Memoirs were finished, and when the author, with his manuscript before him, could take a sober and deliberate review of his own thoughts and his own critiques. The young *mestre-de-camp* expresses his doubts on the propriety of speaking the truth when it is unfavourable to the parties concerned. The councillor of state, ripened by experience, and having learned to form a just opinion of men and events, says : ‘*Rendons au Créateur un culte plus raisonnable, et ne mettons point le salut que le Rédempteur nous a acquis au prix indigne de l’abrutissement absolu et du parfait impossible :*’ and he adds, a little further on, ‘*Ecrire l’histoire de son temps et de son paysc’est se montrer à soi-même pied à pied le néant du mondec’est se convaincre du rien de tout.*’

Here the opportunity naturally offers of taking down from Saint Simon’s wonderful collection of portraits some of his choicest specimens. We shall begin with the Duke of Bur-

* Edit. Hachette, vol. i., pp. xl., xli.

gundy, that admirable prince, who formed, so to say, the centre of the circle to which Saint Simon belonged.

'This prince, the indubitable and afterwards the presumptive heir of the crown, was born an object of terror, and his early youth made people tremble; hard-hearted, and giving way to the greatest outbursts of passion, even against inanimate objects; impetuous with rage, incapable of bearing the slightest resistance, even from the weather and the elements, without getting into a fury, so as to produce alarm lest he should do to himself some great bodily injury; excessively obstinate, and in the highest degree eager in the pursuit of every kind of pleasure. He loved wine and good living, was passionately fond of hunting, music threw him into raptures, and he was given to play, at which he could not bear to be overcome; hence, the danger of engaging in any game with him was extreme. In short, he was the slave of every kind of pleasure, and carried away by all kinds of pleasure; he was often ferocious, and naturally disposed to cruelty; he was most cutting in his jests, and turned people into ridicule with an accuracy perfectly overwhelming. From the height of heaven, so to say, he looked down upon men as upon atoms to whom he bore no resemblance, whatever they might be. His brothers scarcely appeared to him to occupy an intermediate place between him and the human race, although it had been always intended that all three should be educated together, on a footing of perfect equality. His wit and sagacity were uniformly brilliant; and, even in the midst of his outbursts of passion, his answers were astonishing. His reasonings were always directed to the just and the profound, even in the transports of his anger. He sported with the most abstract knowledge; the extent and vivacity of his understanding were prodigious, and prevented him from applying himself to one thing at a time, till he became incapable of doing so.

'So great a mind, and of such a disposition, joined to such vivacity, sensibility, and passions, and all so ardent, could not easily be trained. The Duke de Beauvilliers, who felt equally the difficulties and the consequences of the education committed to him, went beyond himself in his application, patience, and in the variety of his resources. Deriving little help from the sub-governors, he availed himself of every one who was within his reach. Fénelon, Fleury, under-teacher, and author of a beautiful History of the Church, some gentlemen ushers, Moreau, first *valet-de-chambre*, very much above his condition, but who never allowed himself to presume; a few servants of the household, the Duke de Chevreuse alone from without, all set to work, and laboured in the same spirit, each under the direction of the governor, whose skill, if it were discussed in a narrative, would form a book equally curious and instructive. But God, the Master of all hearts, and whose Divine Spirit breathes where He wills, performed on this prince a work of conversion; and, between the eighteenth and twentieth year of his age, the work was accomplished. From the abyss came forth a prince affable, agreeable, humane,

moderate, patient, modest, penitent, and humble, and austere to himself, not only as far as was suitable to his condition, but even beyond it. Quite devoted to his duties, and understanding them to be immense, his sole thought was how he could unite the obligations of a son and a subject with those to which he saw himself destined. The shortness of the day was with him a matter of constant regret. He placed all his consolation and strength in prayer, and sought his preservation in the reading of pious books. His taste for abstract science, and the readiness with which he fathomed it, deprived him at first of a time which he perceived must be spent differently: he had to obtain information about things connected with his condition, he must observe the *bienséances* incumbent upon a rank which led to the throne, and, in the mean while, he would have likewise to keep a court.

Being a novice in the exercises of devotion, and dreading his weakness with regard to pleasure, he was inclined at first to seek solitude. Out of watchfulness—for he excused nothing in himself, and thought that nothing should be excused—he shut himself up in his closet, as in a refuge inaccessible to every one. How strange is the world! It had treated him with abhorrence in his first condition; and now that he was altered, it felt tempted to despise him. The Prince perceived this, bore it, and fostered with joy this species of opprobrium to the Cross of the Saviour, in order that he might feel ashamed at the bitter recollections of his former pride. He met with what was still more painful, the dull and heavy looks of his nearest relations. The King, with his outside devotion and regularity, soon saw, with secret indignation, so young a prince unintentionally censuring by the contrast of his own conduct the irregularities of royalty, refusing a new chest of drawers, in order to give to the poor the money it would have cost, and modestly declining a new gilding with which his small apartment was to have been re-decorated. We have seen how much the King was provoked by the duke's too obstinate refusal to be present at a ball given at Marly, on Twelfth Day. This, indeed, was the fault of a novice. He owed this respect, nay, to speak plainly, this charitable compliance, to the King, his grandfather, not to offend him by so strange a contrast; but in the main, when we look at this action in itself, it was a great one; it exposed him to all the consequences of the disgust which his behaviour produced on the part of the King, and to the gossip of a court of which the King was the idol, and which turned into ridicule so striking a singularity.

As he, however, reflected more upon the scruple of displeasing the King, of alienating from himself Monseigneur, and of inspiring others with a distaste for virtue, the rough and hard bark gradually softened, without impairing at all the solidity of the work. He at length understood what it is to leave God for God, and how the faithful performance of the duties peculiar to the state in which one has been placed is the solid piety which is most agreeable to the Almighty. He set himself forthwith to apply his mind almost exclusively to the things which might teach him how to rule. He appeared more in the world; he did so with so much grace and an air so natural, that people

soon perceived his reason for withdrawing from society, and the pain he felt in only conforming with its usages; and the world, too delighted with being loved, began to be less irritated.*

Such was the prince who was destined, as it seemed, to be the ruler of France; and had it pleased God to preserve his life, the country would have been spared at least the degrading episode in its history which is designated as the regency and the reign of Louis XV. Fénelon, Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, all the men of honour who remained at the court of Versailles, those who had at heart the interests of the kingdom, and the happiness of the people, formed the habitual court of the young prince, and trained him to those liberal ideas which alone can make the safety of both King and subjects. The contrast suggested by the base flatterers of absolutism, and the true patriots who lived in the intimacy of the young Duke of Burgundy, is a most striking one. Here we find the Sorbonne itself justifying the raising of fresh taxes, with the comforting declaration that the King possessed an absolute right over all the property of his subjects:† then we hear the grandson of Louis XIV. declaring publicly in the *salon* at Marly that a King is made for his people, and not the people for the King. Terms of reform were drawn up by the few men who in the midst of the general degradation kept themselves aloof, waiting for better times. Under the new King, the misery of the people would be the first subject for consideration; the provinces, freed from the absorbing influence of a centralizing system of bureaucracy, would be managed by local assemblies; the regular and periodical meeting of the States-general, the separation of Church and State, the obligation on the part of all the orders of the State to contribute their quota to the taxes and other public burdens,—such were the leading features in what was to be the programme of the new monarchy.‡ Then there was, besides, the great doctrine of liberty of conscience: on this subject, the Duke de Saint Simon, although bred in all the theories of the Roman Catholic Church, has many startling passages, which clearly prove how thoroughly opposed he was to all systems of violence and of despotism. See what he says of the *dragonnades*, of the Huguenots frightened into conformity, or won by the promise of worldly advantages. See how he brands the despotism of the King interfering with the choice of a confessor, the observance of abstinence during Lent, the visits which might or might not be paid to Cambrai and to Port-Royal. Here, Monsieur le Prince, anxious to confess

* Edit. Hachette, vol. x.

† Edit. Hachette, vol. ix., p. 7.

‡ Cf., for this part of the subject, Count Montalembert's excellent article on Saint Simon's Memoirs, in the *Correspondant* for January, 1857.

to a pious man, called Father La Tour, is obliged to send for him during the night, and to have him brought in through secret doors and winding staircases.* There, the Duchess of Burgundy, on her death-bed, suddenly dismisses her official confessor, La Rue, and sends for the monk, Noël.† In another part we see Madame de Caylus obliged by threats, and induced by promises, to discard Father La Tour, whose advice had produced upon her the best results, and instilled into her the sentiments of sincere piety. She takes for her confessor a Jesuit, and consequently soon returns to the paths of worldliness and of dissipation.‡

It is very probable that under the new order of things Port-Royal would never have been destroyed, and that the important post of spiritual adviser to the King would not have been assigned to a man such as Tellier, false and hypocritical, and of whom Saint Simon says, '*Il eût fait peur au coin d'un bois. Sa physionomie étoit ténébreuse, fausse et terrible; ses yeux ardents, méchants, extrêmement de travers; on étoit frappé en le voyant.*' §

Our author has been found fault with for writing down the Jesuits, and representing them under false and exaggerated colours. Such an accusation only serves to prove how strong party spirit, and also how dangerous, how thoroughly bad, the tendency of a corporation or a community, must be, when, in spite of the praises bestowed upon many distinguished individuals belonging to it, the facts related by an historian only prove of themselves, and without any commentary, that the entire body is guilty, and habitually guilty, of the greatest infractions of the rules of honesty, morality, charity, and Christian love. Of Bourdaloue Saint Simon writes, '*Il étoit aussi droit en lui-même que pur en ses sermons;*' || he gives full justice to La Chaise, with whom he was upon the most intimate terms; he even acknowledges that '*toute la Compagnie étoit recommandable par la dureté d'une vie toute consacrée à l'étude, à la défense de l'église contre les hérétiques, et par la sainteté de leurs établissemens et de leurs premiers pères.*' ¶ But still, the Jesuits were the Jesuits after all, that is to say, the truest exponents of Ultramontanism, the scourge of the Church, the unscrupulous agents of the court of Rome.

We see now what were the aspirations of the Duke of Burgundy, of Saint Simon, and of all the party to whom he belonged. The glory of France, the true greatness of the King, the prosperity of a powerful nation: such were their aspirations; and we may safely challenge the most inveterate worshipper of

* Edit. Hachette, vol. vii., p. 147.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iv., chap. 21.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 431.

§ *Ibid.*, vol. x., p. 82.

¶ *Ibid.*, vol. vii., p. 53.

¶ *Ibid.*, vol. vii., p. 45.

Louis XIV. to find in their conduct any other leading motive. Yet for this desire, for this expression of patriotism, for this proof of true moral greatness, what was the result? Fénelon, in disgrace, designated as a '*bel-esprit chimérique*,' was obliged to confine himself to his diocese; Racine, the poet, loses for ever the favour of the King; and Saint Simon, called by Madame de Maintenon '*un homme plein de vues*,'—that is to say, a man bold enough to think for himself, to take as the standard of right and wrong, not the maxims of Versailles, but those which the Bible enforces,—Saint Simon is considered a *novator*, a dangerous man, almost a revolutionist, duke and peer though he was, and seeking nothing but the true glory of a monarch, who, unfortunately, had become blinded by prosperity and by the adulation of his courtiers.

All this, however, did not last long; the hand of death struck a fatal blow at the hopes of France, and removed for a few years more the terrors and anxieties which disturbed the rest of those whose interests were bound up with the preservation of despotism.

'The days of his affliction were now drawing to a close. He was the same under his disease; he did not think he should recover, and, under this impression, he conversed about the event with his physicians, and did not conceal the foundation on which his opinions rested. It was told to him not long before, and all that he felt, from the first day to the last, confirmed him in it more and more. What a fearful persuasion of his wife's death and of his own! But, great God! what a spectacle didst Thou give us in him! and why is it not permitted to reveal other qualities, at the same time secret and so sublime, that it is only Thou who canst bestow them and know their full value? What imitation of Jesus Christ upon the cross! I do not speak merely with respect to the death and sufferings; the prince's imitation rose far higher. What affectionate, but calm views! What lively transports of thanksgiving at having been prevented from wielding the sceptre, and from the account of it which he must have rendered! What submission, and how perfect! What ardent love of God! What an acute perception of his own nothingness and sins! What a magnificent idea of infinite mercy! What religious and humble fear! What sober confidence! What wise peace! What readings! What continual prayers! What an ardent desire for the last sacraments! What earnest self-collectedness! (*recueillement*.) What invincible patience! What gentleness, and what constant consideration for every one who came near him! What pure love, which urged him to go to God! France fell at length under this last stroke. God showed her a prince whom she did not deserve. The earth was not worthy of him, he was already ripe for the happiness of eternity.*'

* Edit. Hachette, vol. x., pp. 114, 115.

The reign of the Dauphin, strengthened and prepared by the advice and example of Fénelon, Beauvilliers, and Saint Simon, would have in all probability witnessed a series of useful changes grounded upon the principle of religion; but God had otherwise resolved; and when, after 1785, the stupendous edifice so perseveringly raised by Louis XIV. fell to the ground, the reforms, no longer checked or contained within proper bounds, became impossible Utopias, which left full scope for the continually increasing tide of irreligion and moral corruption.

We have quoted Saint Simon's celebrated portrait of the Duke of Burgundy; his sketches of Fénelon, and of Madame de Maintenon, are equally good. The following *photograph* of a notorious court belle deserves to be transcribed.

'This Princess d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, with a view to describe more particularly a court which did not hesitate to receive such characters. She was then a large fat creature, very busy, (*allante*,) her complexion resembling milk-soup, with thick filthy lips, (*lippes*,) and flaxen hair, (*cheveux de filasse*,) always escaping and trailing about like the rest of her dress, slovenly, nasty, always intriguing, designing, encroaching, ever quarrelling, and ever humbled to the dust or exalted to the skies, (*basse comme l'herbe ou sur l'arc-en-ciel*,) according to the condition of the parties with whom she had to do; she was a fair-haired fury, and what is more, a harpy. She had that animal's effrontery, wickedness, deceit, and violence,—she had its covetousness and greed.' (After these particulars, Saint Simon goes further into details which remind us of Virgil's '*fedissima ventris proluvia*,' and which complete the resemblance.) 'She transacted business on all hands, and ran as far for a hundred livres as for a hundred thousand. The comptrollers-general did not easily get rid of her; and, so far as she could, she deceived men of business, to get more out of them. Her boldness in cheating at play was inconceivable, and that, too, openly. You surprised her in the very act; she railed at you, (*chantoit pouille*,) and pocketed the money. As the result was never different, she was considered as a fish-woman with whom no one wished to commit himself, and that, too, in the full *salon* of Marly, at the game of *lansquenet*, in the presence of Monseigneur and of Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At other games, such as ombre, etc., she was avoided; but that was not always possible; as she cheated there also to the utmost extent she could, she never failed to say, at the end of the rounds, that she allowed what might not have been fair play, asking that the same allowance might be made to her, and making sure of it, without waiting for an answer. The fact is, that she was very *dévôte* by profession, and thus reckoned on quieting her conscience, because, added she, in play there is always some mistake. She went to all the services of the church, and constantly took the sacrament, very often after having been engaged in play till four o'clock in the morning.'*

* Edit. Hachette, vol. iv., pp. 53, 54.

The expressions given in brackets will show how interesting a study might be made of Saint Simon's Memoirs from a merely literary point of view. His associations of words are extraordinary; his similes, his metaphors, take us by surprise; his whole phraseology is so peculiar, that it sets at defiance all our preconceived notions of taste and of proportion. It will not bear close analysis; but, on the other hand, it seizes upon our imagination, and leaves there the stamp of its originality.

Saint Simon's attachment to the Beauvilliers and Chevreuse families, his partiality for the Abbé de Rancé, his sympathies with Port Royal, are features in his character which we both admire and understand. Upright as he was in all his dealings, impressed with the solemn verities of religion, it was quite natural that he should love and respect those men who at the court of Versailles stood high for their principles and their virtue. But with many it has long been a subject of wonder how the author of the Memoirs, the uncompromising denouncer of vice in every shape, could have had any points in common with the Regent, the notorious Duke of Orleans, a profligate of the most abandoned character, *fanfaron de crime*, if not actually guilty of the foulest deeds. To this objection we can oppose a very simple answer. Let the reader turn to Saint Simon's Memoirs. He will soon find that in the narrative of all the transactions connected with the Duke of Orleans, the looseness of the prince's morals, his profligacy, are described and appreciated as they should be. No excuse is offered, no justification attempted. The corrupting influence of the Cardinal Dubois receives the treatment it deserves, and the scandalous intrigues of the Duchess de Berry are revealed only to be visited with the strongest condemnation. Saint Simon was aware of what was going on at the court of the Palais Royal. He knew that after giving to the necessary routine of business a few hours every day, the Regent spent his evenings and his nights in the company of dissolute persons of both sexes. He knew all this, but only in common with the rest of the world. Such scandals had become so glaring, so habitual, that they were talked of from one end of Paris to the other. They were even put into *vaudevilles*, and furnished many a theme for the epigrams which circulated in the *cafés* of the Faubourg Saint Germain. What could be done? How reason with a man who listened to nought but his passions, and who had so little moral firmness, that a *double-entendre* or an obscene joke would divert his attention from the most urgent state business? Saint Simon, at all events, did every thing in his power to stem the torrent; and on several occasions he rendered to the prince some important services,

which, although temporarily disagreeable to the person who receives them, must ultimately beget, in a mind at all open to the impressions of honour, feelings of esteem, respect, and gratitude.

The Duke of Orleans, married as he was, lived publicly with Mademoiselle de Séry, for whom he had obtained the title of Countess d'Argenton, and the right of assuming the title of *Madame*. His adulterous intercourse, carried on with the most unblushing *éclat*, was doubly painful to the Duchess of Orleans, from the excessive pride of Madame d'Argenton, who kept the prince completely under her control, and constantly interfered with his discharge of the plainer duties required by good breeding and common courtesy. Saint Simon had the courage to remonstrate with the duke on the subject. He proved to him that his behaviour could only tend to alienate the mind of the King more and more, and that even from the point of view of selfishness the dismissal of Madame d'Argenton was a matter of absolute necessity. What conversations, what appeals, what precautions, were necessary to bring about the catastrophe! They are all detailed in the eighth volume of M. Hachette's edition, and certainly no *coup d'état*, no ministerial revolution, ever was preceded by so complicated an exchange of messages and interviews; but finally Saint Simon's efforts were crowned with success, and the Duchess of Orleans was indebted to him for at least a little more decency in her husband's behaviour towards her.

The marriage of Mademoiselle d'Orleans with the Duke de Berry is another event for which the Regent had to thank the steady zeal of his friend. The circumstance, however, which sets in the strongest light the generous feelings of Saint Simon, his unselfishness, and the earnestness of his affection, is the attitude which he maintained when, after the death of the prince just named,—the Duke de Berry,—carried off by poison, as his father, his brother, his sister-in-law, and his nephew had successively been, the feeling was universally entertained that all these foul deeds had been perpetrated by the Duke d'Orleans. The whole court avoided the prince as if he had been struck with the plague. Wherever he appeared he remained alone. An affected and insulting *à parte* conversation was carried on in his presence; and even a few cowardly individuals believed that they might with impunity insult a prince who was evidently in disgrace. Notwithstanding all this, Saint Simon's conduct towards the Duke d'Orleans remained the same; he made no difference in his attendance upon him; his visits were quite as frequent; his testimonies of respect quite as numerous; and, when at Versailles, he did not hesitate to walk up and down with him

in that part of the gardens which was immediately under the apartments of the King and of Madame de Maintenon.

Such consistent devotedness to the Duke d'Orleans is very creditable in a man circumstanced as Saint Simon was. We can say that in some respects it was justified. The Duke d'Orleans's behaviour in private life will not bear examination. *Disgusting* is the only epithet that can be applied to it. But, on the other hand, his political character was that of a man of honour;* and had he possessed sufficient firmness, no one would have been better qualified to introduce those reforms which were so greatly needed.

After a reign of seventy-two years Louis XIV. breathed his last, and his corpse was scarcely enshrined within the vaults of Saint Denis, when the whole edifice he had so laboriously endeavoured to raise fell down to the ground. The monarch's will and testament, sanctioning *de facto* the long series of his illegitimate intercourse with Mademoiselle de La Vallière, Madame de Montespan, &c., and putting the government in the hands of bastards, was annulled, and the prince, who only a few days previous was scouted by all, suspected, and almost thought guilty of wholesale murders, saw himself seated next the throne; whilst Madame de Maintenon, his sworn enemy, could do nothing, from her solitude at Saint-Cyr, but reflect bitterly on the vanity of all human greatness.

With the accession of the Duke of Orleans to the regency, one would suppose that Saint Simon's fortunes must have risen in the same proportion; but, although he was appointed to a seat in the Privy Council, and took a great share in all the measures devised by the new administration, he would accept none of those brilliant rewards which in most cases prevent a man from giving honestly his opinions. One favour, indeed, he solicited, namely, his nomination to the post of ambassador at the court of Madrid. We say, favour; but he had every right on his own side; and the Regent, in granting his request, did an act of mere justice. Saint Simon might certainly have had anything he chose to ask: the place of governor to the young King was offered to him, then the captaincy of the Guards, then the important office of keeper of the seals,—all in vain. The financial speculations of Law came on. What extraordinary revolutions then took place in the exchequer, both of the state and of private individuals! Why would not *Monsieur le Duc* allow a few millions to be secured for him? Those who stood the test of similar temptations were not numbered by scores. Saint

* Lord Stanhope's *History of Europe*.

Simon, at all events, was one of them; and his disinterestedness deserves to be recorded, especially when we consider in what direction the tide was setting. On the death of the Regent, he withdrew entirely from public affairs; and it was only some years after that he received the *cordon bleu*, as a kind of acknowledgment of his services. He died in 1755.

If we wish to view the Memoirs we have just been noticing, merely as a work of art, as a specimen of writing, we cannot but acknowledge that at almost every paragraph we are taken by surprise, if not actually shocked, through the sudden and startling appearance of some extraordinary concatenation of words which seem put together against all the laws of taste, custom, or propriety. 'The French language,' says M. Vinet, 'is a courser less fiery than restive, which each writer, in his turn, has subjected to the bit and spur, the Duke de Saint Simon being its most astonishing conqueror. No one has urged it on as he has done; no one with more authority has compelled it to break through its habits, and to vary its paces. No writer has better shown with how many articulations it is provided, which had not been suspected, and of how many modifications it is capable, which seemed to be denied to it. In comparison with what is free and spontaneous, the proportion of the conventional and stereotyped forms of expression is insignificant in that extraordinary dialect. We do not profess to deny or palliate the fact, that incorrectness and obscurity are frequent in a language which is constructed so thoroughly regardless of every rule; but, far as it is from the classical style, it is nevertheless the style of a man of genius.'*

M. Vinet goes on to quote examples of Saint Simon's peculiar idiom. We shall not follow him in his interesting enumeration, but conclude this article by a few remarks on what has been called the revolutionary disposition of our author. Yes, Saint Simon, the great maintainer of aristocratic privileges, the champion of an hereditary peerage;—he who had no expression strong enough to show his profound contempt of Parliaments and *gens de robe*;—Saint Simon has been almost classed amongst *sans-culottes* and conspirators. He is at least branded as the herald of revolutions, the bird of ill omen whose sinister wailings raise discontent and conjure up the storm. The first edition of the Memoirs was issued in 1829 and 1830, '*en même temps que se prépare et s'accomplit la révolution qui doit renverser la branche aînée*;'—the second was published in 1840, just at the time when 'those anti-monarchical tendencies began to manifest

* Vinet, *Histoire de la Littérature Française au 18 Siècle*, vol. i., p. 103.

themselves, which were to burst forth eight years later ;'—the third and most complete appears now, *sous nos yeux*, whilst some obstinate publicists are bent upon convincing the French nation that they are incapable of enjoying liberty unless the aristocracy is re-established. Such are the recriminations of the Bonapartist journals.* The government of Louis XIV. in all essentials was exactly the same as that of Napoleon III.,—a capricious, selfish despot at the summit, and far beneath, on one level, without any intervening element, the whole nation united in one bond of slavery and of silent dread. This system is the *beau idéal* proposed to our admiration by the reviewers who have their *entrées* at the Tuileries ; and all those who are not prepared to acknowledge its merits are fit objects for the *surveillance* of the police. From this point of view it is no wonder that Saint Simon and his Memoirs should be peculiarly distasteful to our modern Imperialists. Saint Simon describes Versailles as he really found it ; and Versailles in 1700 being very much what the Tuileries are now, we rise from the perusal of his Memoirs with no favourable idea of society under a despotic government. Fortunately, the editors of memoirs do not fall under the category of those writers to whom *avertissements* are sent ; consequently Saint Simon is still allowed to circulate throughout France, and we are left at liberty to seek in the pages of his narrative the prototype of M. Véron, M. Granier de Cassagnac, *e tutti quanti* ; but it is rather provoking, and matters would have been infinitely better had all our knowledge of Louis XIV. and his court come to us through the pages of Voltaire's panegyric. 'Before opening Saint Simon, we were like spectators sitting in the pit, far enough to admire, and to admire incessantly. On the front of the stage, Bossuet, Boileau, Racine, the whole chorus of the great writers, acted the play,—the official, the imposing play. The illusion was perfect, we perceived a sublime and pure world. In the galleries of Versailles, near the formally clipped yew-trees, under the geometrical hedges, we saw the King pass by, serene and regular as the sun, his emblem. In him, about him, around him, every thing was noble. Low and startling things had disappeared from human life. Passions were restrained under the discipline of duty. Even in extreme moments, nature in despair had to submit to the requirements of reason and propriety. What dignity, what politeness, distinguished every conversation ! It was as if the portraits in the gallery

* *Revue Contemporaine* for November 15th, 1857. *Le Duc de Saint Simon*, by M. Leopold Monty.

of Versailles were stepping down from their frames with that air of superiority which they have received from the genius of the painters.... We were ashamed merely of thinking about them; we thought ourselves *bourgeois*, rude, ill-mannered, the sons of M. Dimanche, of Jacques Bonhomme, and of Voltaire; we felt in their presence like school-boys overtaken in a fault; we were wont to cast a melancholy look at our dismal black coat, the inheritance of ancient attorneys or lawyers' clerks; it was with some anxiety that we looked at the top of our sleeves, dreading to find there a pair of dirty hands. A duke and peer arrives, removes us from the pit, takes us behind the scenes, points out to us all those personages stripped of the paint with which poets and artists had daubed them all over. Gracious Heavens! what a sight! Truly there is nothing but outside show in the world! Take away the wig, the lace, the ruffles, the ribbons, the embroidery, and only plain "Bob" or "Dick" remains, the same yesterday as we find him to-day.*

This is the great objection of our Bonapartist friends to Saint Simon. He has shown in its true colours the result of that false system of equality, which, reaching its culminating point during the reign of Louis XIV., reduced the aristocracy to be nothing but a set of greedy parasites, whose whole time was taken up by dancing attendance in the halls of Versailles. 'Is that,' exclaims M. Monty, 'the nobility you want back amongst us?' No, we answer; and it is precisely because the French nobility sank to the condition of *piliers d'antichambre*, that the balance of power was lost, and that the throne itself was swept away by the Revolution. Speaking of the courtiers who crowded around Louis XIV., M. Taine says, 'You are a decoration, you form part and parcel of the rooms; you are taken into reckoning as if you were one of the hangings, pilasters, consoles, and sculptures, supplied by Lepautre. The King wants to see your lace, your embroidery, your hat, your feathers, your bands, your wig. You are the covering of an arm-chair; if you go away, it is a piece of furniture the less.'†

Instead of being reduced thus low, and transformed into merely an article of stage-property, if the aristocracy of France had occupied a position similar to that which the same class of society holds in this country, we might, it is true, never have

* *Essais de Critique et d'Histoire*. Par H. Taine. *Saint Simon*, pp. 257-259.

† Taine, *ubi supra*, p. 262. 'Des intrigues et des révérences, des courses en carrosse et des stations d'antichambre, beaucoup de tracas et beaucoup de vide, l'assujettissement d'un valet, les agitations d'un homme d'affaire, voilà la vie que la monarchie absolue impose à ses courtisans.'—*Ibid.*, p. 265.

seen the brilliant *siècle* of Louis XIV., but we should have been spared the horrors of 1793, and the demoralizing consequences of military sway. Saint Simon's *Memoirs* strip despotism of its borrowed plumes, and hold it up in all its native deformity. This is probably one of the reasons why the edition we have been reviewing has obtained such popularity; it is certainly the reason why government scribblers are doing their best to cry down both the author and his book.

ART. IV.—1. *L'Univers*. 1857–8.

2. *English Traits*. By R. W. EMERSON. London: Routledge and Co. 1856.

It is not long since the *Univers*, the well-known leading journal of the Ultramontane party in France, favoured the world with a comparison between the performances of France, Italy, and England in the principal spheres of literature and art. Of course, the heretical nation made a sad figure under almost every item: the *Univers* instinctively assumed that people in possession of religious truth must be superior in most other matters also, and it shaped its critical judgments into accordance with its controversial necessities. For our own part, we do not shrink from the supposition with which our contemporary starts. The secular civilization of the Jews, it is true, was inferior in many respects to that of the great Gentile nations around them; but their religious mission consisted only in entertaining the hope of a coming Redeemer; it was but the true faith in embryo. When the religion of redemption assumed its definitive shape, it was to be expected that the nations most under its influence would be found at the head of the human race, and that moral ascendancy would be accompanied by political freedom, by intellectual supremacy, by commercial activity, by literary and even—except under peculiarly unfavourable circumstances—by artistic excellence. Experience has proved that it is even so: all higher civilization is at this moment confined to Christian nations, as contrasted with Mahometans, Hindoos, Buddhists, &c.; and, within the limits of Christendom, the superiority of Protestant over Romanist and Greek societies is equally marked.

The method adopted by the *Univers* is the reckoning up of the eminent writers and artists produced by each country, under the following heads:—

	England.	France.	Italy.
Publicists	6	51	9
Mathematicians	17	52	15
Physicians	13	72	2
Naturalists	6	33	11
Historians	21	139	22
Dramatic Writers	19	66	6
Grammarians	7	42	2
Poets	38	157	33
Painters	5	64	44
	132	676	144

The list is certainly a curiosity in its way, and requires very little comment from us. England, it appears, ranks below Italy, and both countries together immeasurably below France,—mere Lilliputians that can but look up to their giant neighbour, and ask for its condescending notice from time to time, as the citizens of Mildendo did for the help of Gulliver when the palace was on fire. We will make no protest in the name of England, but it does seem as if M. Louis Veuillot was sometimes unjust to Italy: he allows the latter country indeed to be richer in publicists than England; but makes it poorer in grammarians, in which case it must be confessed to be poor indeed. It is hardly fair to set down but two physicians to the country of Galileo, Torricelli, Cassini, Volta, Donati, &c. Of course, the reader is aware the word *physician* is not here taken as synonymous with M.D., but in its widest and most natural sense for the professor of any branch of physical science. Let us receive with submission, though not without a little surprise, the announcement that France has produced more eminent painters than Italy. But it is more startling to hear that the proportion of poets is as five to one: the more so that they are counted, not weighed; so that Dante reckons as but one unit over against any one of these 157 *great* poets in whom Gaul rejoices!

We wish to attempt a more serious and impartial comparison than the foregoing: indeed, rather than allow our patriotism to bias our better judgment, we shall keep on the safe side, and always set down to the credit of our own country the lowest figure that we can in conscience fix upon. Let our neighbours accept, if they please, as they probably do with complacency, the ludicrously vain appreciations of the *Univers*; it becomes the more masculine genius of England to take less note of her successes and triumphs than of what yet remains to be done.

We shall confine ourselves to strictly literary achievements; scientific discoveries will come under notice only so far as they form the subject-matter of books; mathematics, as a test of

intellectual reach and power: in neither sphere do we take account of the importance of the phenomena investigated, nor of their bearing upon human welfare. Art is also left out of question, except so far as æsthetics form a subject of literary discussion. We lose, it is true, a lesson of humility in declining to compare our artists with those of Italy and Germany; but if we sat in judgment on the works of the painter's or the sculptor's hands, it would be doing an injustice not to take into consideration the labours of the mechanic or agriculturist,—the skill and energy that cover our fields with plenty, fill our ports with the produce of every climate, and reinforce our productive powers by that marvellous machinery that has made Britons to be 'the hands of mankind.'

There is an organic connexion between different ages; there is an incessant action and reaction upon each other between really progressive nations. It is evidently the will of the Creator and Father of men, that various branches of the human race should in turn contribute different elements toward the final happiness and perfection of the whole. Thus, the Jews were for long centuries the sole depositories of religious truth, for the future benefit of all mankind; the Phœnicians first taught the inhabitants of distant countries to exchange their productions, so as to make all nature provide for the wants of all mankind; Greece became the immortal model of future ages in the pursuit of ideal beauty, in the walks of sublimest speculation, and in the assertion of the rights of free men; Rome was the supreme witness of the majesty of law, and of the assimilating power of a strong, all-subduing civilization. Succeeding generations to the end of time must remain indebted to those old Jews, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, as their heirs and imitators: to the extent of the revelations they received, or the problems they worked out, they were the organs of the entire race.

In a certain sense the circle of human life and activity was completed previous to the Christian era. Religion, trade, art, literature, political liberty, colonization, law,—something had been done in all directions; in no sphere was there room left for Christian civilization to make an absolute *beginning*: its higher calling was rather that of transforming, ennobling, and rendering universal, what had been preparatory, or imperfect, or isolated. Now, when we look abroad to see what has been effected in this common calling of Christendom, there is a painful sense of failure hitherto. There have been noble monuments of art indeed, and there has been a certain amount of Christian thought; and both society and legislation are very different from what they were in heathendom: yet how sadly unlike is the

world to what it ought to be eighteen centuries after these words were spoken on the holy mount!—'Go, preach the Gospel to every creature.' The fact is, Europe is but very partially Christian; all real progress among the Neo-Latin and Slavonic nations is paralysed by superstition, religious indifference, and civil despotism; among the Germanic nations of the Continent, it is, to say the least, retarded by the same causes.

Those Germanic nations, on the other hand, who have been permitted by providential circumstances to develop their institutions and their national life, out of the reach of the despot's arm, have also, through the grace of God, attained to a greater measure of religious earnestness. The blessings of religion and liberty combined give the Anglo-Saxon race in England and America its peculiar character. We dare not boast, there is much for which as a people we should humble ourselves; but to forget our privileges would be ingratitude and folly, since they also determine our responsibility. Be it remembered, then, that we are the only people at the present time who have a world-historical mission to perform. The rest of Europe shall one day own us their masters in political science, and borrow the institutions, the establishment and maintenance of which have cost us so many struggles. It is ours to teach mankind at large how to appropriate and distribute the resources of this earth that they have been so long treading unintelligently. Nations that are now heathen shall owe to us the knowledge of the true God and Saviour. Nations yet unborn shall owe to us their existence, their language, and their liberties. It is essentially through us that future ages will inherit the acquisitions of the past, and it is in our civilization that the principal features of former creative periods are reproduced. Our merchants are princes, like those of the Phœnicians; our ships cover all oceans, as theirs did the Mediterranean. We legislate for alien races, kingdoms more populous and more distant than the provinces on which conquering Rome imposed her laws. The turbulent so-called democracy of Greece was compatible with the slavery of the greater part of the population, and held labour to be dishonourable; it even sacrificed individual rights to the supposed interests of the community, and could only be carried out at all in microscopic societies; but our surer liberties are based upon individual rights, and yet capable of being carried out upon the very largest scale. Our colonies occupy every unclaimed area of the earth's surface, spreading our liberties and our manners beneath the Southern Cross, as those of Greece spread themselves over the shores of the Black Sea and the eastern half of the Mediterranean. Last and chiefest, the promised word of the

Lord, that was to go forth from Jerusalem, we have caught it up, and are carrying it abroad to the ends of the earth.

A nation that has to feed, clothe, govern, and convert the world, may be forgiven if it has done little to amuse it; yet we do regret that Britain's share in sundry refining influences is so unworthy of her position in all other respects. The sweet pathetic melodies of Ireland and Scotland cannot be compared with the great compositions of the German masters; the pencils of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Wilkie, Turner, can only be mentioned after those of the mighty artists of Italy, not to speak of other countries to which we are in some points inferior, though in this case comparison would be no longer absurd. Now, in the table with which we are about to present the reader, art is not taken into consideration, because we also leave in abeyance the whole practical life and the peculiar calling of England: our statesmen and patriots will only take rank as orators; our mechanical geniuses, Watts, Stephenson, Arkwrights, and even our pilgrim fathers, founders of the empress republic, are not reckoned, unless when they have been also distinguished as writers: we will not leave the domain of science and literature.

That we may not have to roam over too wide a field, or to institute comparisons between aptitudes too dissimilar in kind, we have moreover confined this novel sort of middle-class examination to the principal representatives of European civilization only, whether past or present, *i. e.*, to classical Greece, ancient Christian Greece, classical Rome, ancient Christian Rome, and the six modern nations who have done most to rival or to surpass the great literatures of antiquity. Outside these limits, among the less prominent nations of Europe, and in the distant East, there is much that should find place in a general review of the productions of the human mind,—the contributions of Sweden and Denmark to natural history, the brilliant poetry of Poland, the poetry and philosophy of the Arabs and of the Hindoos, the dry moral lessons of China; but in all these cases intellectual effort is exhibited in two or three directions at most, and it is in the languages of our list that the loftiest conceptions of science and the most varied utterances of genius have found expression.

Thus that nobly proportioned Greece, that stern Rome, yon swarthy Spain, lively France, this tall, fair-haired, somewhat awkward England, and their fellows, have just been standing round our desk, subjected to a brief but impartial examination. We have expressed our sense of the proficiency of the several candidates by the vulgar old-fashioned method of giving them

so many marks; the number varying from one to three in the less important branches of literary or scientific attainment, from one to six in the more important.

The fastidious will cry out on the folly of this attempt to represent intellectual excellence by numbers, and they will perhaps compare us to Tony Lumpkin buying pictures at ten pounds a yard. We do not profess to possess an exact measure of intellectual superiority, nor of the relative importance of the various spheres in which that superiority can be exhibited; but our method, coarse as it is confessedly, is sufficiently approximative for practical purposes, and it is at any rate better than that of the *Univers*, which counts the writers in any given line as a farmer does his sheep at a fair.

As a general rule, we have classed authors according to the language they used rather than the race they belonged to. Thus all the Latin writers of classical antiquity are set down to old Roman civilization,—though from the time of Augustus onward so many of them were of Spanish and Gaulish extraction,—because the uniformity of thought in the old world, its generally common mental discipline, exercised indisputably more influence on these writers than any peculiarities of race or provincial education. In the same way, in the following period, those Christian writers who used the Greek language in the East, or the Latin in the West, belong respectively to common types. Nay, an Irenæus living and writing at Lyons, and a Clemens, a Justin, a Hippolytus at Rome, are, in a literary point of view, to be treated as Greeks.

On the other hand, from the beginning of the fifteenth to the close of the seventeenth century almost all works of science, and even many works of literature, continued to be written in Latin, though the authors exhibit every diversity of national temperament and the effects of very various training: evidently in this case they must be classed according to their nationalities. Erasmus's *Praise of Folly* is a piece of Dutch humour in a Latin garb.

Of mere political distinctions we have made no account whatever. All the different states of Germany, with German Switzerland, and the German provinces of France, Russia, Denmark, Austria, contribute their shares to the common treasure of their noble national literature. A goodly band of Americans, Jonathan Edwards, Franklin, Emerson, Prescott, Bancroft, Wilson, Longfellow, Bryant, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, &c., are reckoned among our moralists, historians, and men of science, our poets, divines, and novelists. Spain too has her colonies and offsets, though she

reaps little intellectual reputation from them : moreover, the philological and ethnological differences between the two countries of the Peninsula are so slight, that we are warranted to throw Portugal and Brazil into the bargain. The intellectual empire of France includes Savoy, the Walloon provinces of Belgium, and Romand Switzerland,—the last a country which in proportion to its trifling population has a richer literature than any other.

It must be added, we are only giving the result of the examination. He that would attempt really to compare the literary and scientific labours of the leading nations of history, and give his reasons for his verdicts, should fill—not a paper in a review, nor a book, but—an entire compartment of a respectable library. We only profess to offer that general impression of the relative merits of literature which is left upon a mind of ordinary culture ; and in the present instance that impression is consulted altogether extemporaneously, though we suspect it is such as would be confirmed by special study. We propose to avoid stringing names together unnecessarily, partly because it would be wearisome, partly—let it be whispered in confidence ; you'll not betray us, gentle reader,—partly because we might not always select judiciously. Some of the names that suggest themselves at once to every one who thinks upon these subjects will naturally be found under our pen : one need not be a great astronomer to recognise the brightest star in the firmament, but it would take much time and study to settle the merits of secondary writers. We must ask, perhaps unreasonably, to have our competence taken upon trust, and our assurance that among the names passed over in silence there are a great many that have helped to determine our conclusions. The whole process is necessarily more or less arbitrary ; the well informed and critically gifted reader will revise the table according to his own judgment.

As for the order of subject-matters, we put first the great practical spheres of theology, morals, history, politics, oratory ; that is, whatever concerns men's relation to God and to each other, their development, and its records ; then come the several provinces of pure literature, and then those of science.

Each section of the list requires a few words of explanation. It begins with speculative theology, using the term in the widest sense for every exercise of thought upon religious subjects which is not intended to bear immediately upon moral conduct. Of course, we do not think of comparing the intrinsic importance of religious truth with that of any other subject of human inquiry ; it is only considered here so far as its elucidation has occupied the thoughts and exhibited the powers of some of the

greatest geniuses of different ages and nations. Just as man may be studied as an animal, from a lower but true point of view, without present reference to his immortal soul, so theology may be treated as a science, irrespectively of the supreme and measureless worth of the realities with which it busies itself.

Ancient Christian Greece deserves a very high rank in speculative theology, since upon the Basils, Gregorys, Athanasiuses, and other leaders of pious thought in its language, devolved the task of determining those conceptions of the Divine nature which are involved in the facts of redemption. The great writers of Christian Greece, by refuting in succession every possible misconstruction of New-Testament revelation concerning the essential Deity and true humanity of our blessed Lord, have secured for all time the fundamental truths of the religion of redemption. Yet we cannot allow them the maximum number of marks, because their theology was exaggeratively intellectual and speculative; mere soundness of *opinion* stood them in stead of personal piety, and most of the corruptions that subsequently disgraced and degraded the Church originated under their eyes, and with their partial co-operation.

The Latin writers developed the *anthropological* side of Christian science, as the Greeks had done the *theological*: these the interpreters of St. Paul, as those had been of St. John. The more earnest moral nature of the West led them to this naturally, as did also the old Roman instinct of law. We owe less to the Augustines, Ambroses, Jeromes, &c., of ancient Christian Rome, than to their great predecessors in the East; yet some of them must ever retain a high place as Christian thinkers. It was under their guidance that the Church protested against the fatal Pelagianism natural to the human heart. Unfortunately they also lent their sanction to the giant evils of superstitious asceticism and hierarchical usurpation; and the greatest of them all threw over the doctrines of grace which he defended so victoriously, that dark shadow of arbitrary predestination from which they have never been entirely freed in the consciousness of a large part of the Christian world. Mediæval writers must be ranked along with those of ancient Christian Rome, a later and inferior generation: they were many of them men of great intellectual activity and compass, but it was their misfortune to live in an age when wrong principles were on trial. Anselm, of Canterbury, alone made real and enduring additions to the treasures of theological science.

The German and Swiss Reformers, of imperishable memory, were alone enough to make their country stand as high as ancient Christian Greece itself in the sphere of doctrinal theo-

logy. And, whatever may be the failings or the superfluities of the evangelical divines of the last and the present generations, a Schleiermacher, a Neander, an Olshausen, Julius Müller, Lange, Stier, Nitzsch, Tholuck, Ullmann, Kurtz, Dörner, are not unworthy of their mightier predecessors.

Our own Reformers, politic Cranmer, homely Latimer, the incorruptible and intrepid Knox, can hardly be compared with those of the Continent. Later great lights of the Church of England, Hooker, Taylor, Chillingworth, &c., will have an enduring place in our literature; but they are not of the order of those intellectual giants who are seen from afar, standing head and shoulders over an entire generation; indeed, they did not live in those turning-points in the history of mind which call out such characters. As apologists, Bishops Butler and Sherlock have not been equalled in Germany, nor anywhere, except by the immortal Pascal. Our Puritans, good men and true, were but the pupils of the reformed divines of the Continent; and it was only in the province of practical theology, which we are not now considering, that they surpassed their masters. We have had many eminent Christian thinkers, of whom such writers as John Foster and Isaac Taylor may be taken as types,—men who have exhibited great powers and varied culture. However, the great and really original masters, in whom our country has been most favoured, are John de Wycliffe and John Wesley. The former was, even more than the Waldenses, the teacher of the Hussites, and through them gave the first impulse to the German Reformation; so that England is the mother of the earliest Reformers, as well as of the earliest freemen, at least in our modern world. Europe owes to us the first steps in religious as in political emancipation. The latter saved the doctrines of grace from fatal speculative superfetations. The first reaction against Calvinism in the Reformed Churches of the Continent was wanting in real spiritual feeling; hence it gradually degenerated into Arianism and Rationalism. Arminianism in the Church of England remained cold and irreligious; that of John Wesley was the first inspired by sound evangelical conviction and earnest devotion to the work of God.

Holland occupies a respectable position, especially in the seventeenth century, with Arminius, Episcopius, Limborch, Grotius, and their adversaries. Hofstede de Groot, Da Costa, and Niermeyer, have been its best representatives of late. One might have anticipated a low rank for France; yet it was the country of Calvin, who, with all his errors, was a great creative genius, a noble character, and a mighty champion of spiritual

Christianity. France, moreover, notwithstanding the small amount of its really valuable religious literature, has been singularly productive of apologetical writers of the very highest order: Pascal, Fénelon, Abbadie, Samuel Vincent, Philip Stupfer, and Alexander Vinet.

In *practical theology*, a section comprising the pulpit and all devotional and hortatory writings, our country is *facile princeps*. In the modern world Germany comes after us, beginning with the mystics, Eckhart, Tauler, Suzo, Ruysbroek, and the anonymous author of *Theologia Germanica*, who were the precursors of the Reformers; its hymns in particular being superior to ours. In the old world, the Latins, from Tertullian down to the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, exhibit a vast amount of practical religious literature of very unequal value. Were the work last referred to from the pen of Thomas à Kempis, it should go to the credit of the Netherlands; but it has been satisfactorily demonstrated to have proceeded from a convent of Northern Italy at the close of the twelfth century. France boasts of her soaring Bossuet, and of the more earnest heartfelt eloquence of Fénelon and Bourdaloue, Saurin and Vinet.

In the important province of metaphysics, psychology, and ethics, the respective countries of Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Plotinus, of Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Hamann, Jacobi, Steffens, have an undisputed and a dearly bought pre-eminence. Heathen Rome is, as might have been expected, stronger in moralists than in metaphysicians. Witness the names of Cicero, Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius. The opposite remark may be made as to mediæval Latin literature. Duns Scotus, John Scot Erigene, Abelard, Thomas Aquinas, are as much metaphysicians as divines, and both rather than moralists. The credit of England is sustained from Cudworth and Cumberland, through Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Bishop Butler, down to the Scottish school, or schools rather,—Reid, Stewart, Brown, Abercrombie, Hamilton, Chalmers, M'Cosh, and Ferrier. The moralists of France are represented by the polished and heartless De Rochefoucault and by La Bruyère; her philosophers by Descartes, Mallebranche, De Maistre, De Bonald, Lamennais, Jouffroy, Maine de Biran, Royer Collard, Cousin, with his disciples De Rémusat and Jules Simon, the independent Swiss thinker, Charles Secrétan, &c. Holland can be allowed to claim Spinoza only by a sort of courtesy; for that sombre and powerful genius was a stranger to the land of his birth, by race and by all his intellectual affinities.

The noble art of oratory stands deservedly high in the list of national accomplishments. By including pulpit oratory under

the head of 'practical theology,' and confining ourselves here to political and forensic eloquence, we reduce to three the number of nations who have any pretensions to excellence: they are naturally those three who have been in possession of liberty and of real political life. Of course, the cradle of democracy, the land of Pericles and Demosthenes, can never be surpassed; but we may proudly claim equal rank for the country in whose councils were heard, within the same half-century, the voices of Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Grattan, Canning, Grey, Brougham, and Lyndhurst. The golden age of Greek eloquence lasted but one century; ours has already continued much longer, for it began with the accession of the Stuarts. Perhaps, however, it has already begun to wane, with the diminished frequency of capital punishments in all cases, and their absolute disuse in the case of political offenders. The days of exciting trials are gone by; the life of a Strafford, or a Russell, never trembles in the balance now: there is no longer the same angry shock of parties either: the very progress made in political science, and in the integrity of public men, tends to occupy the legislature with mere questions of detail, or else of persons, instead of the discussion of great principles. Old Rome comes after Greece and England, but after a long interval. Throughout the whole of Continental Europe there can be little pretension to eloquence of the bar, still less to that of the Senate. Constitutional life is but beginning in Prussia. It is a fiction in degraded Spain; has yet to exist in the other countries of our list, except Holland; and Holland was more eloquent in the seventeenth than in the nineteenth century. She shall have a mark, however, for the sake of murdered De Witt; and Spain for that of Donoso Cortez. France has a natural genius for oratory; the short parliamentary *régime* which was illustrated by Guizot, De Lamartine, and Montalembert, proved it; but, alas!—

Brows that wear the crown of oratory must necessarily be adorned with some token of successful effort in history also. When we find a nation of freemen casting aside Oriental fatalism, and awakening to the consciousness of human liberty, then offering heroic and successful resistance to a mighty invader, then wasting but displaying its energies in intestine war, then conquering half the world, and, finally, itself succumbing to a younger and stronger foe, we are prepared to find in such a nation the first movement of curiosity as to the past vicissitudes of the human race,—Herodotus; the first scientific and detailed account of the struggles of free states, equals in ambition and resources,—Thucydides; the first philosophical

reflections on the causes of the greatness and decline of empires, native and foreign,—Polybius; that is, in short, all the varieties of history worthily represented by great models. The tradition was carried down through the declining ages of Greek literature, and the ecclesiastical historians of the Eastern Church, even to the degenerate times of the Lower Empire. Stern Rome, land of action and conquest, of mysterious and remote origin, of wide and firm sway, must have records of her fables, her revolutions, and her *res geste*,—Livy and Cæsar, Sallust and Tacitus. Here, too, the tradition was caught up by the Church,—Isidore of Seville and his successors.

England, as the land of modern freemen and unshackled thought, was called to take a leading part in the ennobling labours of history, and she has responded to the call; yet, it must be owned, without displaying a spirit of philosophical reflection quite equal to her opportunities, and without sufficiently understanding or appreciating foreign nations. In this last respect there is an improvement. We believe that the recent and contemporary school, Hallam, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dean Milman, Grote, Thirlwall, Finlay, Arnold, Froude, Prescott, are at least equal to any preceding. Hume contented himself with very superficial researches; Robertson is cold; Gibbon, laboured and prejudiced.

French writers, Joinville, Froissart, Philip de Comines, were the light annalists of chivalry, both in its prime and expiring, when no writers on similar subjects, among other nations, were equally interesting. The French mind, clear, orderly, given to generalization, sympathizing with greatness, is, when earnest and laborious, peculiarly fitted for the higher walks of history. Montesquieu, and, in a lesser degree, Voltaire, exhibited those qualities in the last century; but they have been eclipsed by more laborious and equally brilliant masters,—De Sismondi, Thierry, Mignet, Guizot, Michelet. We will not say as much for the romances of De Lamartine, or the twenty-volumed pamphlets of M. Thiers. M. F. de Rougemont has laboured to trace the elements of true primeval history in the traditions of pagan nations.

Germany stands highest in the philosophy of history, a science that she created, and of which she may be proud, notwithstanding all the abuse that has been made of it, and all the contradictory systems into which it has been tortured, from Herder to Hegel. In archæology, ethnology, mythology, and all such collateral helps to historical science, German scholars are equally pre-eminent; but their exaggerated scepticism has often marred the results of herculean research. In narrative, properly speaking, the slow, wordy, all-embracing, long-breathed Teuton does not

shine. John de Müller, Ranke, Mommsen, Niebuhr, are among the most illustrious exceptions. Italy is not disinherited in history, as in the other practical spheres of literature. Guicciardini, Machiavelli, Vico, Pallavicini, Paul Sarpi, Morosini, Davila,—let us add even Cesar Cantu, Farini, and Ranalli,—are names that would redeem any country from obscurity.

Individual history and remembrances form a province sufficiently distinct and important to be reckoned apart, but with a *maximum* of half the number of marks given to the preceding sections. Biography was inaugurated in ancient Greece by worthy Plutarch. Of modern countries, France is richest in memoirs and autobiographies, the best written, and throwing most light upon general history. We are afraid that little literary merit can be ascribed to our innumerable and tedious pieces of religious biography, so wearisome to all but the immediate friends of their subjects.

Jurisprudence, political and commercial economy, social science, taken together, form a section less remarkable in a literary point of view than in practical importance. Under it we group the legislators of ancient Greece with theorists like Xenophon and Plato; the legislators of Rome with commentators like Ulpian; the jurists of England, Holland, and Germany; Napoleon the First, and the able men who helped him to draw up his celebrated Code; Adam Smith, the patriarch of economists, and his numerous intellectual posterity.

We now come to poetic literature. Of course, no man may dispute the crown of poetry with old Homer, no, not even Dante; and when Homer has been mentioned, it is useless to read over the roll-call of the other poets of his country: yet, to England, along with Greece, we must give the maximum marks of merit, because of the number as well as power of her bards, and because for the last four hundred years no century has been without its brilliant constellation. Chaucer and Gower, Spenser, Milton, and Chapman, George Herbert, Pope and Dryden, Young and Cowper, Crabbe, Rogers, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Scott, Moore, James Montgomery, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Longfellow, Tennyson: here indeed is a sustained flight of song; our British muse may boast of an unwearied wing. Ben Jonson remarked of Bacon, that 'about his time, and within his view, were born all the wits that could honour a nation or help study.' The same thing might be said of the great men of half a dozen different generations. This is quite peculiar to us in the modern world: even in Greece, long as was the interval between the oldest and the latest poets, there was a greater degree of intermittence. All the modern nations have had either but one literary era, like Italy, Spain, and Germany,

or else one period illustrated by poets, and another by dramatists, like France; but English literature came into being earliest after that of Italy, saw those of Italy and Spain sink into silence, remained immeasurably superior to that of France, and, continuing still to run with the swiftest and wrestle with the strongest, it worthily rivals the late developed but magnificent literature of Germany.

The Latin poets must take rank below the Greek, the English, and the Italian. The inevitable comparison with Homer probably hinders us from doing justice to the dignity and harmony of Virgil. When one thinks of Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Petrarch, appearing within an interval so short, and that at the very dawn of modern literature, and with the most wonderful artists for their contemporaries, we cannot but mourn over such a nation. In Monti and Alfieri the genius of their country partially revived; and Foscolo, Silvio Pellico, and Leopardi are modern Italian poets of respectable ability. Our German cousins are fond of dating their literature from Charlemagne; but this noble plant has, in reality, only borne fruit for the last century,—Klopstock, Wieland, Schiller, Uhland, Körner, Friedrich von Schlegel, and the princely Goethe. As the two countries of the Peninsula are taken together, Camoens stands shoulder to shoulder with Lopez de Vega. Da Costa saves Holland from the reproach of silence. France must be contented with a lower place than the *Univers* would put up with: Alfred de Musset, De Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, are together probably superior to their predecessors at any one time. It is impossible to take a comprehensive view of the progress or decay of literature in modern Europe without feeling that despotism, foreign invasion, and intestine conflicts have broken the lyre in many countries, or caused it to hang from the mournful willows; so that the liberty and prosperity of England have had much to do with her pre-eminence and fecundity; she owes them also in a great measure to that love for nature which is inborn in her children.

Dramatic literature has been so rich that it may be considered under two heads of unequal value. In tragedy, as in so many other things, Greece and England hold their own against all challengers of all ages and nations. Shakspeare is worth Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides together. When dramatic and general poetry are contemplated in one view, Shakspeare, Homer, and Dante, the trio of immortals, stand above and aloof from all rivalry; Milton, Byron, and Goethe, nearest perhaps, yet far below. Looking at tragedy alone, the Germans, Schiller, &c., come after Greece and England; then the conventional classics of France and Italy,—Racine, Corneille, Alfieri. In the general drama and comedy we have the name of Menander, with-

out his works, and that naughty Aristophanes ; Terence, Calderon, and Metastasio ; Goethe and Shakspeare again ; Wilhelm von Schlegel, and the undoubted prince of comic writers, Molière.

Satirical writing, not intended for the stage, was inaugurated by Lucian in Greece ; then the Latins, Juvenal, Persius, Horace. Humouristic literature generally is a variety of this class ; it employed the pens of Cervantes, Goldsmith, Swift, Sterne, and Smollett. It has been observed that our modern humourists, Jerrold, Hood, Dickens, Thackeray, are generally on the sound and philanthropical side of questions ; and that *Punch*, the comic version of English common sense, which has made fun classical, is of a far higher order and more moral tone than its continental rivals. Germany is but represented by J. P. Richter, and by that strange Henry Heine, who, when his wild impiety was chastened by long and intense suffering, came to own God upon his death-bed.

The romance of real life was unknown to the ancients ; it required that development of individuality and of reflection which characterize Christian societies. Its first masters, Richardson, Fielding, Scott, and Miss Edgeworth, have remained unequalled, except it be by Mrs. Stowe, Charlotte Brontë, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. As an analysis of life, the novel is unavoidably irreligious, either directly or by implication, whenever the author is not himself religious. M. Guizot confesses the superiority of British writers of fiction over his countrymen. The French practice of making tales appear first in the form of *feuilletons*, would alone be enough to deprive them of all resemblance to real life, since the author is obliged to put some very interesting or exciting scene into even the shortest chapter. Madame Sand writes with taste, simplicity, and feeling, making it doubly mournful that her pen should be at the service of immoral and socialist theories. The Italian Manzoni is probably the most distinguished novelist of the Continent. Germany's best productions were those of the now extinct romantic school, *Novalis*, (i.e., Fred. de Hardenberg,) Tieck, De la Motte Fouqué, the two Schlegels, L. A. von Arnim, &c. Hendrik Conscience belongs to the Netherlands.

Epistolar literature is a thing of the past, to which newspapers, railways, electric telegraphs, and penny posts have put an end. Cicero and Pliny are the best remaining examples of letter-writers in classical times. The easy, witty, expansive good taste of the French, and the very characteristics of their language, made them excel in those familiar communications, which were not careless and extemporaneous as they are now, but contained the whole history and politics of the day, carefully penned, slowly conveyed, and paid for at a handsome rate.

Philology is of course a science of the modern world solely. In simple classical studies England is perhaps on a par with the laborious scholars and grammarians of Holland and Germany, and in comparative philology the labours of Sir W. Jones and other orientalists make her superior to the former country; but no Atlas of hers could bear on his shoulders such a world of science as sits easily on those of Wilhelm von Humboldt, Bopp, Lassen, &c. The English and Dutch Shemitic scholars of the seventeenth century are also surpassed by the Ewalds and Gesenius of the present day. France too has had eminent orientalists, as R. Simon, De Sacy, Burnouf; and seems to have a peculiar aptitude for interpreting Chinese literature, as M. de Rémusat, Klaproth, Landresse, have done. Egyptologues perhaps belong to the sphere of history rather than that of philology: so Champollion must be sent thither, with his successors of all countries, Rosellini, Birch, Wilkinson, Osburn, Bünsen, Lepsius, Uhlmann, and Messrs. Rawlinson and Layard after them. The criticism of documents should probably be put under the head of philology: in this branch of science the Germans have displayed most activity, and a reaction has set in against the absurdly negative criticism which was in honour among them. Italy too has had her Muratori, Maffei, &c.

Periodical literature belongs also to our modern world exclusively, and with it may be associated *literary criticism* in all shapes. The æsthetic sense of the Germans, with such men as Lessing, Winckelmann, Fred. Schlegel, for its organs, the good taste of the French, and that quick perception of *shades* of which Madame de Stael was an eminent representative, give both nations a high place in this section. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* and *Revue Contemporaine*, though appearing every fortnight, are nearly as large as our quarterlies, and may vie with the best of them in critical acumen, and in the varied information they convey. The periodicals of Germany are rather theological or scientific than literary. On the whole, such is the number and excellence of British Reviews, that it may be affirmed we have appropriated more completely than others, as well as invented, this kind of publication.

The ability displayed for the last forty years in the leading newspapers of England, France, and Germany, brings us,—however great the innovation, and though the critics of a hundred years ago would lift up their hands in horror at the profanation—to give a niche in the temple of the Muses to *ephemeral literature*! Were France a free country, our acknowledged superiority in this respect would be warmly disputed: some of its most distinguished statesmen, including Chateaubriand and Guizot, continued to write in newspapers after their fame was already

established; Napoleon III. did so anonymously; such literary characters as Sainte Beuve, Saint Marc Girardin, Sylvestre de Sacy, do so still. Did the reader ever observe that our wonderful Bacon, in the *De Dignitate et Augmentis*, &c., wished for newspapers, or, as he says, for journals of such every-day events as were too little for history?

It is easiest to pronounce upon the comparative merits of nations when we come to the spheres of positive science. In *mathematics*, however imperfect the methods of calculation possessed by antiquity, Pythagoras, Archimedes, Euclid, Pappus, &c., were inventors; so we shall give the language they used a maximum; that of Newton and Napier, another; that of Leibnitz, the Bernouillis, and Euler, another. The great La Grange, though he spent the last third of his life at Paris, was a Piedmontese by birth and education. The genius of France is probably equal to that of any other country in mathematical pursuits; but D'Alembert and his fellows came into the world too late to discover the great methods already originated in England and Germany; so the latter countries must have a higher rank.

Physical science, taken in the widest sense for the study of all inorganic nature, includes physical astronomy, geography, chemistry, meteorology, geology, &c. In some branches, as in palæontology, it passes off into the study of organic nature. As usual, its infancy, so far as known to us, was in Greece; the leading nations of the modern world take a higher rank. England claims Roger Bacon, Newton, Herschel, Boyle, Priestley, Watt, Davy, Faraday, Young, Dalton, Hutton, Forbes, Lyell, Buckland, Miller, Murchison, and our persevering and intrepid travellers by sea and land round the North-west passage, in the distant isles of the Pacific, in the heart of Australia and of Africa. To France the world owes the real founders of scientific geology and chemistry, and some of the greatest astronomers,—Lavoisier, Prevost, Cuvier, Mayo and La Place, Haüy and Malus. Germany has had Kepler, Liebig, Von Buch, Alexander von Humboldt, Karl Ritter; while its travellers are second only to those of England in numbers and daring. Holland claims Huygens and Leeuwenhoek. The Peninsula may glory in having discovered a New World, and found the way to the richest part of the old.

The *sciences of organic nature* were inaugurated by Galen and the two Dioscorides, Hippocrates, and Aristotle; they were continued by Celsus in Rome. Holland honours the names of Boerhaave and Swammerdam; Italy, too, deserves a respectable place; England produced Harvey, Hunter, Jenner, Bell, Owen; Germany, Oken, Schubert, Leonhard, Blumenbach. The last-named country has been more distinguished by meditation than

It will be observed at a glance that England, Germany, France, and Greece are the successful candidates, leaving all competitors behind. These four alone have exhibited more or less excellence in every sphere, except those seven which did not exist in the time of ancient Greece. There is an evident parallelism between Greece and England in everything which they have in common.

The three Protestant civilizations of modern Europe count together 166 marks, the three Catholic and Neo-Latin 83; and that though the resources of Germany are weakened by its being half Catholic, and those of France increased by the addition of the Protestant writers of Romand Switzerland. It is very honourable indeed for so small a country as Holland to hold the rank it does.

ART. V.—*The Ministry of Life.* By MARIA LOUISA CHARLESWORTH, author of 'Ministering Children,' &c., &c. London: Seeleys. 1858.

THERE are circumstances which invest this little book with a peculiar interest. Its author, who had previously written some works that were deservedly esteemed, has lately become well-known in thousands of our nurseries by her *Ministering Children*. Of this latter volume, as we learn from the advertisements, forty-six thousand copies have been already sold; and although *The Ministry of Life* has been published but a few weeks, the twelfth thousand is already in circulation. We look, then, with no small anxiety to the character of the book before us. It is intended as a sequel to the *Ministering Children*, to be placed in the hands of young ladies at the age of about fifteen,—an age when the imagination most needs guidance, and education is being most truly carried on. Its cast too is essentially what is termed 'religious,' and avowedly evangelical, as issuing from the press of Messrs. Seeley. Grave, wise, and well-pondered, should we expect a work to be from such a source and with such an object: and we have studied it carefully with that expectation. We are constrained to express our disappointment. Crude and cumbrous, though only extending to four hundred pages, utterly without skill as a work of art, false in taste and unreal in tone, abounding in such high flights of metaphor, fine-writing, and sentiment, as to be most irresistibly ridiculous, and, lastly, interlarded throughout with a false theology, we have rarely read a more objectionable volume. These, we know, are heavy charges,

and we proceed to give the reasons, point by point, on which they are grounded.

We consider it, first, as a work of art. To this character most of our popular tales have high pretensions, however unsatisfactory in other respects. But let us endeavour—and the task is by no means easy—to give some idea of the plot of *The Ministry of Life*.

General North, who has succeeded to the 'entailed family estates,' is charged by his dying brother (who loses his life on the field of battle) with the care of his only child. This child, Antonia, a girl of about fifteen, with 'fathomless eyes' and 'conceptive power,' is accordingly taken to her uncle's home, to be educated with her cousins Anastasia, Clara, and Leonore. The family circle includes Mrs. North; the governess, Miss Keymer; and a son Harry, a captain away at the wars and a kind of Hedley Vicars. Antonia is much addicted to wandering in the fields, 'loves to lose herself in all things beautiful,' and finds the regularity of the school-room under gentle Miss Keymer so irksome, that her instruction is transferred to the guidance of the old general, a plan which proves highly satisfactory, and affords an opportunity for giving forth views upon education, of which more by and bye. Antonia learns to ride an old war horse, that is quiet enough with the brave, but has sufficient discernment to kick off a coward. Leonore's health fails, and she is taken to the sea-side by her parents, where she is rowed in a boat by Bill Briggen, and dipped in the sea by his wife. On leaving, she gives this worthy couple a Bible; and Bill Briggen assigns some ingenious reasons for preferring this present to that of a clock, which the general had suggested. Captain North comes home. Sir Roger Lee, the proprietor of the next estate, the Alps, dies, and his daughter, Mrs. Barrington, returns to dwell in the Moated Grange, which has been long untenanted: Mrs. Barrington is a strong-minded and excellent person, with old soldiers for servants, and curious furniture. The neighbours call, including Mrs. Astell and her daughter Laura, who has been brought up in the disconnected, Antonia fashion: in this instance unsuccessful, because Laura wants 'conceptive power.' The clergyman of the Alps dies, and Mrs. Barrington appoints Edward Seymour in his place at the recommendation of Captain North. The meditations of the latter upon this event are described in words that remind us irresistibly of an old sickly song called, 'The Soldier's Tear.' Edward Seymour arrives: we have all his plans, his first two sermons, and his house, described. Next comes an episode of a strange mournful person who takes lodgings hard by, is called 'mad' by Miss North,

is visited by Antonia, and dies,—all this without any connexion with the rest of the tale. When three-quarters of the story are over, we have a fresh bevy of people,—a lady friend of Mrs. Barrington, who has been absent for years, and her daughter with 'England's classical and time-honoured name of Jane,'—a second Antonia cast in a sterner mould. Then two chapters mix up everybody, jumping from place to place in consecutive sentences, without any unity of thought or subject: *inter alia*, re-enter Miss Keymer, *à propos* of nothing, who had left the Norths some time ago. About fifty pages from the end we are made acquainted with a whole family; here is their description: 'Jane has just arrived: there stood the father, *in his fresh-heartedness of aspect*; there the mother, *in her maternity of tenderest authority*; there the daughters of the house, Marian, in her earliest womanhood; Matilda, thoughtful in her gladness; May, all rosy, laughing glee in this her fourteenth summer; and Isabella, who had her mother's eyes,—all these were there; and *as the carriage stopped*, a boy, a tall and pleasant boy, who smiled the welcome he did not speak, threw down the carriage steps,' &c. It was impossible to do justice to this sentence without quoting it in full. We confess we mistook the 'tall and pleasant boy' for a serving page, especially as he 'let down the steps,' and 'smiled the welcome which he did not speak;' but he turns out to be a brother. This family is soon, however, deserted, and the venue changed back to Antonia and Seymour, who marry, after a proper amount of difficulty, in the approved manner, and so close the scene.

There is nothing very promising in this outline. A story, however, may be made abundantly interesting, although there is no well-arranged plan of action; and real artistic power is frequently brought out in careful and effective portraiture; the ability displayed in painting individual character being very properly regarded as compensation for the absence of a well designed plot. But we search in vain in this volume for any skill in delineating character. The persons introduced are mere qualities, named and ticketed, not living beings. There is none of that inconsistency of purpose of which we are all so conscious in daily life, none of the struggle between opposing forces, which makes a story so interesting when well described, because it strikes a chord in our own hearts. Or if in any instance there be an attempt to give some idea of conflict, we are merely told that it took place, are never allowed to see it in actual working. There is as much absence of reality, for instance, in Antonia's piety, as there is of sound sense in her sentimentality. She has had much sorrow, we learn; but there is no evidence of its action; she

visits the poor, ministers to the sick, prays in the woods, but all so passively that to any young person she would appear like one of those transparent angel forms seen in a picture, which we allow conventionally to be good, but which want all the substance of flesh and blood. We may look perhaps for more life in the men: here is the portrait of Harry North:—

‘Captain North was not only a classical and oriental scholar, but a practical man also; he alone, of all,’ (his family, we presume,) ‘inherited his mother’s intellectual tastes, combined with his father’s power of observation and discernment. Let him be where he would, he seemed always to win the ascendancy, not by *crossing*, but by *winning*, the wills of others. The root of this universal success, no doubt, was that every one trusted him, and felt themselves safe to the last scruple with his kind, true heart; and every one had a secret feeling of personal elevation in yielding to the demands of his frank, generous nature. *He was a being of transparent sunlight*; and those whom he opposed, if capable of kindly feeling, were sure to be in a brighter humour when conquered by him, than before the antagonism began..... School, college, and the camp, had all been compelled to yield up their best offerings to Harry North’s bright demand; and each in return had received the glowing reflection of the light so concentrated,’ &c.—Pp. 90, 91.

Now, to pass over the manifest absurdities of this description, is there nothing injurious, we ask, to the young readers who will dwell in thought on such fancied heroes? In full accordance with the above quotation, there is no hint in the whole story that Harry North ever makes a mistake, that he ever errs, even in judgment. And when young people whose minds have been filled with such a fiction, meet with men of real godliness, but with human weakness and inconsistency, is there no danger of the shock being severely felt? Few things are more trying to the faith of the young than the failings they see in converted men; but thus deliberately to build them up in false expectations is to aggravate the evil.

Feeble as is this kind of portraiture, we hardly learn so much of many others of the actors introduced. The whole family of which the ‘tall and pleasant boy’ formed a member is described, first, by the quotation given above, and, secondly, by their occupations. May washes all the cups and saucers. ‘Matilda makes all the puddings and the tarts and the cakes and the biscuits,’ whilst Charley reads Milton to her,—the *utile* and the *dulce* wondrously combined. All this is very proper in a parsonage, where the means are narrow; but it is but feeble writing, and hardly deserves to be read by thousands.

We pass to the question of taste. We have before remarked in this Review on the seductive nature of fictions, the venue of

which is laid in scenes of luxurious plenty, to which most of its readers are probably strangers. The home of an English country gentleman, with its pleasant grounds, and its well cared for and grateful dependent peasantry, form a very pleasing picture, and it is alluring to get rid of stern daily duties in dreaming over such rural felicity. But if the picture be false, it becomes injurious. The sterling advantages of such a position are to be found in genuine delicacy of character, in the opportunities afforded by education for elevating the mind above petty gossip, in the sense of true propriety of conduct, and all that is implied in the possession of those qualities; and there is a use in portraying them. But these traits are not found in *The Ministry of Life*. Anastasia was not meant by the author to be amiable; but we have not a hint that she thinks her vulgar; yet a more vulgar person we have rarely met with. This young lady meddles in everybody's private affairs. When a baronet's daughter, their nearest neighbour, comes home, she remarks, 'that books and pictures are come without end, but not a single upholsterer has set foot in the house! *There will be quite a feeling of ill-will among the tradespeople about it.*' She spreads a report among her poorer neighbours that a stranger who suddenly appears is mad, 'because she is always walking alone, in the loneliest places.' These faults, it is true, are censured, and the last is called a cruel falsehood; but why are they introduced at all? We have no warning that Anastasia's is an uncommon character.

General North is intended to be the model of the dignified elderly gentleman, with superior discernment and high polish. His conversation is made up of stilted phrases, (he generally begins, in addressing his niece, a young lady of fifteen, with, 'Well, well, little girl,') interlarded with military similes, to remind us of his professional career. He cannot open his mouth without asking, 'Is the field lost or won?' or calling Antonia 'a young recruit,' and promising to make her his *aide-de-camp*. Here is an early specimen:—

'Antonia counted her lessons over. "Well to be sure," replied her uncle, "the number is something staggering to courage; and a young recruit, too! But take comfort, little girl, no bounty money has been paid for you yet. I don't reckon you enlisted in the school-room, and if you like better to stand by your old uncle's colours, and take your chances with him, you shall do so; and I will try my hand at what may be done with you yet. Don't be frightened! I am not going to take a primer, and have you stand before me to spell the cross-row. I have no school for cadets; but if you like to take a bold venture at my side, and breast the world's battle-field,' &c.—Page 10.

The first day's lessons were satisfactory, but her cousins persuaded Antonia that the general would soon be tired of his pupil, and she began the next day somewhat discouraged.

'Her uncle instantly noticed the change, and, with a disappointed feeling, said hastily, "What hangs in the balance to-day? tired of your new school-room already?"

"O no, uncle; yesterday was all happiness."

"Then what is it? Answer straight to the mark, or you will find no quarter from me."

"I am afraid that if I do not read well, it will tire you."

"So it will, to be sure, there's no doubt of that.... Ah, ah, I see how it is; they have been crying out 'fire,' and so scared you; but now no more bobbing from fear at a whizz, or I will not call you the child of a soldier again. Bear on with high courage, without a thought of what's coming; and if you get a knock down, and have power left to rise, spring up again, and bear on twice as bravely as before!" And then he added, in a softened tone, "No more fear, little girl; never bugle rang sweeter on your old uncle's ear than your young voice did yesterday."—Page 15.

Now let us assure Miss Charlesworth that this is not the conversation of a general who has succeeded to 'entailed family estates.' Indeed, few things are more rare among gentlemen than the constant use of professional language. Nor do we think it much more likely that such a man would say to his little girl, 'A silver sixpence for your thoughts, my little unfledged linnet!'—at any rate *habitually*, as the context implies.

Miss Charlesworth is great in upholstery. We have all the furniture of several houses minutely detailed. When Mrs. Barrington first receives the Norths at home, we are glad to learn that '*a feeling of enchantment stole over the guests, as, with all the past associations of the dreary old place still full in remembrance, they took their seat on the old-fashioned settees and chairs of different kinds.*' (P. 144.) This must have been enchanting indeed; still more as 'the two old soldiers in waiting soon entered, bearing coffee *served in little costly cups, with the curious old silver of the Roger de Lee family;*' (p. 145;) and their thrilling hearts must have almost burst when 'the little antique silver urn was brought in.' (P. 146.) To speak seriously, we ask, Can anything exceed the littleness of mind of such descriptions? Are the minds of average English girls so free from all tendency to dwell unduly upon such trumpery, that it should form part of a religious tale?

We have only room for one more quotation under the head of 'taste;' it is taken from the close of a conversation on sacred subjects.

'And the shadows of the pine-trees fell darkly, and the gardener was gone to his cottage, and the nightingale had taken up the song of night, and Laura and Leonore walked to their homes, *each one with their (her) separate attendant.*'—Page 290.

But we are sick of this vulgar gentility.

There are some persons who would be greatly astounded to learn that fine writing is popular at the present day. It has been long discountenanced by persons of any intellectual pretension; it is felt to be so absurd and so utterly false in tone, that there is but little excuse for those who fall into this habit. We have never seen it carried to such an extent as in this little volume. The commonest occurrences of daily life are expressed in the most high-flown language. When three young girls are listening to a pleasing and amiable person, we read:—

'The three juniors of the party were left to occupy their youthful place of listening observation: they were happy in it, *each according to their nature.* Antonia, accustomed to hush her very breathing to listen and look upon the beautiful and true, wherever gleaming forth around her, had a silent deep communion in thought and feeling *with all that possessed native interest*, which rendered her very independent of any personal appeal for enjoyment; *so she spread her little spiritual sail of transparent feeling on the broad stream of conversation, and was wafted on by every breath of utterance.* Clara was satisfied, because she could quietly moor her bark, and listen or muse abstractedly, without any fear of confluent tides. And Leonore, innocently unconscious of most of the various topics, and their relative merits, folded her little wings upon the bank, and was happy, because, as the stream of conversation passed her by, it flowed all uncontrolled and bright.'—Page 143.

We are unhappily past the age of innocent unconsciousness, and are therefore far from being 'all untroubled' about this sentence. What is meant here by *native interest*? what by 'transparent feeling,' and how does it differ from that which is opaque? what wafted this *little spiritual sail* on the stream of conversation in which its owner took no part? We confess we have studied the passage in vain. No book of only four hundred pages could be supposed to comprise a parallel passage; but a quotation of somewhat greater length will do more justice to the author, and more fully display her talent in using metaphor.

'Anastasia North had taken up religion as an addition, rather than as a corrective, to her life. New views, new interests and efforts were adopted; but old things had not passed away..... There were some whose friendship might have proved an ever-deepening blessing through life to Anastasia; but no sooner did the roots of their affection strike below the surface, and reach this subsoil of self in her, than the bright blossoming of their feeling faded away, leaving only so

much vitality of friendship as would find nutriment on the surface strata' (query, stratum) 'of her well-informed mind.

'Anastasia went through a great amount of exertion in her devotion to the business material of all things. She appeared to consider time and money as the two most responsible talents....It was impossible not to feel sorry for her toil; seeing, if she could but have risen but a little higher, these subordinate agents would have found their own level; and instead of being pent up between banks of equal distance,' (query, from what?) 'like a mercantile canal, with its narrow limits and circumscribed course, they would have flowed on like a heaven-directed river, whose source is in the eternal hills, and whose end is to be the measureless sea, flowing on in a fertilizing stream, now slow and now rapid, now keeping on steadily through natural embankments, then breaking away and pouring forth freely, as if knowing that its source is exhaustless; to whose brink none fear to approach, but all are free to receive whatever it can render, as it passes on to its rest in the deep sea at last.

'Anastasia, also, was always taking *the labouring oar*; she seemed to know little or nothing of what it was to make her way by sometimes spreading sail, and trusting to the breath of heaven to fill it; the laboured strokes of the oar were more substantial, and therefore more satisfactory to her. Well the boatman could witness that sailing is no idle work! There must be a watchful eye, a right judgment, a ready hand, while yet the chief agent in view is the favouring breeze from the skies; but Anastasia felt always more at home with the labouring oar.

'All things were done by her in regular appointments,—one week was the picture of another; she went on as uniformly as an admirable piece of machinery, subject to slight incidental deviations, but righting itself again to the same equable motion.

'It was not easy for her to receive and act upon the suggestions of others.....She knew little of what it was to lend herself to the thought or feeling of another, and, like the bee, to gather the farina from every flower to work up into its own perfected honey.....

'On matters of feeling, she would tread and retread again, like a blind man on the flowers of spring, until they lay bruised and crushed beneath her weight, while she only thought herself making her own point good.'—Pp. 73-76.

All these metaphors—agriculturo-geological, fluvial, nautical, mechanical, apial, and floral—occur in *consecutive* paragraphs. Truly this is to sow by sack, and not by the handful. The same extraordinary mixture of sentiment and metaphor runs throughout the whole volume. It is very silly to write of a child who had evaded a lesson on astronomy that she 'went away in a sunbeam,' (p. 57,) or that 'the summer breathed itself away in beauty.' (P. 69.) Yet such flights are very feeble compared with the following:—

'As the evening advanced, Captain North, seeing the harp, ventured to ask whether Mrs. Barrington played on that instrument.

"No, I never play now! And that harp was never mine; it belonged to the one treasure still left me on earth,—the friend of my youth! She is now a resident with her husband in India, and her harp has been always where I was," (a very convenient travelling companion truly,) 'since my return to England; *its strings break one by one, and so many are broken that I never venture to uncover it now, for I could not let any one restore what her fingers last strung. I have paid dearly for the relic; for every chord that gives way sends a vibration through me that I do not easily recover.*'—Page 146.

Poor thing! Be it remembered that this lady,—at least so we are informed; for it is a feature of the book that we are not permitted to form our own estimate of the persons described,—this lady, who vibrates to the broken strings, is painted as having 'a character firm in the integrity of all its powers, strong in its gentleness as in its truth.' There follows immediately after the lines about the harp a description of the portrait of the lady to whom it belonged, which is almost equally well worth quoting—but we forbear. It may, however, be argued that these are but minor points of detail; that the book was composed with a higher object, and that such trifles were disregarded. The question, indeed, is, whether these traits are not indications of deeper feeling. They are certainly great failings in judgment, and are calculated to arouse our suspicions of the author's competency to teach the young. Still we admit most fully, that if more important subjects had been judiciously treated, we could have afforded to pass over such blemishes in silence, though not without regret. We will therefore examine the theories here propounded on Education and Theology.

Miss Charlesworth's leading doctrine about education, as set forth in *The Ministry of Life*, is, that a sensitive and highly imaginative girl should not be subjected to a regular school-room training. She fears 'that the heavy shower, meant to nurture, would surcharge the tender flower; that either it would bend and break, or never look up again with such native ease to the blue heavens.' She believes that if left to choose for itself, it will draw in 'its own aliment at every pore, and attain a healthful expansiveness and apprehension, that no mere routine of study could have imparted.' Now, to say nothing of the judiciousness of enforcing such a theory in a children's book, and so giving every imaginative girl the idea that she may dispense with steady application, we object to this form of stating the argument. Mere dead routine alone is a useless thing, but routine itself is surely needed. By what other

means are those habits of steady application (on which almost all real advance in knowledge is grounded) to be acquired? Imagination is especially liable to be discursive, to wander away at its own sweet will: where then can it get the power of concentrating its thoughts on a single object? It is the old story over again. We must all build up steadily day by day, and romantic young ladies more carefully than all. Some analogies quoted in its support are really fatal to the author's view. 'Alas,' replied General North, 'for that terrible house-building system! When Nature lays all the roots first, I would do the same; but until then I would look also after the branches, flowers, and fruit, and trust a little more for what you call the "ground-work." ' (P. 22.) Of course, it is at once obvious that the analogy does not hold, because the growth of education is not natural, but artificial: but in her views on education Miss Charlesworth reverses the order of nature; she does not even make the 'fruit' and 'the ground-work' advance *pari passu*, but wishes us to have the fruit first, and to lay the roots afterwards.

We can fully sympathize with objections against the absurdity of a training which merely aims at compassing certain intellectual acquirements; which instructs, but does not educate; which crams the head, without enlarging the heart. But what is the true remedy? Surely it is not to neglect the regular course of intellectual study, but to see that it is accompanied by suitable moral and religious teaching. Whilst the understanding is informed, the heart should be also moulded. The combination of both in one nature is a sufficient reason why neither should be neglected in the education of children; and to this end a system of regular study must be adopted, to overcome the natural tendency of children to wander, and to avoid what is difficult or distasteful. We recollect Henry Kirke White says (in his Memoirs) that he applied himself with unusual diligence to the studies he liked least, because he suspected that these were the most needful to him; and we believe this to be generally true.

So does not Miss Charlesworth. Antonia's education is by no means exceptional in its success. Laura Astell, indeed, 'had none of Antonia's *conceptive* power, and was therefore not to be left, as Antonia was, to follow out her own education.' But of Jane Trevenon, a young lady who is described in terms of the highest commendation, both morally and intellectually, we read,—

'She learns in some way, but how I am sure I cannot tell you; for I have seldom been able to keep her in the school-room two hours at

a time. Her uncle and aunt indulge her to the utmost ; she has her own way in everything.'—Page 298.

Yet indulgence has not made her selfish :—

'It really would be impossible to tell you what the sweetness of her disposition is.'.....'Her words certainly are wild and free ; but they are the truest to her own heart, and the kindest to the hearts of others, that I ever heard from the lips of any age. And as to her voice, when she sings, there is a melody in its tones, that, as they rise and rise, subdues and almost saddens you ; and her touch in music is such that even EARS untaught and unaccustomed to judge, SAY they can distinguish it from all others.'—Page 299.

We question whether our readers have been fortunate enough to meet with such spoiled children. Our own experience of those 'that have their own way in everything' has been very different. The climax of improbability reaches its height in the somewhat questionable praise of the last sentence quoted above ; this fairly outdoes Dogberry : 'To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to read and write comes by nature.'

Again, we are told of the amiable family at the village rectory, introduced at the end of the book, that

'They have gathered their education as they could from their mother, from me, from each other, and alone ; their minds are all unfettered and fresh as the morning, and their hearts, I trust, are under an influence higher than that of earth. They are ready for every claim upon them ; and, as I said before, they gather knowledge very much as they can ; the advantage of which, I believe, is, that they gather it far more naturally, and it assimilates more as nutriment, and less as mere acquirement.'—Page 366.

Now we protest most decidedly against the theory here propounded, and still more against placing it so prominently before children. The idea is the more dangerous, because it is mixed up with what is by itself true. No doubt, as it is immediately afterwards added, 'The mental and moral atmosphere children grow up in has far more to do with what they are, than the lesson-books they study.' But it does not therefore follow that book learning may be altogether abandoned. Is every child who possesses or fancies that she has 'conceptive power,' to leave the school-room when she pleases ? Is a regular course of study, approved by a kind, sensible mother like Mrs. North, and enforced by so gentle a person as Miss Keymer, to find its legitimate issue in such a character as that of Anastasia ? To study individual character, and to make such slight modifications of routine as special circumstances require, is the course which common sense demands. But to leave children to gather know-

ledge as they can, because they are in a pure moral atmosphere, would be about as wise as to leave them to gather food where they can, because they are in a pure physical atmosphere. The question would then be, (and it has been exemplified in a hundred examples of both kinds,) not whether they would assimilate the food, whether bodily or mental, more readily when they got it, but whether they would not really starve for want of it.

It is quite in accordance with the views which we have been combating, that a very exaggerated importance should be assigned to the most trivial impulses of children. Leonore, now a child eleven years old, has given her sailor friend, Bill Briggen, a Bible; and she is naturally anxious to tell her cousin Antonia of this occurrence on her return from the sea-side. The day's journey has been a long one, but Leonore begs to go out alone with her cousin.

"O, Miss Keymer, if you please, let me go a little this beautiful evening with Antonia to the woods."

"My dear, you have done quite enough for one day in taking all that long journey; you had better keep quiet this evening."

'Antonia assured Leonore that she did not want to go out, and would stay in with her; but Leonore still pleaded: "Do, pray do, let me go, Miss Keymer! May I just ask Mamma?".....

'Miss Keymer did not know by instinct that the young spirit sometimes pleads earnestly for that which, at the moment, may to others seem but a fancy; but which to deny may tell on a life-time. But Mrs. North could understand the longing to go off at once with Antonia, and gave consent.

'There, in the bright glade, the children sat side by side on the rustic bench which the gamekeeper had twisted for Antonia. *Embosomed in the solitude of Nature, the little Leonore felt free to pour out her full heart.* It was not of the ocean, or the shore, that she longed so to tell; but of her friends of the cabin, and the Bible. Antonia sat with her arm round Leonore; and as her young confiding companion told of her last visit to the cabin, when she bore to her friends the blessed guide for eternity, Antonia drew her closer to her side, until, at the conclusion, kissing fervently the infant lips that had breathed forth a tale so beautiful, she exclaimed, "O, Leonore! dear Leonore, *I never yet gave a Bible to any one!*"

'The child felt the happy individuality this declaration from Antonia gave to that which had been her first venture in the service of love; and it diffused a fresh courage through her spirit.'—Pp. 61-63.

There are some persons, we doubt not, who will think this very beautiful; and still more when they read further on, 'that the child of fifteen years, with the child of eleven, knelt side by side on the soft mossy bank;' but to ourselves the whole scene lacks all the semblance of truth. There is such an obvious

effort at effect in describing the two girls as '*kneeling in their frocks of snowy white* on the blue-bells still purpling the woods,' as to jar very painfully upon the mind: but we pass that by for the present, and turn to other features of the scene. Admitting (as we suppose to be intended) that in this act Leonore's heart had just been awakened to some understanding of truth, and that she was anxious to tell it to one of whose sympathy she felt assured, was it absolutely necessary to speak of it that evening and in the woods? Would it have 'told on a life-time,' had the tale been postponed to the morrow, or narrated in her own room? Surely He who takes care of His little ones does not so leave their eternal welfare to be dependent on the instincts of others; and a child's heart, full of such an incident in all its simplicity and earnestness, would not need to be 'embosomed in the solitude of Nature,' that it might feel free to speak to a trusted companion only four years older than herself. We believe that the minds of children are free from such romance, and we should be sorry to be undeceived.

But we have a more deeply grounded objection to the passage. It is a most blessed result of the Spirit's influence on the heart, that it leads us to act as it were unconsciously for the good of others. The love of Christ constrains us, and that in such a manner that in action we are so much occupied with thoughts of Him, and of others, as to forget ourselves. There is not only no idea of merit,—for 'necessity is laid upon us,'—but there is no thought of self. In this account, on the contrary, the chief point before the mind of the speakers is not the thing done, or its effects; but their own share in it. 'I never gave a Bible to any one,' said Antonia; and then we are told 'the child felt the happy individuality,' &c.; or, in other words, her own part in the events was the ground of her joy. We shall return presently to this point. We now proceed to consider the other religious teaching of the volume.

In religious instruction for the young, there is nothing more needful in our day than *distinctness*. A vague, undefined theology is very prevalent, undermining much of the faith of the Churches, and in the seeming guise of piety is almost as deadly a foe to truth as its avowed opponents. We want then to have clear and plain views enunciated; we want saving truth set forth in characters which none can mistake, and without any intermixture of sentiment; we want the source of real Christian life directly stated, and its course unmistakeably portrayed.

We had intended to remark upon a variety of places in which these qualities were wanting; as, for instance, on the character of Anastasia, who is utterly devoid of love to her parents or

cousins, or any one else, and yet is spoken of as 'one who walked in the law of the Lord:' it will, however, we think, be at once doing greater justice to the author, and making our own meaning clearer, if we confine our attention to two points only.

We have had occasion more than once to make mention of Miss Keymer, the governess in General North's family: this lady is described as possessed of many valuable qualities, but as ignorant of saving truth; when Antonia comes to live with her cousins, a change is wrought in her mind in the course of the story; and here is the account of its commencement. Miss Keymer is assisting Antonia in her first attempt at sketching a tree.

'Antonia gazed and gazed upon the tree, as if she expected the inspirations that call forth the lay of the poet to glide through her fingers, in the likeness of the object before her.

"Now, my dear, you cannot look your drawing into existence."

"No, I will begin and try; but O, how beautiful it is! Those light green leaves, filled with sunbeams, look as if they were the only veil between us and HEAVEN!"

'Miss Keymer would have said, "Between us and the sky;" and the depth of feeling with which Antonia breathed out "HEAVEN," arrested her attention.'

On this depth of feeling, in the utterance of a single word, Miss Keymer ponders again and again.

'Religion she had looked upon as a Divine formula, to which she was to endeavour to conform her spirit and life; to the will of the Divine Being it was her duty to submit; and through His mercy she aspired to His heaven hereafter. Since Miss North's visit to London, Miss Keymer had observed that it was her practice to read the Bible for a certain time every morning; it was a fact that won Miss Keymer's respect, but it awoke no longing to participate; but the depth of young Antonia's voice, when she breathed out the word HEAVEN, and the look that she sometimes raised to the sky, clung to Miss Keymer, and left the abiding conviction that the child had a secret which she knew not.'—Page 56.

It is certainly possible that a look or a tone *might* have more influence on another than the consistent practice of daily reading God's word; but Miss Keymer dwells from first to last on this outward fact. Some pages further on, a letter is received telling of Bill Briggen's death.

'No eye was undimmed at that breakfast table;..... Clara and Miss Keymer, each alone, turned over the leaves of the Gospels, looking long and intently on the words, "It is I," breathed by Him whose still small voice the roar of no tempest can drown: they looked on

the prayer of the sinking Peter, "Lord, save me!" and thought of the hand stretched out to rescue and uphold.....To Clara, it was a first glimpse of things eternal; but to Miss Keymer it seemed like an echo to the tone in which her young companion in the woods had breathed forth the word *HEAVEN*.—Page 70.

Some time subsequent to this event, Miss Keymer feels that the young ladies no longer require her instructions, and makes her arrangements for leaving. Eighteen years of residence with them had attached her to the family; but it is the parting with Antonia that she feels most keenly,—

'for evermore in her heart she had silently thought on Antonia's look to the sky, and her breathing forth the word "*Heaven*."'

(The *italics* are Miss Charlesworth's, as were the capitals before.) But she is gone; and we hear no more of her for 150 pages. Then we find her writing to Antonia.

'*Her thoughts turned back to the beech-woods; and she longed, she said, that, like the little birds, she could build a nest there, and make there her earthly rest.* It was a place that ever clung about her heart like home.....God had been gracious to her beyond her thoughts or prayers; and she could not doubt He still would be. "She must soon wander forth again alone," she said; "she knew not where; but *it would be enough for her that it was under Heaven.*"'—Pp. 333, 334.

Finally, just before Antonia's marriage with Edward Seymour, General North gives her a small piece of ground and a pretty cottage as a bridal present, in which Miss Keymer is to be installed.

"Will you not be happy?" again said Antonia, as she fervently sealed her gift with a kiss.

"Blest indeed!" said Miss Keymer; and she raised her glance from Antonia to Heaven."—Page 407.

With one exception, which shall be noticed immediately, these quotations comprise all that is said of Miss Keymer's religious life. They are most unsatisfactory. Can anything be more shadowy than the work of conversion as thus set forth? All Miss Keymer's thoughts dwell on mere outward things,—on the beech-trees and the little birds, on the *look* in Antonia's eyes and the *tone* of her voice. There is nothing in all this which is inconsistent with the most rampant Tractarianism, or even with Popery itself. If the heart may thus return to woods, and hills, and voices, why not to painted windows and pictures of beauteous saints?

But we omitted one portion of the narrative in order to mark the unity of thought in the above quotations; and to this we now return. On parting from Miss Keymer, Antonia urges the study of the Bible, as follows:—

"O, have you not sometimes sat by the side of a calm sheet of water, and felt a relief to look from the dazzling light of the summer sky down into its still depth, where the heavens lay softly mirrored, and the foliage around reflected its shadow from the heat? Such a glass is the Bible: all there lies undazzled in truest reflection, but softened and still; so that we may look long and intently down into its depths, until we have learned to know what the Heaven of heavens is to us; and then, when we look up, we find our eye of faith is strengthened to penetrate the dazzling light, to see the things unseen before and eternal.".....

"How you must love the Bible, if it has given this light to you!"

"Yes, indeed, I do; but not for its *light* alone."

"For what more?"

"O, for its love! because *it loves me* more than I can love it. As soon as we get to be one with *it*, then it meets every feeling; shows that it understands every secret thought..... *O, you will find it loves you as nothing on earth can!* You will never feel left alone, never un comforted, unmet, while you have that to speak to you; you will find *it* has provided for every step of your way, until it sees you safe in at heaven's gate. Will you not love it?"

"I will look into it as I have never yet,—long, intently, and with prayer. *If I find it loves me*, then, dear Antonia, I must for ever bless you."

"O, you will bless God! The faint ray shining through me will be lost in the sense of His love."

"When the day of parting came, Antonia pressed a little parcel silently into Miss Keymer's hand, who, without venturing to look back upon the friends and associations of years, stepped into the carriage and was gone. When she opened her packet, she found in it a Bible. It was beautiful as a book; and how beautiful now, as it seemed the secret of the loveliness investing Antonia,—the hope of changeless blessing for herself! *She pressed it to her lips*, and took it as a sacred gift from above."—Pp. 182-184.

There is a most blessed truth which Miss Charlesworth might have taken occasion to introduce here,—a truth which one possessed, like Miss Keymer, with some desire after better things, and with a sense of her own separation from God, might well be eager to understand. To such a frame of mind what could be more comforting than to learn that Scripture testifies of One in our nature, with tenderest and deepest sympathy for all our infirmities and difficulties,—of One who has purchased redemption for us, so that those afar off may be brought nigh to God through His blood,—of One who promises not only to pardon, but to preserve us in the way of life by His grace? It is this comprehension of a personal Saviour, which is the need of all who are 'out of the way,' whether they be old or young; and it is

the substitution of other objects of attraction, such as sacraments, or services, or good works, which forms the most dangerous feature of much popular teaching. We have exposed this tendency elsewhere, but in *The Ministry of Life* we expected better things. Well may we be suspicious of the influence of imagination and sentiment when we see such results. In her love of metaphor Miss Charlesworth seems to lose her grasp of what is definite. We have but little confidence in the comfort that would be felt by an anxious heart on being told that we learn in the Bible what *the heaven of heavens* is to us. In such a case we presume that our authoress would think it very unsatisfactory to say that an inquirer might so learn what the Church or what 'the sacraments' are to us. But are her own vague expressions more unlikely to mislead?

Yet whilst this part of her statement falls far short of the truth, the remainder far exceeds it. There is no scriptural authority, as there are no valid reasons, for the use of such expressions as, '*The Bible loves me.*' To testify of Christ is the Bible's purpose, to seek for Christ in the Bible should be our aim. To learn *His* love, to see how *He* has provided for every want, to be taught that *He* will never leave nor forsake His people,—these are the fruits of its prayerful study. But what right have we to transfer all these blessings from God who bestows them, to the *instrument* which He uses for that purpose? Miss Keymer's rapturous pressing the book to her lips is of a piece with the expressions that precede it. We have hitherto been regardless of the accusation of bibliolatry, but we never saw a passage more fairly liable to the charge. All this dwelling upon what is external and visible is quite as much to be deprecated when, not a crucifix, but a Bible, is the object on which it is bestowed.

This same tendency to dwell on outward objects, and to intermingle a feeling of sentiment with holy things, is prominent throughout the whole of this little volume. There is mention of pictures which are almost too sacred for a general room, but which the owner cannot part with from her presence. There is an extraordinary dream, narrated by 'the stranger' to Antonia, in which she sees the Son of Man descending and touching the breaches in a hedge that was about her: 'and there sprung up a crimson rose-bush all in blossom, so beautiful it was; and then I heard a voice that said, "The rose-tree is the love of God filling up the breaches in the circle of our human affections;"' the whole having very much the tone of a Popish legend. There is an account of a room fitted up with 'that true simplicity which has a more enduring attraction than

all the adventitious ornament of art,' and of which the most striking feature is,—

'A fair engraving that hung in a frame of oak above the mantel-piece: it was the German Overbeck's exquisite picture of the Holy Child at His supposed father's trade, with His virgin mother looking on, as His hands held and used the carpenter's tools.'—Page 347.

Even the strong mind of Captain North is subject to such influences; and when Edward Seymour expressed his confidence (no unusual one surely for a minister) that he shall be admitted to see a lady who is suffering from intensity of joy, he says, '*I felt as if I could have bent my knee before him there, and asked his pastoral benediction.*' (Page 285.) When Miss Trevenon goes on Sunday to Westminster Abbey,—

'The Sabbath stillness shut them in to the hush of devotional feeling. The pillars and pointed arches in every direction bearing traces of the long lapse of time, the cloudiness of the day increased the solemn shade of the edifice within, while at intervals a vivid sunbeam broke through the clouds, and lighted up the exquisite temple of art with the radiance of nature, *all the white vestments gleamed like snow in contrast to the dark stone around*, and on ancient pillar and arch the colours of the rainbow were thrown by the sunbeam, as it streamed through the painted windows above.'—Page 319.

We cannot comment on each of these passages separately, but are giving these short extracts as evidences of the religious tone. Be it remembered that they are all put in the mouths of approved characters, as are the following allusions to a deceased brother:—

'I have always dreaded music since I lost *his*; but if you would play to me this evening, *it would seem like a blessed step upon his sacred foot-print.*'—Page 380.

'I did not take much care of her until dear John (the brother) died, she loved him so much! and then, when he was gone, I tried to be her comfort, and now she says, *she has him in heaven, and me on earth. Is not that beautiful?*'—Page 358.

We have only space for two more quotations. In the first, the two girls are listening to the song of the nightingale, which Jane had never heard before.

'Jane rested in her large white arm-chair, and Marian sat on the ground at her feet, and there alone they listened in silence, in the light of the moon, to the bird, as he poured forth his lay beneath the soft wings of the gently brooding night, poured that song forth in joy, as if in thrilling earnest of the day that shall dawn on "the new heavens and the new earth," where "there shall be no more

night," *when the night shall be too pure to need darkness to purge it, too deep to need shadows to tone it; when slumber shall not be wanted, because strength shall be celestial; when rest shall be for ever inseparable from action, and repose interwoven with expression, and all harmony live on unbroken.* They listened together, and *their spirits ascended on the breath of that melody*, until heaven and earth for them were blended into one, and the shadows of sin and sorrow were lost sight of in the light and love that shall dispel them for ever.'—Page 352.

We confess that the first two sentences italicized above are to us utterly unintelligible; the last part is utterly false in theology.

In our final quotation Edward Seymour is suffering from weariness of spirits.

'At length he said, "I am ready to wonder how I ever ventured on ordination vows, making all drawback impossible: they hang about me now with a weight almost insupportable."

'Antonia turned her deep eyes of sympathy on the speaker, and replied, earnestly, "Could you not find relief by standing a moment in thought on Gennesareth's shore?.....The voice that there spoke the first, highest call to the ministry in only those two blessed words, *Follow Me.*" It was enough; *for her words called freshly to view that holiest and loveliest of nature's peaceful scenes, the shores of the blue Lake of Galilee;* the fishermen, Peter and Andrew, James and John, mending their nets, the Divine Son of Man passing by, choosing them for His messengers of mercy, and including every personal requirement in the blessed charge, "*Follow Me!*" *The scene of nature diverting the mental eye, gave relief to the mind;* the simplicity of the Divine charge restored repose to the spirit.'—Page 205.

'Edward Seymour did not lose the vision of heavenly repose. He rested that night on the shores of the Lake of Tiberias; *his thoughts reposed on the natural features of the scene;* and his spirit in the blessed companionship of those simple fishermen and their Divine Master.'—Page 207.

All these passages which we have selected tend in one direction. We do not mean to say that they are not interspersed with others that are less objectionable; we do not deny that there are many pages which, if they stood alone, would be worthy of high commendation; but we do not hesitate to add our opinion that this increases rather than lessens the danger of such teaching. The minds of young ladies, less occupied than the other sex with sterner duties, are naturally more likely to give the rein to fancy. To such persons, there is in this story enough of truth to satisfy, and enough of error to mislead; and

the presence of the former will be a passport to the reception of the latter. And surely Miss Charlesworth cannot be ignorant that one of the most dangerous features of modern teaching is this very exaltation of what is outward, to a share in the place which Christ alone should occupy. Our contest is not with the peculiar form which this tendency assumes in High Church novels, but against the principle that underlies them. In God's word there is one object set forth as attractive; to distract the mind from that object is evil, whether nature, or architecture, or painting, or any thing else, be the cause. All these have their proper places, and it is very different from that assigned to them in these pages.

There are many who will be astonished to meet with such sentiments from the author of *Ministering Children*, but we are not so much surprised. Though not set forth in so objectionable or prominent a form, we believe that the germs of the same views are contained in that work. Despite its vast popularity, we have always called in question the principle on which it is based. Children piously and carefully trained will, we doubt not, *spontaneously* minister to the good of others; but their ministry will be, in our estimation, seriously injured as soon as by such stories *they are rendered conscious of its exercise*. Nothing can be more beautiful than the guileless, unsuspecting testimony which children, taught to love the Saviour, often bear to His truth; nothing can be less suited to their position or their own growth in grace than to be constantly possessed of the notion that they are to be conferring benefits on others. Children soon acquire self-importance. They ought to be taught humility. Their place is to listen and obey, to think little of themselves, to be in submission. If *Christian* children are not so instructed, where shall we look for examples? This true relation both these books invert. In *The Ministry of Life* it is the juniors that uniformly instruct their elders. To act uncontrolled is the best form of their education, as there inculcated,—to teach others, the first duty of their lives.

It is not a pleasant office to speak so sternly as we have been doing; but we have no alternative. With all the knowledge of the popularity which her former book has enjoyed, with the full responsibility of writing what was sure to be read by thousands, with some acquaintance with the false theories of religion so prevalent around us, and with the full consciousness that her work would be identified with evangelical teaching, the author has pandered to the prevailing taste for feeling instead of faith, has spoken most vaguely where distinctness and discrimination were peculiarly required, and has given full reins to a fancy

that on such subjects needs the most careful restraint. The circumstances of the times demand far different guides.

*'Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.'*

As ourselves firmly holding what is termed evangelical truth, we desire to protest most energetically against its identification with such a story as *The Ministry of Life*.

- ART. VI.—1. *Arithmetic*. By the REV. G. PEACOCK, D.D., Dean of Ely. Griffin and Co.
2. *Arithmetical Books from the Invention of Printing to the present Time*. By AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. Walton and Maberly.
3. *Elémens d'Arithmétique*. Par M. BOURDON. Brussels.
4. *Arithmetic and Algebra, in their Principles and Application*. By BARNARD SMITH, M.A. Macmillan.
5. *The Science of Arithmetic, a systematic Course of Numerical Reasoning and Computation*. By J. CORNWELL, Ph.D., and J. G. FITCH, M.A. Simpkin.
6. *Arithmetic for Beginners*. By the same Authors. Simpkin.
7. *Arithmetic*. By J. W. COLENZO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. Longmans.

ONE of the oldest questions in the history of human thought is that which concerns the relative value of speculative and practical knowledge. The inquiry even in Plato's day was not a new one, whether knowledge should be sought for itself, or for the sake of the advantages and conveniences which it might secure. The distinction between art and science is a fundamental one, and furnishes a key not only to a broad classification of the world's intellectual resources, but also to a deeper distinction in the characters of men, their aims and hidden motives. 'The object of art,' says Dr. Whewell, 'is work; the object of science is knowledge. In art, knowledge is only a means to an end; in science, it is the end itself.' Mr. Buckle, in a recent lecture, points out with great justice a further distinction: 'The faculty of art is to change events; the faculty of science is to foresee them. The phenomena with which we deal are controlled by art; they are predicted by science. The more complete a science is, the greater its power of prediction; the more complete an art is, the greater its power of control.'

And this distinction is not only a clear one as to the *results* of human investigation; it is equally manifest if we examine the motives which influence men in the pursuit of such investigations. To every man who seeks to acquire new knowledge at all, there is present, with more or less of distinctness, the question: 'Is this inquiry useful in itself, or useful only for what it may lead to? Do I pursue it in order that I may *do* something with it, or in order simply that I may *know* it?' The reply to this question is an indication of the moral tendencies of the man, no less than of his mental conformation. In one form or other the question recurs constantly; and since every branch of human knowledge has both a speculative and a practical aspect, the character of an age admits of being determined in some measure by the view popularly taken of the relative value of these two aspects.

In the *agora* of Athens, no less than in the neighbouring groves of Academus, there was once to be seen a community to whom the solution of intricate problems, in morals or politics, was both a business and a pastime. The mere mental exertion demanded by such problems, was regarded as in itself an end worth attainment, without reference to any results whatever. Among our own contemporaries, however, *cui bono* is ever the ruling question; the very word 'science' is popularly employed to signify those physical and experimental researches which are ancillary to the production of wealth; and the value of all speculative inquiry is measured by the practical results which may be expected to flow from it. We do not assert that the countrymen of Faraday and Owen have less ardour in the pursuit of truth than those of Socrates and Protagoras; but only that they are influenced in that pursuit more by a desire for the attainment of some secondary result, and less by a sense of the value and nobleness of knowledge *per se*. For example, it is certain that a Greek sophist would have taught his pupil to regard grammar as a science which investigated the origin of words, and the laws of language. It is equally certain that a modern schoolmaster defines grammar as the 'art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety.' But the relation between principles of language on the one hand, and rules of speech on the other, has its analogies in every department of human activity. There is the same relation between the theory of logic and the art of dialectics; between the truths of economic science and rules of commerce; between scientific ethics and the maxims of jurisprudence; between the doctrines of geometry and the practice of mensuration; between the science of number and the art of computing. And it may very safely

be predicated that, in each of these cases, if the alternative had been fairly presented, the Greeks would have regarded the former with more favour, while the practical English mind would be disposed to look upon the latter as of greater importance.

It is a trite thing to say, that we may err in both these directions; and that in this matter the path of true wisdom lies midway between the two extremes. For while exclusive devotion to the practical ends of knowledge leads men to empiricism, and to a neglect of their higher faculties, mere speculation which does not end in action, or at least aim at it, is a dreamy and unprofitable thing, more likely to generate selfishness than benevolence, and pedantry than wisdom. Yet it is worth remembering, that the tendency which attaches primary importance to the acquirement of truth is a nobler one than its opposite. It is a good thing that science can add to the pleasures and conveniences of men, that it can teach how to economize human labour, and to prolong human life; but it is a better thing that it can minister to the development of the intellect, and to the elevation and purity of a moral being. Not until we have fully recognised the truth that man is great and dignified, rather by what he *is*, than by what he possesses, or even by what he achieves, shall we ever fully perceive the true relation of theory to practice, and of science to art. The *theorist*, notwithstanding the disfavour into which the word has fallen, is, after all, the true seer, the prophet and interpreter of Nature: the practical man is only her servant and mechanic. The office of the artist is to produce a work of utility or of luxury; but that of the man of science is to discover truth. By the knowledge of the facts of nature and of history, and by the power to apply that knowledge to the attainment of useful ends, mankind is undoubtedly benefitted and enriched; but, by an insight into the laws which underlie and explain the phenomena of nature, and by the power to perceive events in their true relations, their causes and their consequences, he is ennobled in a far higher degree. The real friend to human progress, therefore, must ever desire to see the love for abstract truth keeping pace with the knowledge of material facts and results: he will feel that, on the whole, the dangers which lurk in the speculative and inquiring spirit are not comparable to those which reside in a contented slavery to empirical rules; and he will seek, above all, to infuse intelligence and life into those departments of education which have been most abandoned to the control of authority and routine.

It would be difficult to point to a more curious illustration

of these remarks than is presented by the history of arithmetical science. In all ages, and among all nations, numbers have been objects of interest and inquiry, as well as instruments of daily convenience; yet the views currently entertained of the function of Arithmetic have undergone many vicissitudes. It has been at one time considered as the mistress and parent of all sciences; and at another, as their humble drudge. It has held a high place in the Quadrivium of the Middle Ages, with rhetoric, music, and astronomy; and it has taken its place with reading and writing as one of the 'three R's' of the village school. It has been supposed by some philosophers to carry mystical and occult truths in its bosom, such as none but the initiated could discover; it has been considered, by others as itself the key to all transcendental knowledge. The art of divination has been practised by it; the riddle of human life has been unravelled by its formulæ. Cunning and curious men have found puzzles in it; thinking men have found an admirable logical discipline in the study of its principles; business men have turned it to profitable account in the market and the exchange; and all persons, even the youngest and the humblest, know something of its elementary truths, and are compelled to employ them hourly in the experience of life.

If we ask ourselves why it is that notions respecting number are so widely diffused, and the science of Arithmetic, in some form or other, so universally known, the answer is not, at first sight, apparent. Locke, Leibnitz, Kant, and, in fact, all the metaphysicians, furnish answers to the question; and no two of their answers are exactly alike. Each undertakes *more suo* to account for the genesis of numerical conceptions in the human mind, and to explain the wonderful uniformity in the nature of those conceptions. But if, instead of attempting to reconcile the theories of rival philosophers, we will look into our own minds for the solution of the problem, it will not be difficult to find. We all obtain by sensation, or otherwise, many notions and manifold experiences; we become acquainted with the existence of many things around us and within us. But there are certain first principles of knowledge, without which all experience of such things would be impossible. The notions of extension and of duration cannot be traced to experience. The knowledge that space and time exist, and that whatever else has any existence is subject to the conditions of space and time, is antecedent even to the simplest fact of our experience. We may, by an effort of imagination, conceive the annihilation of the whole visible universe; we may conceive that every fact of which we were ever aware might have occurred otherwise than it did; yet

we cannot conceive the non-existence of space and time. The notion of infinite space, enduring through never-ending time, still clings to our minds; we cannot divest ourselves of it. There is this one circumstance, therefore, which distinguishes our elementary conceptions of extension and duration from all other conceptions which we possess,—that they are hardly to be regarded as knowledge, but as *à priori* conceptions necessary to all knowledge. Time and space are the subjective conditions under which all our intuitions take place. Without them sensation and reflection are alike inconceivable and impossible. It is an obvious inference from these facts, that if there be any elementary truths closely connected with these primary conceptions, those truths will have a deeper basis in the human consciousness than any other. Such truths, it might be predicted, will be less liable to controversy and to difference of opinion than any other. Accordingly, the elementary properties of space, which form the basis of geometric science, are obvious to the meanest human mind, the moment that they are enunciated. To the statement that ‘two straight lines cannot enclose a space,’ no counterstatement is, or can ever be, possible. The evidence of this, and of kindred axioms, lies deeper than any observation or experience. It does not depend in any way upon the fact, that we have seen or handled representations of straight lines. It is, and ever must remain, beyond the reach of all argument and dispute, simply because the elementary conceptions of the existence of space, and of its most obvious properties, are part of the common platform on which the mental experience of every human being is based.

And it is obvious that all conceptions of change, of motion, and of succession, have their origin, in like manner, in our primitive conceptions of *time*. It is only through the internal and *à priori* representation of time, that the possibility of change becomes comprehensible to us. But ideas of change, of repetition, and succession, are, in fact, ideas of number. We cannot conceive of any event or phenomenon being repeated in time, without having before us the conception of the number two; and, difficult as it is to examine the origin of notions which are co-existent with the exercise of our natural faculties, we cannot doubt that, ultimately, there is a close connexion between the idea of time, and the earliest notions of number. Nevertheless, those notions first assume a definite shape when the senses disclose to us actual instances of resemblance between objects and of their multitude. A child's notions of number are all concrete; he thinks of things, not abstractions: he first has a vague perception of more and less; and, as soon

as the question arises, 'How much more or less?' the necessity for arithmetical language becomes apparent. Soon he begins to perceive that, though there is no resemblance between four marbles and four books, yet in one respect the two concrete ideas are alike, and that element is expressed by the word 'four.' Whatever may be predicated of the word when applied to marbles, he sees to be equally true of it in its application to books or any other objects. Thus arises the abstract conception of number. He is able, mentally, to dissociate the names of numbers from the things which they represent, and to look upon them as separate entities. He perceives that every proposition concerning numbers has a universal application, and is founded on laws which admit of no possible question or doubt. In other departments of knowledge, he finds statements requiring correction, doubts needing to be cleared up, probabilities of greater or less degrees. But here is a region of certainty. No human being can question the truth of the two fundamental axioms on which all arithmetic rests, that 'equals added together make equal sums;' and that 'things which are equal to the same thing, are equal to each other.' Nor can any doubt be entertained as to the validity of each statement, and the practical soundness of every rule which is logically deducible from these axioms. Arithmetic is thus the earliest, as it is the most perfect, type of a deductive science with which any one of us becomes familiar. It gives us incontrovertible laws of resemblance, of identity, and of difference, which are yet wholly independent of causation. These laws, though co-extensive with all nature, and applicable to all possible experience, are yet capable of being demonstrated as purely abstract truths, and without reference to experience. Arithmetic is, therefore, at once the purest of sciences, and the most practical of arts.

These considerations will account for the universal interest attaching to the theory of numbers, although they do not wholly explain the curious diversity existing at different ages in men's notions regarding them. For example, no *à priori* considerations would lead us to suppose that the properties of numbers furnish any key to the interpretation of moral and spiritual truth. Yet, from the earliest ages, there have occasionally arisen men who have studied arithmetic solely with this view. We do not often agree with the late author of the *Philosophie Positive*; but when he states that the history of all science shows that it has passed through several phases, and that in one of these a superstitious mode of interpretation is adopted instead of a scientific one, he only enunciates an unquestionable fact. Man has been defined as a 'creature with a great deal of curiosity

and very bad eyes;’ and there is something very touching, as well as remarkable, in the many devices by which he has sought to improve his eyesight, and to peer into the invisible. At one time he has sought to explain the mysteries of human life by the study of the stars, at another by recourse to oracles; sometimes by various forms of divination, and sometimes even by investigating and manipulating numbers. Thus the disciples of Pythagoras were taught to regard numbers as the essence and principle of all existence, and to attribute a real and actual being to them. To this philosopher numbers appeared to be the elements out of which the universe was fashioned. He looked around him and considered that the seasons, the phenomena of nature, as well as the institutions and religious observances of his countrymen, embodied numerical relations, and seemed to be essentially connected with them. That there were two sexes, and four seasons, and five planets, appeared to him something more than an accident; numbers seemed to furnish a key to the true basis of the facts. He advanced even beyond this point, and sought to explain the nature of numbers themselves. Thus the unit was the formal and material basis of all things, and identical with the Supreme Ruler of the world. The distinction between even and odd had a mystical significance.

‘*Numero Deus impari gaudet.*’

The triad, being the first number with a beginning, middle, and end, and, moreover, the simplest combination of even and odd, was supposed to have a peculiar importance.* The generation of multiplicity from unity was a process of breathing; the whole vital process of the world consisted in the inhalation of the *ἄπειρον πνεῦμα*, or infinite atmosphere of the universe, by a monad which thus partook of the character of infinity, and became capable of developing itself into a multiplicity of numbers or things. So, to the creating Deity, number was the canon, the efficient reason, and the undeviating balance of the composition and generation of all things.

The Greek sages never wholly divested themselves of the notion that there is something mysteriously interwoven with

* Professor Ferrier claims the Pythagorean law of numbers as equivalent to the fundamental axiom of his own philosophy, and as a foreshadowing, if not a direct statement, of the truth, that ‘whatever is to be known can be made *one* only by being referred to oneself;’ and that the objective recognition of unity and plurality is only possible by their being reduced to the unity of self. Intelligence alone makes unity possible. You cannot have a monad unless you combine the thinking subject with the object or thing thought about. Intelligence may be considered, arithmetically, as a surd or irrational quantity, without something of which it is intelligent; and this something is itself a surd, without the intelligence which apprehends it.

the life of man in the relations of numbers and sounds. It may well be doubted whether any profound thinker in any age has been entirely free from a suspicion, that there is more in these relations than was apparent either to the scientific or to the practical man. Hence, although the subtle and unintelligible theories of Pythagoras were not accepted by succeeding philosophers, glimpses of them constantly re-appear in the history of ancient learning. Even Plato attaches to music and arithmetic a moral value which cannot be explained by any practical or even intellectual uses which they possess. His dialogues abound in references to the mystic properties of numbers, and their powers and perfections. For example, any number which is made up of the sum of all its factors, (*e. g.*, $6=3+2+1=3\times 2\times 1$.) is called a perfect number, and is regarded as an image or symbol of virtue; while numbers which are either defective or superabundant represent vices. The famous passage in the eighth book of the *Republic*, descriptive of the geometric or fatal number, has excited the curiosity of all succeeding commentators, but still remains a hopeless puzzle. In a speculation respecting governments, which occurs in the ninth book of the same dialogue, the Royal character is made analogous to unity; the Oligarchic, to the number 3; and the Tyrannic, to the number 9. The moral relations between the true king and the tyrant are afterwards deduced from these numbers by a process with which we need not trouble our readers; but which, at least, goes far to invalidate the *dictum* of Mr. Maurice, who asserts, that 'while Plato gave Arithmetic its due honour as an instrument for cultivating in man the feeling of his own position and relations, he does not, like Pythagoras, deduce that position and those relations from any series of numbers.'

Among the disciples both of Plato and Pythagoras, arithmetical theories of the wildest and most absurd character were often broached, by the help of which the deeper questions in theology and metaphysics were supposed to be illustrated at least, if not explained. Nicomachus, and a host of others, developed the theory of the great philosopher of Magna Græcia into new forms. But Boethius, the last of the Roman classic writers, may be said with truth to have been the link of communication by which the profound and mystical fancies of the old world were transmitted to the schoolmen of the Christian ages. His treatise on Arithmetic was the classical book of the mediæval students. It gives the simple properties of numbers, with elaborate classification, and much more ample nomenclature than we should regard as at all necessary. It also gives, with a needless redundancy, the common rules for the more familiar

processes. But it is, perhaps, chiefly interesting on account of the extravagant claims which it puts forth for the doctrine of multitude, and for the science of numbers generally. 'Arithmetic,' he says, 'stands in a sort of maternal relation to all other sciences, because God, the Founder of this earthly fabric, had it with Him originally as the exemplar of His own design, and framed according to it all things whatsoever, which, His reason comprehending these, found their harmony in the numbers of a determined order.' To Boethius, no less than to the Greek philosophers, the forms under which knowledge presented itself appeared more important than the substance or knowledge itself; and in the remainder of his great treatise we find clearly set forth the quadrivium of the schoolmen, and the principles by which logic, geometry, astronomy, and music long after retained their supremacy in the estimation of scholars.

Dr. Peacock* enumerates, chiefly from the *Numerorum Mysteria* of one Peter Bungus, published in 1618, some very curious illustrations of the passion for discovering the mystical properties of numbers, which had survived among Christian writers. Every passage in the Bible, in which numbers are referred to, is carefully quoted by this industrious author; and the whole are supposed to embody a complete system of Christian theology. The number eleven, being the first that transgresses the Decad, denotes the wicked who transgress the Decalogue; while twelve, the number of the apostles, is the proper symbol of the good and just. Three and seven were in special favour: 'For,' says a learned monk, 'there are three principal sins,—avarice, luxury, and pride; three sorts of satisfaction for sin,—fasting, almsgiving, and prayer; three persons offended by sin,—God, the sinner, and his neighbour; three witnesses in heaven,—*Pater, Verbum, et Spiritus Sanctus*; three degrees of penitence, three sacred orders in the Church, three Furies, three Fates, three theological virtues, three enemies of the soul, three terms in a continued proportion, three ways in which we may commit sin,—*corde, ore, opere*; and, in short, all things are founded in three, that is, in number, height, and measure.' This example will suffice, and the incongruity and absurdity of the triads thus

* While we write, we learn that this eminent man is no longer among us. The late Dean of Ely was, in his own person, a remarkable illustration of the value of mathematical discipline. It is pleasant to record here the name of one whose early fame as a mathematician was only obscured by his reputation as an active and zealous clergyman; and whose love for abstract science did not prevent him from being the most energetic of church restorers, the most earnest promoter of the social amelioration of the poor, and the most faithful and amiable of friends.

grouped together will at least release us from the necessity of giving examples of septenary combinations; or of the strange controversial uses to which the famous number 666, the apocalyptic symbol of Antichrist, has given rise.

It will be a pleasanter and more profitable task to inquire into the origin and structure of the various systems of notation which have prevailed at different times and in different countries, and to glance rapidly at the steps by which arithmetical science has reached its present condition.

Let us conceive a people beginning *de novo* to construct a system of numeration. At first a name would be given to the unit, and to each of the earlier numbers; but it would soon be discovered that the number of possible combinations of unity was unlimited, while language needed limitation. The fundamental truth of Arithmetic then comes into use,—that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts. On this simple basis all systems of numeration are established; and as soon as it is perceived, it becomes necessary to devise a method of representing all larger numbers by naming the parts of which they are composed. To do this, only two things are required: first, to fix on a number which shall form the base of the entire system, and of which large numbers shall be compounded; and, secondly, to contrive a method by which the various collections of this number shall be distinguished and arranged in the mind. In regard to both of these *desiderata*, we shall have occasion to notice some important differences in the practice of different nations.

The simplest and most obvious combination of units is the binary, or the number two. Our words 'pair, couple, brace,' &c., testify to the natural tendency to make this number a standard. Nevertheless, scarcely any example of a purely binary system of numeration can be found. There is a dim tradition of such a system among the Malays, who are said to have no native terms for numbers beyond two. Students of Chinese archæology have also discovered, in the *Cova*, or suspended symbols of Fohi, the founder of the empire, evidences of a system of computation based on the number eight, the third power of two. Leibnitz took the pains not only to demonstrate the possibility of a binary system, but also to recommend its adoption, on the ground that by it all practical operations would be greatly simplified. There can be no doubt of the theoretical practicability of a system which should express all numbers, however high, by the use of a single significant figure. Assume the principle of local values, and it is evident that numbers might easily be expressed as follows:—

1 = 1	5 = 101	9 = 1,001	13 = 1,101
2 = 10	6 = 110	10 = 1,010	14 = 1,110
3 = 11	7 = 111	11 = 1,011	15 = 1,111
4 = 100	8 = 1,000	12 = 1,100	16 = 10,000

There is no necessary limit to this process, as it will be seen that the law of progression is as constant as in our own system, and that any number, however large, is capable of being thus expressed. But the inconvenience of employing so many figures, and so complex an enumeration of the powers of two, in the case even of small numbers, is too considerable to admit of any very general adoption of a binary system.

The number *five* has been somewhat more in favour; for the very obvious reason, that it is suggested by the fingers of the hand, which are, in the experience we suppose of every human being, the primitive instruments of counting. Accordingly, Aristotle tells us of a people in Africa, who counted by fives: among Greenlanders and Esquimaux also, methods of numeration have been found which included five words only, and combined these to express all higher numbers. The real origin of such a system is illustrated in the case of the people of Kam-schatka, who are reported to reckon at first with one hand, to express ten with both hands clasped together, to count with the toes up to twenty, and then to be quite confounded, and to cry, '*Matcha?*' 'Where can I get more?' The fundamental disadvantage of a quinary system is chiefly apparent in the descending progression. Five is a prime number, and cannot therefore be easily divided except into fifths. Hence, it is a most unsatisfactory basis for numeration, and has been abandoned, in more cases than one, in favour of ten. A well-known passage in the *Odyssey* in which Calypso refers to the number of seals which formed the marine flock of Proteus, seems to indicate that the numeration of the Homeric ages was quinary, or founded on the number five.

Φώκας μὲν τοι πρῶτον ἀριθμήσει καὶ ἔπεισιν
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν πάσας πεμπάζσεται ἡδὲ ἰδηται,
 Λέξεται ἐν μέσσοισι, νομὲνς ὧς πάεσι μῆλων.*

Here the verb *πεμπαζεσθαι*, or 'to reckon by fives,' is used in a general, not a particular, sense. The inference which is obviously deducible from the use of this word is strengthened

* Cowper's translation here is more faithful than elegant:—

His herd
 Of phœbe numbering first, he will pass through,
 And sum them all by fives, then lying down
 Will sleep, as sleeps the shepherd with his flock.'

by a glance at the earliest known method of notation among the Greeks. The first four numbers were respectively expressed by I, II, III, and IIII; but 5 was represented by Π , the initial of the word $\piεντε$, 6 by Π with a stroke 1 within it; 7 by Π with two strokes; and so on until 10, which was represented by Δ , the first letter of $\Deltaεκα$. By placing the Δ underneath the Π , the number 50 was represented. In like manner, as H , or the first letter of $Ηεκατον$, as spelt on old inscriptions, stood for 100, X for $χιλια$, or 1,000, and M for $μυριας$, or 10,000, it became possible to express a great variety of numbers by this system. It was long in use among the Greeks for monumental and other inscriptions, after it had been superseded in general use by a more purely decimal method.

The almost universal prevalence of decimal methods of reckoning is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of Arithmetic. Even to Aristotle the fact appeared inexplicable, except on the hypothesis that the number ten had its foundation in nature, and was specially suited to be the basis of universal Arithmetic. Yet, if we decline to regard as of any value the fancies of the Greek scholars as to the abstract properties and powers of numbers, we shall be at a loss to discover any especial appropriateness, *à priori*, in the selection of ten as a basis. It is not so convenient a number for descending progression as 12 or 8. For to the untaught student the only division which seems at once natural and intelligible is that into halves, quarters, and eighths. The habit of dividing by ten and five is only to be acquired as the result of education, and decimal fractions are to this hour a stumbling-block to all who have not been well trained in their use. We have, it is true, accustomed ourselves from childhood to use the number ten as the universal instrument of multiplication, and to group all numbers in our minds as collections of tens, tens of tens, &c. But the simple fact, that we have not been so accustomed to use ten as the instrument of division, and that tenths, hundredths, and thousandths are not the fractions which occur so readily to the mind as halves and quarters, will suffice to prove that the use of the number ten is wholly arbitrary and artificial, having no necessary basis whatever in the laws of human thought. The truth is, that men count with their fingers in the earlier and ruder stages of the art; and they thus come to use the number of their fingers as the basis of those elementary rules in which numbers have to be *repeated*. But the inverse operation of dividing the units into parts belongs to a later and less elementary stage of the art, and it is remarkable that here the aid of the fingers is never called in. If the number *ten* had any special

perfection which entitled it to form the root of all our numerical conceptions, we should find it just as natural to use it when thinking of fractions as when dealing with integers.

A very complete decimal system of notation has existed for centuries among the Chinese. It is as follows:—

1. Yih.	5. Ngoo.	9. Kyeu.
2. Irr.	6. Lyeu.	10. Shih.
3. San.	7. Ts'hih.	100. Pih.
4. Sè.	8. Päh.	1,000. Ts'hyen.

The words *Wàn*, *Eè*, *Chàò*, *King*, and *Kyai* represent respectively the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th powers of 10. These seventeen words suffice to express all possible combinations of unity; and the character representing each is formed of certain simple elements, among which that which stands for 10 occurs most frequently. Except that the system contains no cipher, and that consequently the values of all the superior units must be expressed by a modification of symbols rather than by their position, this system is as perfect as our own. It boasts of an antiquity of at least 3,000 years, and entitles the Chinese to the credit of having at one time at least in their history possessed the most perfect numerical system in the world. By means of it the practical arithmetic of the Chinese has become famous throughout the East; and as decimal methods of computing and dividing weights and measures and coinage are in use throughout the whole of their vast empire, it is probable that arithmetic is on the whole a less formidable branch of education in China than among ourselves.

Some of the oldest religious traditions of Buddhism have long familiarized the Chinese with the extension of the decimal scale to numbers almost inconceivably great. Sir John Bowring has translated from the *Ceylon Almanack* for 1832 a description of that extraordinary system, and a curious illustration of its extravagancies. Let us first imagine the number 100 raised to its 22nd power, and called an *asanka*, and then try to realize the duration described in the following passage:—

‘If a mortal man would attain the omniscience and other attributes of divinity, let him for a million of *asankas* of *calpas* persevere in holy aspirations after deification; let him then continue to give expression to such aspirations during the existence of 387,000 successive Buddhas, who have each undergone the same probation; and then in the course of 400,000 *asankas* of *calpas* obtain admission to the presence of 24 Buddhas, and receive from each an assurance that at some future time he shall be exalted to the rank of a Buddha godhead.

‘To form a notion of the duration of a *calpa*, imagine a cube of

solid rock whose squares are 4 *goros* * each, and that a person endued with the power of soaring in the air should once in a thousand years pass over it, allowing the hem of his garment to trail on the rock; the rock might in consequence of such slight attrition become dwindled to the size of a mustard seed, but the years of a *calpa* will not have expired.'

The Hebrews employed the first nine letters of the alphabet to stand for the numbers from 1 to 9; the next nine letters to stand for 10, 20, 30, &c., up to 90; and the remaining letters with other characters, for 100, 200, 300, &c., as far as 900. By combinations of these letters, therefore, any number up to 999 could easily be expressed. The very simple device of placing two points over the aleph א enabled them to express 1,000; and as this character could be placed before any one of the others, it became possible to write any number up to 999,000.

א	ב	ג	ד	ה	ו	ז	ח	ט
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
י	כ	ל	מ	נ	ס	ע	פ	צ
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90—and so on.

There is no evidence, however, that the Hebrews carried their numerical system much beyond the necessities of actual business. In the Bible numerous passages occur which testify to the predominance of the decimal system among the Jews, of which it will suffice to remind our readers of the most striking:—

'Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, and place such over them to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens.'—Exodus xviii. 21.

'We will take ten men of an hundred throughout all the tribes of Israel, and an hundred of a thousand, and a thousand out of ten thousand, to fetch victual for the people.'—Judges xx. 10.

'Five of you shall chase a hundred, and a hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight, and your enemies shall fall before you.'—Leviticus xxvi. 8.

Similar allusions to decimal modes of reckoning may be found in Psalm xci. 7; in Ecclesiasticus xli. 4; and in 1 Maccabees iii. 55.

The method of numeration in use among the Greeks bore a close resemblance to that which we have just described, and only differs from it in the extent to which it was carried. To the twenty-four Greek letters with which we are familiar, three others were added, which were probably relics of an ancient alphabet, and were retained in the numerical system. That for 6 is the well-known ς, or *sigma-tau*; those for 90 and 900 are

* A *goro* is an immense surface, the area of which cannot be definitely stated.

less familiar. Provision is thus made for expressing any number up to 999, as will be seen from the following table:—

α	β	γ	δ	ϵ	ς	ζ	η	θ
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
ι	κ	λ	μ	ν	ξ	\omicron	π	ι
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90
ρ	σ	τ	υ	ϕ	χ	ψ	ω	ϑ
100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900

By placing a stroke after any one of the first series, the number is multiplied by 1,000, thus:—

α'	β'	γ'	δ'	ϵ'	ς'	ξ'	η'	θ'
1,000	2,000	3,000	4,000	5,000	6,000	7,000	8,000	9,000

In this way numeration up to 9,999 is provided for; but, beyond this, it was easy to advance a step by the use of the symbol M or Mv, which, as the initial of *μυριάς*, stood for ten thousand. An example or two will illustrate the method more fully:—

$$\begin{aligned}\phi \mu \beta &= 500 + 40 + 2 = 542 \\ \delta, \kappa \eta &= 4,000 + 20 + 8 = 4,028 \\ \omega \nu \alpha M \nu &= 851 \times 10,000 = 8,510,000\end{aligned}$$

It will be observed that every letter in this system has an absolute value, and does not depend for its signification on the place in which it stands. For example, the number 542, first given, would be expressed with equal accuracy in the form $\mu \beta \phi$, or $40 + 2 + 500$, although it was the more usual practice, as with ourselves, to name the higher numbers first. The want of a cipher was the great defect of this system; but its range was sufficiently wide to admit of very extensive calculations. Its limit was the eighth power of 10, or one hundred millions; for the combination of the highest numbers in each of the four series with the initial Mv will, as it is evident, express the number 99,999,999. The inconvenience of this limitation was the less felt, because the principal units of value, weight, and measure among the Greeks were of considerable magnitude, and there was little practical need of a more extensive system of notation.

Archimedes, however, perceived that the decimal system admitted of far greater expansion, and devised a plan for comprehending in its range all numbers, however great. In his *Ψαμμίτης* or *Arenarius*, he sets himself the problem of determining the number of grains of sand which would be needed to fill the whole sphere of the universe; and rightly deeming that this problem is insoluble by a numerical system which does not advance beyond the eighth power of ten, he assumes this number,

or one hundred millions, as the basis of a higher system; he then proposes to multiply this number by itself in order to obtain the second number of the series; and to proceed in like manner to the eighth period, or the 64th power of ten. By this number, which would be represented in our notation by the figure 1 followed by sixty-four ciphers, he declared that it would be possible to express the number of sands which would fill the *Kóσμος*, or the sphere whose centre is the earth, and whose radius is the distance of the sun. The length of this radius was, it is true, only computed at 3,000,000 stadia, or about 350,000 English miles; but the speculation is curious, partly as the first known example of an attempt to grapple with numbers apparently infinite, and partly because it dimly foreshadows the main truth on which logarithms are based. In the arrangement of the several powers of the radix, Archimedes perceived that by adding together the indices of those powers, the numbers themselves were in fact multiplied together; but no further use was made of this principle, either by himself or any one of his numerous commentators and disciples.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth books of Euclid's *Elements* are by no means so generally known as the earlier and later books on Geometry. But in this department of his work the great mathematician of Alexandria has sought to develop the main truths regarding the properties of numbers, with the same rigorous exactness that has made his Geometry so famous. Here may be found demonstrations of all those principles of numbers which are generally taken for granted in our modern books; the student is not even permitted to assume that six times seven is the same as seven times six. This and kindred truths are all deduced from axioms, or from the doctrine of proportion, as laid down in the fifth book. There is a slight confusion in Euclid's mind in regard to the respective provinces of Arithmetic and Geometry, which, though not sufficient to invalidate his reasonings, led him to the mischievous practice of talking of *plane, solid, square, and cube numbers*, and thus caused his pupils to mistake analogy for identity, in a case where it is especially important to keep ideas of number perfectly distinct from those of space. To this day some of Euclid's phraseology clings to Arithmetic, and the use of the words *square* and *cube* for the second and third powers of numbers continues to lead students to mistake the mode of demonstrating numerical truths, and the true relation between them and the analogous truths of Geometry. Nevertheless, the part of Euclid's great work which discusses the properties of number is a noble monument of the

mathematical science of his age, and a remarkable proof that among the later Greeks Arithmetic was at least as much valued as a mental discipline as for its practical uses. It shows that the Greeks were not wanting in the skill and insight and the fondness for numbers which are necessary in order to carry Arithmetic to a very considerable extent; and it leads us to believe that but for the incompleteness of their notation, and the tedious nature of their processes, the science would have been yet further developed among that people.

The arithmetical notation of the Romans never advanced beyond a stage corresponding to the earliest and rudest system adopted by the Greeks. No more curious proof can be given of the deep-seated incapacity for scientific inquiry which distinguished that stern and remorseless people, than the fact that they never adopted the improved method of Greek decimal notation, although they must constantly have been brought into collision with it. Our clock faces and the headings of the chapters in our books still present to our eyes the symbols of number which were in use among the Romans even down to the fall of the Empire, and which constitute perhaps the clumsiest system of notation ever in long-continued use among a great people. Many conjectures have been hazarded as to the origin of this singular method. By some an affinity has been traced between the Roman numerals and those which have been found on the monuments of Palmyra. In the Palmyrene inscriptions numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4, are expressed by I, II, III, and IIII, respectively; 5 by the character > resembling the letter V in an altered position; 6, 7, 8, and 9, by I > , II > , III > , and IIII > ; the number 10 by a modified form of the character for 5, and successive numbers up to 20 by combinations of these. A more plausible suggestion, which appeared we believe first in the work of Dean Peacock, and has subsequently been adopted by the best writers on the subject, accounts for the origin of the Roman characters in the following way.

The first nine numbers were originally represented by single strokes, as I, II, III, IIII, &c.; but, in counting, a transverse line was drawn over the nine strokes to express the number 10. The abbreviated symbol for 10 would thus become X. The half of this character is V, which thus became the symbol for 5. Again, because the first 10 was represented by two lines in different directions, the second power of 10, or 100, was indicated by three in this form E, a character which more usually took the form of C, and whose half is obviously the letter L. In like manner the third power of 10 required for its expression a character consisting of four lines, M, which, when

written in a curved form, assumed somewhat this appearance, CIO, and became the common symbol for a thousand. The half of this character is the letter D, which is well known to be the sign for 500. To this meagre array of symbols the Roman notation adds one contrivance, which, as far as we are aware, is peculiar to that system, and has no analogies in either the Phœnician or Palmyrene Arithmetic. It is that of reckoning by defect or subtraction: the principle being, that when a symbol for a small number stands to the left of a larger, the former is to be subtracted, not added. This principle was once applied more widely than at present, as will be evident from the following table, especially on reference to the double method of expressing the numbers 3 and 8 and their multiples.

1. I.	13. XIIV.	100.	C.
2. II.	14. XIII. XIV.	500.	D. IO.
3. III. IIV.	18. XVIII. XIIX.	600.	DC. IOC.
4. IIIL. IV.	19. XVIII. XIX.	1,000	M. CIO.
5. V.	20. XX.	2,000	MM. CIO. CIO.
6. VI.	30. XXX. XXL.	5,000	IOO.
7. VII.	40. XXXX. XL.	10,000	CCIOO.
8. VIII. IIX.	50. L.	50,000	IOOO.
9. VIIIL. IX.	80. LXXX. XXC.	100,000	CCCIIOO.
10. X.	90. LXXXX. XC.	1,000,000	CCCCIOOO.

We may reasonably doubt the hypothesis, ingenious as it is, by which, as we have shown, the letters C and M have been accounted for, when we consider that those letters are the initials of the words *Centum* and *Mille*. The remaining part of the theory may be accepted as at least a reasonable conjecture, if not a trustworthy explanation, of the probable origin of this system. It is manifest that all mathematical uses of arithmetical science are impossible with such a notation as this. Let us conceive the task of multiplying MDCCCXLIV. by CCCLXXXIII.; and it will at once become evident that the operation is only embarrassed by the characters, and that if the work is to be done at all, it must be by a mental effort, to which the figures can afford but little aid. The fact is, the Roman merchants kept servants expressly to make computations for them; and these doubtless acquired great dexterity in obtaining correct results by mental processes; but throughout the whole history of the Roman people there is no evidence that Arithmetic was ever studied as a science.

The one feature which distinguishes the Arabic numeration from all the systems which we have described, is the possession of a cipher, (*tsaphara*, 'void or empty,') and the determination of the

values of numbers by their local position. This gives the system an immense advantage over all others in regard both to facility of computation and power of expressing numbers of any magnitude. It becomes, therefore, important to inquire, To whom are we indebted for the invention of this simple method of numeration by nine digits and zero? And by what means was it introduced into England? Materials exist for a partial solution of these questions. All history and tradition point to the Hindoos as the first people who employed this method. Yet in the *Veja Ganita*, and other Sanscrit books which have been translated into English, it does not appear that the Hindoos can give a satisfactory account of its origin among themselves. The original invention of numbers is attributed to a beneficent Providence, just as among the Greeks the discovery of letters was popularly attributed to Hermes. The earliest known record of the use of Arabic numerals is in a royal grant of land, engraved on copper, and found among the ruins of Mongueer. Its date is twenty-three years before Christ. From India the system found its way to the Arabs, and was in general use among that people by the end of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century. Thence it was carried by them into Spain; and it was during the Moorish occupation of that country that it was introduced first into Italy, and afterwards into the other countries of Europe. There is a story, not well authenticated, which asserts that Pope Sylvester the Second, who visited Spain late in the tenth century, brought back with him into Italy the Arabic numerals, and introduced them among his own subjects. William of Malmesbury confirms this tradition, although apparently on no better evidence than a general opinion in favour of the pope's immense learning. It seems certain, however, that the inhabitants of Florence and other flourishing Italian cities were the first Europeans to employ the new notation in commerce, and Arabic numerals are found in Italian manuscripts of the earlier part of the thirteenth century. It was not until more than a century later that they were introduced into our country. In the *Dreme* of Chaucer, the passage,

‘And rekin with his fingers ten,
For by the *figures newe* all ken,’

seems to imply that in the fourteenth century the method of reckoning by *Algorism*, as it was popularly called, was scarcely acclimated among us. The inscriptions on tombs, and the dates of manuscripts, from this time until the end of the sixteenth century, often present a curious mixture of the old characters and the new, as M^o437 for 1437; while merchants appear only

to have employed the old Roman notation, and to have used the abacus or counting frame down to the reign of Edward VI.

Mr. De Morgan, in the very curious piece of bibliography whose title we have prefixed to this article, affirms that at the invention of printing two distinct systems of Arithmetic were current in this country,—the Algoristic system, which included such Algebra as was then known, and a systematic body of rules for working mercantile problems,—and the Boethian system, founded on the celebrated treatise of Boethius, which discussed the properties of numbers and their ratios, but which contained no application or rules. The practical English mind appears to have very early rejected this latter system; and while Boethian treatises were freely studied and circulated on the Continent, they fell into utter disrepute with us.

In Robert Recorde's *Arithmetick, or the Grounde of Artes*, dedicated to Edward VI., we have the first successful attempt to popularize the study of the Algorithmic science in England. It is written in the form of a dialogue; for, as the author quaintly says in his Preface, 'I judge that to be the easiest way of instruction, when the scholar may aske any doubts orderly, and the master may answer to his question plainly.' Accordingly, the book opens thus:—

'*Scholar.* Sir, such is your authority in mine estimation, that I am content to consent to your saying, and to receive it as truth, though I see none other reason that doth lead me thereunto: whereas else in mine owne conceite it appeareth but vaine to bestowe anie time privately on that which every childe may and doth learne at all times and hours.

'*Master.* Lo, this is the fashion and chance of all them that seeke to defend their blind ignorance, that when they think they have made strong reason for themselves, then have they proved quite the contrary.'

He goes on to vindicate his favourite study, and to show its importance; and the docile pupil, whose function it is throughout the work to exhibit constant wonder and delight at the revelation of each new rule, and only to suggest those difficulties and questions which the master is prepared to solve, soon expresses interest in the subject, and is conducted through the science in a spirit and temper which cannot be too much admired, if we may take the following fragment as an example:—

'*Scholar.* Truly, Sir, these excellent conclusions do wonderfully make me more and more in love with the art.

'*Master.* It is an art, that the further you travell, the more you thirst to goe on forward. Such a fountaine that the more you draw the more it springs: and to speake absolutely in a word, (excepting

the study of divinity, which is the salvation of our souls,) there is no study in the world comparable to this, for delight in wonderfull and godly exercise; for the skill hereof is well known immediately to have flowed from the wisdom of God into the hearts of man, whom he hath created the chiefe image and instrument of His praise and glorie.

'*S.* The desire of knowledge doth greatly incourage me to be studious herein, and therefore I pray you cease not to instruct me further in the use thereof.

'*M.* With a good will, and now therefore for the further use of these two latter, (multiplication and division,) the seat of reduction.'

In this way master and pupil proceed amicably together through integral and fractional Arithmetic; only pausing now and then to congratulate one another, and to offer devout thanksgivings to God for the beauty of the science, and for its marvellous uses. Recorde subsequently published an advanced treatise, entitled the '*Whetstone of Witte*, contaiping the extraction of roots, the Cossike practice, with the rule of equations, and the woorks of surd numbers.' This book contains an admirable summary, for the period, of the chief rules for the manipulation of algebraic quantities, although the author seems to know little of the use of equations in the solution of practical questions. The ingenuity with which the work comes to an abrupt conclusion, and the insatiable curiosity of the learner suddenly receives a check, may serve as a hint to future authors on this as well as other subjects.

'*Scholar.* Now I perceive that, in addition and subtraction of surdes, the last numbers that did result from that woорke were universall sortes.

'*Master.* You say truth. But harke! what meaneth that hasty knocking at the door?

'*S.* It is a messenger.

'*M.* What is the message? tel me in mine eare. Yea, Sir, is that the matter? Then is there no remedie, but that I must neglect all studies and teaching, for to withstande those dangers? My fortune is not so good as to have quiet time to teache.

'*S.* But my fortune and my fellowes is moche worse that your unquietness so hindereth our knowledge. I praie God amend it.

'*M.* I am enforced to make an ende of this matter: but yet I will promise you that which you shal chalenge of me when you see me at better leisure, that I will teach you the whole arte of universall rootes. But now farewell, and applie your study diligently in that you have learned.

'*S.* My harte is so oppressed by this sodaine unquietness, that I cannot express my grief; but I will praie with all them that love honest knowledge, that God of His mercie will soon ende your troubles, and grant you such rest as your travell doth merit. And all that love learning saie thereto, Amen.'

Robert Recorde's was the first of the long series of works

which have contributed to give its character to English commercial Arithmetic. 'From his time,' Mr. De Morgan says, 'we have always been conspicuous in numerical skill as applied to money; the questions of the English books are harder, involve more figures in the data, and are more skilfully solved.' In fact the readiness with which the discovery of logarithms, in the seventeenth century, was appreciated and welcomed, and the immediate use which was made of them, were in his opinion, the result of that superiority in calculation which was formed in the sixteenth.

The almost childish wonder and awe with which Recorde seems to have regarded numbers, long continued to characterize our school-books. Reflections as to the greatness and dignity of Arithmetic are constantly to be found variegating the path of learning for the schoolboys of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The mere exercise of human ingenuity in the solution of arithmetical puzzles appears to have been considered an important function of the art. Accordingly, an appendix of considerable dimensions is often given, containing arithmetical conundrums, though often dignified with other names. Thus, in Wingate's *Arithmetick* (1678) we have,—

'Fifteen Christians and 15 Turks being at sea in one and the same ship in a terrible storm, and the pilot declaring a necessity of casting the one half of those persons into the sea, that the rest might be saved, they all agreed that the persons to be cast away should be set out by lot after this manner, viz., the thirty persons should be placed in a round form like a ring, and then beginning to count at one of the passengers, and proceeding circularly, every 9th person should be cast into the sea until of the 30 there remained only 15. How may they be placed so that the lot shall infallibly fall upon the 15 Turks, and not upon any one of the Christians?'

It is to Stevinus or Simon Stevin, whose statue still adorns the market-place of Bruges, that decimal arithmetic owes the important invention which carries its progression below unity, and expresses decimal fractions without writing the denominator. At first, however, the form of expression was less simple than that now in use: e.g., the number 79·638 or $79\frac{638}{1000}$, was at first written $79 \mid 6' 3'' 8'''$: subsequently, it was perceived by Richard Witt, whose book was published in 1613, that the value of the fractions could be shown by position only, as well as that of integers, and the form $79 \mid 638$ was used by that author. Briggs adopted another notation, 79638; while Oughtred, 1631, employed a double method of separating the fractions from the whole numbers, and wrote $79 \mid 638$. Our present mode of indicating the place of unity by a point did not come into general use until the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The renowned Cocker, whose name has become proverbially identified with *Arithmetic*, has of late suffered one of the penalties of greatness; for, like Homer, he has been resolved by some of his modern critics into a mythic personage. Professor De Morgan gives it as his opinion that Cocker's *Arithmetic* is a forgery of Hawkins; and, indeed, it is not a little remarkable, that every edition of this famous work contains a laboured preface or advertisement from some other person, testifying to its genuineness. The edition before us purports to be 'by Edward Cocker, late Practitioner in the Arts of Writing, Arithmetic, and Engraving; being that so long promised to the World. Printed and published by John Hawkins, Writing Master, near St. George's Church in Southwarke. The Fifty-fifth Edition. 1758.' Its preface addresses 'you, the pretended numerists of this vapouring age, who are more disingenuously witty to propound amusing questions, than ingeniously judicious to resolve such as are necessary;' and adds, 'For you was this book composed and published, if you will deny yourselves so much as not to invert the streams of your ingenuity, but by studiously conferring with the Names, Orders, Progress, Species, Properties, Proprieties, Proportions, Powers, Affections, and Applications of Numbers delivered herein, become such Artists indeed as you now only seem to be.'

Notwithstanding this boast, Cocker's *Arithmetic* is by no means a demonstrative book, or one in which the subject is rationally or wisely treated. Its main object, and that of its successors down to our own time, seems to have been to make good and skilful computers. Vyse, Dilworth, Walkinghame, Hutton, and Bonnycastle, all resemble their venerable prototype in this respect. In their view *Arithmetic* is but an art designed to cultivate mechanical ingenuity, or to subserve commercial ends. Every rule is stated empirically, and the only explanations which are afforded relate to the mode of working, never to the principle or theory of the rule. Goldsmith's schoolmaster, of whom it was said,—

'Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge,'—

was a good type of the almost extinct species of pedagogue whose notions of *Arithmetic* were founded on Vyse and Walkinghame, and confined to what is popularly called 'ciphering,' or 'doing sums.'

Within the present generation, a very remarkable improvement has taken place in the character of school-books on this subject. On the Continent the work of Bourdon was the herald of a more comprehensive method. In our own country Professor

De Morgan's *Elements of Arithmetic* was first published in 1830, and may be regarded as the first modern attempt to show the importance of reason and demonstration in teaching numbers, even to young learners. In this very able and useful book the whole theory of the common rules is clearly examined and conclusively demonstrated. We believe it has been of the highest value in leading teachers, who had hitherto been satisfied with the routine of the old school-books, to adopt more intelligent methods, and to give their pupils principles as well as rules. We cannot doubt, also, that the author's personal influence and high reputation have had a great share in producing a wholesome revolution in both the opinions and the practice of teachers on this point. His work may, in fact, be fairly regarded as the precursor of the many modern books on Arithmetic in which practical rules are referred to scientific principles, and of which we have placed the titles of the most remarkable at the head of this article. The book, however, is suited rather for teachers than for learners. It is cast into the form of a long unbroken treatise, rather than in that of a school-book. It contains but few examples, and those not of a very practical kind. Moreover, it combines the two apparently opposite demerits of a conversational and redundant style, and a needless accumulation of technical language and formulæ. Yet its familiarity of tone does not suffice to make it attractive to a young student, nor does its array of algebraic symbols answer the end of giving it the necessary scientific conciseness and precision. What is most needed in a work of this kind, is a clear, condensed statement, in words adapted to be learnt by heart, of the main axioms of the science; plain examples or illustrations of their truth; and such subsidiary explanation as is necessary to show their application to practice. But in Mr. De Morgan's work the important and the unimportant facts are not easily distinguishable; and the few fundamental truths on which all the operations of Arithmetic depend, and which ought to be prominently set forth, are only discoverable in the midst of a needless multitude of words. This fault has greatly diminished the value of a work which has, nevertheless, played a most important part in the history of modern education, and done much to popularize the name of its author.

In all the best of the modern books on this subject, we are glad to find a recognition, more or less, of the necessity for demonstration, and an avoidance of mere empirical rules and unexplained routine. At the same time, the practical and commercial character of Arithmetic, as an art of computation, is generally kept in view to a far greater extent than in Mr. De Morgan's work. It is true, some of the rules contained in

Walkinghame and Vyse, such as Alligation, Equation of Payments, and the Rule of False, are omitted from the works we have named at the head of this article, and are very properly relegated to Algebra by the authors; but a far greater number and variety of exercises in computing occur in most of the modern books than in their predecessors. The mechanical ingenuity of the student in working sums is quite as fully tested as before, while the judgment is far more frequently appealed to. So far, a clear advance has been made.

English teachers have yet, however, much to learn in regard to the place which Arithmetic should hold in education, and the purposes which should be kept in mind in teaching it. The truth seems to be, that there are two objects, and only two, to be attained by the study of this subject,—a practical and a disciplinary one. Arithmetic is either useful to a boy as an art which will enable him to transact with facility and accuracy the business of after life; or as a science, in the investigation of which his mental powers will become enlarged and strengthened. Now a great deal of what passes for arithmetical teaching in our schools, serves neither of these two purposes. For example, the rule for the extraction of the cube root, stated and worked merely as a rule, appears to a child one of the most complex and intricate of puzzles. By dint of mere memory and fagging, he may, it is true, obtain the required result, and in the higher classes of ordinary schools this accomplishment is not a rare one. But what is the value of the answer when it has been thus secured? The whole process has been unintelligible to the boy. He has been conjuring with numbers, rather than working with them. The operation has been a discipline for his faith rather than for his reason. No appeal has been made to any higher faculties than memory and obedience. His mental habits, as far as they are influenced at all by the process, have been positively deteriorated; for the spirit of rational inquiry has been checked; mathematical principles have been assumed upon trust, and without examination; and rules have been ignorantly applied. And if it be true that no mental training of any value has been gained during the operation, it is equally true that very little advantage has been gained. For the higher rules of Arithmetic rarely come into operation in the business of life, and not one boy in a thousand who learns to extract the cube root of a number at school, will ever be called upon to employ the rule in his business or profession. It is difficult, therefore, to see why the mass of schoolmasters attach so much importance to the duty of carrying their pupils through a book of sums, and especially of hurrying onward to the advanced rules. A more barren, worthless, and pedantic accomplishment than the power of working

out the higher class of arithmetical problems by mechanical rules, it is scarcely possible to conceive. It contributes little to the pupil's available skill in business, less to the development of his reasoning faculties, and nothing whatever to his general culture, information, or refinement.

We desire to see on the part of those who have in their hands the instruction of our youth, a fuller recognition of the twofold value of the study of Arithmetic,—as a science and as an art; and we may fitly conclude this article by some practical observations on these two aspects of the subject.

The importance of mathematical study as part of any complete system of education has long been admitted. When Plato closed the doors of his school against the *ἀγεωμέτρητος*, or person unskilled in geometry, we all know that it was not because the speculations pursued by the philosopher had anything to do with lines and triangles. On the contrary, his pupils were called upon to pursue inquiries into the nature of man, his duties, and his destiny, and to discuss the highest ethical and social problems. But for the right investigation of these great topics Plato knew that a trained and prepared mind was needed, and hence he valued the discipline furnished by geometry. It was not, however, for the sake of geometrical truths themselves, nor for any of the results of mathematics, that he cared; but solely for the processes by which those results were to be reached. In the course of demonstrating any theorem in pure mathematics, the mind is carried on step by step from one truth to another, with a steadiness and security which can scarcely ever be attained in other reasonings. The fundamental *data* are indisputable; the subject-matter itself is one which, as we have shown, connects itself with our earliest intuitions. There is no room for the introduction of irrelevant matter, nor for the intrusion of any one of the numerous forms of fallacy which creep into other arguments. A rigorous adherence to the forms of logic is demanded of the student at every step; and the detection of a sophism, or of a *petitio principii*, is instant and certain. In mathematical study therefore the learner is trained to habits of accuracy; to a perception of the true relation between logical antecedent and consequent; to the use of scrupulously exact language, to fixed attention, and to continuity of thought. He perceives how necessary it is not to take even obvious truths for granted. He appreciates the true character of evidence. He learns to distrust hasty impressions and unverified assertions. He acquires the important habit of suspending judgment until the grounds of judgment are investigated.

There is little necessity to vindicate the truth of these principles, or to assert for Mathematics the title to a high place in systematic

education. The practice of all the universities and great schools of Europe is decisive on this point; and mathematical science, solely on the ground of its disciplinary value, as an exercise in practical logic, is included in all our schemes for the education of advanced students. But there is surely the same relative need for the infusion of a mathematical element into the instruction of our common schools. In training the mind of a boy who is to go into the world at fourteen, or earlier, the same general principles need to be kept in mind as in the education of the youth of twenty. If it be wise in the latter case to insist on disciplinary study as well as practical, to convey not only facts, but instruments by which the facts may be rightly used; it is no less so in the former case. It is not mere information which a child needs; but the intellectual training which will enable him to seek information for himself, and to make a good use of such knowledge as may come to him unsought. In the modern rage for facts about 'common things' for commercial schools, and for the teaching of industrial arts, the gymnastic or disciplinal part of education has been greatly neglected among us; not that its claims have been overlooked in the education of men, but that they have been systematically disregarded in the teaching of boys.

Arithmetic, if well taught in its *theory* as well as in its use, is of all studies best fitted to be the corrective of this defect. It should form the mathematics of the elementary school. Its claims stand on precisely the same grounds as the algebra and geometry of a university course. It is eminently fitted to do for boys what the study of the exact sciences does for men. It is the one department of a child's lessons in which he should be encouraged to take nothing on trust and on the authority of his teacher. It is the best available discipline which a school offers for bringing his understanding into exercise, and calling forth the logical faculty. But if it is to serve this purpose, it must be taught *as a science*, as a system of principles, not as a system of rules. The connexion between the rule and the *rationale* of numbers must be investigated and fully established. Even addition and subtraction illustrate simple general truths which are quite within the comprehension of a child, and which ought to be made clear to him when he is taught to employ the rule. Every sum admits of rational analysis, every figure forms a link in a chain of demonstration; every process is founded on a law or axiom. There can be no good reason why all this should not be pointed out to a young learner; or why he should ever be called upon to employ a rule he does not understand. A teacher has no right to demand implicit faith in an arbitrary rule of science. He dishonours the understanding of his pupil by so doing, however he may consult his own convenience.

Let us take a single example. In all the school-books of the last century, and many of the modern ones, the rule for division of vulgar fractions is thus stated: 'To divide by a fraction.—Invert the divisor, and proceed as in multiplication.' This rule nearly always stands as we have quoted it and without further explanation. The boy who reads it learns that he is to turn a fraction upside down, and thus transpose it from a divisor into a multiplier. Compare this statement of the rule with the following, from a modern work:—

'WE DIVIDE BY A FRACTION WHEN WE MULTIPLY BY ITS RECIPROCAL.

'DEMONSTRATIVE EXAMPLE. It is required to divide $\frac{2}{3}$ by $\frac{1}{11}$. Now (222) this is to find a number which if multiplied by $\frac{1}{11}$ will give $\frac{2}{3}$ as product. Therefore (213) $\frac{2}{3}$ of this unknown fraction must equal $\frac{2}{3}$. But by (224), if $\frac{2}{3} = \frac{2}{11} \times \frac{a}{b}$ of the required fraction, that fraction must equal $\frac{11}{3}$ of $\frac{2}{3}$. And $\frac{11}{3}$ of $\frac{2}{3}$ is the same as $\frac{11}{3} \times \frac{2}{3}$ or $\frac{22}{9}$.

Therefore $\frac{2}{3} \div \frac{1}{11} = \frac{2}{3} \times \frac{11}{1} = \frac{22}{3}$.

$$\text{General Formula, } \frac{a}{b} \div \frac{c}{d} = \frac{a}{b} \times \frac{d}{c} = \frac{ad}{bc},$$

—*The Science of Arithmetic*, p. 125.

The student who has learned this demonstration so thoroughly that he can supply any other fractions than those given in the text, and go through the whole process of proof without wandering or mistake, has undergone training of no insignificant kind. An effort of attention has been demanded of him; his judgment has been exercised; he has learned to perceive a logical connexion between this special rule and its predecessors, and he has been enabled to recognise the main truth embodied in the rule under an abstract or symbolical form. To insist on a demonstration of this kind in connexion with every rule in Arithmetic is to give that study a mathematical value; and we are glad to find that modern teachers recognise this necessity, and thus promise to raise Arithmetic to its true rank in our primary schools.

On the practical and commercial aspect of this study, it would seem needless to say much, seeing that it is only from this side that teachers generally view the subject at all. Yet, if school-masters would turn from the traditions of Walkinghame and Dilworth, and look into the actual world which surrounds them, and which their scholars will one day have to fill, a very important revolution in this department of education would soon be effected. In the Exchange and the Assurance Office, or at the merchant's desk, few of the rules so laboriously taught in schools ever come into use. Books of tables have superseded the necessity for actual computation of interest and annuities. The rate of exchange and the value of stocks are ascertained in

practice by far simpler methods than are given in the old school-books. Moreover, every house of business has its own system of book-keeping and its own arithmetical *specialité*. Even in shops and in the humbler trades, book rules are far less required than short mental calculations, adapted in every case to the peculiar character of each business. When a boy enters on business, it is not necessary, or even desirable, that his mind should be encumbered with the technicalities of a large number of rules which have been supposed at school to bear some special relation to the needs of trade. Tare and Tret, Equation of Payments, and the Rules of Double and Single Entry, in so far as he supposes that they are to be at once made available in business, are merely snares to him. The slow and laborious solution of artful conundrums in these rules may have gained him credit in school, but serves no purpose in the requirements of active life. He finds the heavy armour of the Campus Martius too burdensome for actual warfare.

What then are the real requirements of business, to which all the practical Arithmetic of our schools should be subservient? We believe them to be very simple. Facility and dexterity in the use of numbers; promptitude in discovering their relations, rapidity and accuracy in combining them; and that flexibility of mind which discovers the real character of a problem, however it may be disguised, and instantly applies the most suitable rule for its solution. If these be acquired, a lad will be ready to adapt himself without difficulty to whatever form of business awaits him on leaving school. Without these the most formidable apparatus of technical rules, however commercial in their supposed character, will be of no avail. But these results can only be attained in the first place by the constant practice of oral computation, as distinguished from the mere working on paper; by varying the student's practice in the simple rules, until he has exhausted every form which an addition or multiplication can possibly assume; and by constantly presenting to him questions not arranged under separate heads, and to be worked by uniform methods, but so grouped as to call forth the exercise of independent thought, and to throw the student upon his own resources at every step.

We believe that it is only by a clear conception of this twofold aspect of the subject, and by a wise adaptation of our educational arrangements, so as to secure in its study the double advantage of mental discipline and practical skill, that Arithmetic will ever maintain a worthy and honourable place in the curriculum of our schools.

ART. VII.—*Thorndale ; or the Conflict of Opinions.* By WILLIAM SMITH, Author of a 'Discourse on Ethics,' &c. Blackwood and Son. 1858.

THERE is no particular call, on our part, to point out the numerous merits of modern English literature in its elegant and popular forms, for these find ample recognition and reward ; but we do feel bound to draw the attention of our readers to one serious and ominous defect ; namely, the studious avoidance of all reference to revealed religion which characterizes these productions as a class. Our indictment is, that the most accomplished authors of the present day ignore the doctrines of Christianity, while they avail themselves of the *prestige* of its name. It is not that the occasion of such reference does not occur to them ; for nothing can be more serious than the subject of their speculations and the style of their reflections. In one form or another they discuss the whole duty of man. They delight in starting some of the most momentous problems by which humanity was ever haunted and perplexed ; the doom of the individual, and the destinies of the race, strain all the attention of their minds, and task its utmost ingenuity ; but the result is miserable conjecture at the most, a heathen darkness and uncertainty, never rising above the light of nature and experience. It is not easy to believe that these authors cordially admit the fact that both 'life and immortality'—all that it most concerns us to know of present and future things—have long been 'brought to light by the Gospel ;' yet to withhold from them the name of Christian would probably be deemed the utmost breach of charity.

We will take the book now lying before us in illustration of these remarks. It is supposed to consist of the lucubrations of a serious and accomplished student, many of them being written in the immediate prospect of dissolution. It touches upon all the most solemn questions of life, and makes anxious inquisition into the individual and social destiny of mankind ; yet there is hardly a single intimation from beginning to end that the writer was aware of a revelation that had come from God. A faithful Hindoo cannot write a page that is not coloured throughout by the spirit and teaching of his sacred books ; a zealous Mohammedan derives all the maxims of his daily life from the Koran of the great prophet ; but what shall we say of a Christian gentleman who puts his hero in the most solemn circumstances, makes him traverse the whole round of ethical inquiry, and even brings him under the shadow of death itself, without any distinct allusion to the doctrines of the Bible, or the consolations afforded by the life and death of Christ ?

Before we proceed to indicate the very decided opinion we have formed respecting it, it will be necessary that we should give our readers some general notion of the contents of the book, and of the view we take of it, as an exposition of the author's own mind. In no part of the work does Mr. Smith address his readers *in propria persona*. The book is professedly the diary of Thorndale, a consumptive invalid, who has gone to Naples to die. It contains the speculations of Thorndale himself; and introduces to our acquaintance Luxmore, a poet, Clarence, an Utopian philosopher, Cyril, a Cistercian monk, Seckendorf, who is presented as an embodiment of the spirit of denial, and Montini, an Italian patriot; and the whole book concludes with the confession of faith of an eclectic and Utopian philosopher, consisting of three articles,—an introduction on the progressive creation, as a manifestation of the Divine idea, a metaphysical essay on the development of the individual consciousness, and another on the progress of society. Such is the book: after reading it we feel considerable admiration of the author's ability; but we profoundly regret, and utterly repudiate, the principles which he advocates, and the method of his advocacy of them.

In order to justify this censure, we must show how far and for what in the book the author himself is responsible. As we have said already, he never once writes in his own person, except in the Introduction, which is occupied with a fictitious account of the manner in which he became possessed of the manuscript, of which he professes to be the editor. The work would appear at first sight to be merely an exhibition of different phases of thought and opinion, as they exist in the minds of persons belonging to various sects of philosophy. If this were the real character of the book, we should make it the ground of a serious objection to it. A contemporary Reviewer, assuming that this is its real character, has remarked, 'There is no doubt advantage in assigning speeches after this manner to imaginary persons, but it also has its disadvantages. When an author adopts this method, we naturally wish to know where the writer himself speaks, and where the speaker is some other person. When this information is not given, we feel that there is a want of frankness and confidence, as between author and reader, which is not pleasant. Another mischief incident to this method is, that the case may be so well put from opposite points, that the reader who has come to the volume for help may only find himself in the end more than ever bewildered. Mr. Smith has not avoided this mischief. Where he himself speaks, and where some other man, is left to conjecture; and the result of the *pro* and *con*

running through the volume, is to leave you too much amidst a balance of difficulties.' *

We think this censure far too lenient in the supposed case. We regard it as the duty of every man who writes a book to take a side in it,—to give the full weight of his authority to the opinions he holds to be true, and the full force of his opposition to those which he views as false. We do not want him to publish his name, which might furnish the opportunity for the imputation of ill motives, and be the means of degrading any controversy he might originate into a personal squabble. It matters not to us whether a writer calls himself William Smith or William Jones; but every book ought to be so written as in effect to say to the reader, 'I who write this book, and who possess such abilities as this book may indicate, do take my stand either on this side or on that.' There are various methods in which this may be done. It may be done either by making the book a straightforward defence and advocacy of a certain class of opinions; or by making it evident that some one of the speakers is the author's favourite, and the utterer of his thoughts. He who writes a book without doing this is, in our judgment, unfaithful to his vocation as one of the priests of literature, and guilty of a cowardly attempt to shirk the responsibility involved in the power to form and publish an opinion. Guidance is the great end of literature, and especially of such literature as this book contains. Every man of ordinary reflection sees enough of the mystery of life to puzzle him sorely: the writer who furnishes nothing but conflicts and oppositions of opinion is only adding to the burdens of those who are already oppressed. And if he be a man of great ability, able to see further and to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of the universe than other men, he is guilty of the cruelty of laying upon the weak the heavier burden, which God and nature intended to be borne only by the strong. And, in addition to this, it is the tendency of this kind of writing to degrade the conflicts of literature from the open manly fight in which opinion is confronted with opinion, and argument with argument, into a war of ambuscades and subtle stratagems, in which we shall have to fight with indefinite foes and intangible influences which elude our grasp,—a state of things by no means favourable to the discovery of truth, and the real instruction of society. This book is justly liable to this censure, because, though we think it possible to discover what are the opinions of the author, yet this is so obscurely intimated

* *British Quarterly Review*. January, 1858.

as to leave the great mass of readers in complete uncertainty about it.

The view we have adopted of this book in relation to its writer is briefly this:—Thorndale is a representation of the author's own mind, when he might be described as simply a sceptic inquirer, or considerer; or he may be taken as the embodiment of doubts and vacillations which have attended the writer's mind at every period of his intellectual history. Clarence, the Utopian, represents the writer's formed and settled opinions, either the conclusions in which his scepticism has terminated, or the opinions which, while retaining some measure of doubt, he regards as on the whole most reasonable and defensible. The only other characters in the book worthy of particular notice, Cyril and Seckendorf, seem to us to be intended to exhibit certain aspects of mind which have their place and do their work in the system of the Utopian philosopher, while they seem to be in direct conflict with his opinions and principles. We have two reasons for adopting this view of the book. The first is, that the confession of an Utopian philosopher is by far the most reasoned and laboured part of the work. It is hardly possible to read it without feeling that the writer is here laying down his own system, and contending for what he believes to be true; while the theory of this part of the book is perfectly in harmony with the idea, that the superstitious monk Cyril, and the scoffing atheist Seckendorf, are both exerting influences which are conducive, or even necessary, to the progress of humanity, and the final establishment of the Utopia. The other reason which induces us to take this view of the book, is a passage towards the end of it, where the writer gives us a hint that the whole thing is to be brought into unity by some such process as that which we have adopted. Clarence says:—

“Your book, Thorndale, is full, and yet how much remains to be said! and some great topics, as that of the immortality of the soul, have hardly been touched upon.” “It cannot be helped: I ought at least to have left myself space to bring together into a sort of focus what I have said of industrial, of religious and scientific progress. Looking back, too, over your own diary, I think I could have brought into harmony what seems at first a mere conflict of opinions, and shown that every genuine utterance of thought, whether from Cyril or Seckendorf, or my poor friend Montini, might have some place assigned to it in a large and candid view of our progressive nature, and the position we in this country occupy in the great drama of human history; but if any one but ourselves and the rats should ever peruse this manuscript, he will perhaps take the trouble to perform both these tasks for himself; perhaps better pleased that they should be left to his own ingenuity and reflection.” —Page 605.

When this theory of the book in relation to its author is adopted, it at once becomes capable of criticism; we feel that we are criticizing the utterances and opinions of a man who has written an able book, and not the mere notions which he has chosen to put into the mouths of fictitious characters, of which the author may possibly disapprove as heartily as we do ourselves.

We should be sorry so to criticize this book as to produce the impression that we are insensible to its many and great beauties and excellencies. In every part of the volume the writer displays a most exquisite sensibility to all that is beautiful in nature, and describes what he feels with a most charming felicity of expression. We might fill up the whole of our space with illustrations of this one observation, and cannot resist the temptation to enrich our pages with one or two of them.

'Very exquisite is this harmony between the distant and the near. I look through the branches of this graceful tree, and see a star amongst them. In the day time a bird was sitting there, more restless than the leaves. And now the light leaves moves to and fro, and the eternal stars from their immeasurable distances shine in among them; the near and the remote are brought together in the common bond of beauty.'—Page 37.

'The two greatest things on earth are the barren mountains and the barren sea. Barren! what a harvest does the eye reap from them! Strange that yonder huge mound of rock and earth should gather out of the sky hues softer than those of the violet. At set of sun it flushes into perfect rose. While I am now looking, the light of noon has interpenetrated and etherealized the massive mountains, and they are so filled with light as to be almost invisible. They are more ethereally bright than the brightest clouds above them. And then too, how beautiful are clouds! What a noble range of cloud-built Alps is now towering in the sky! Those mountains of another element, how they love to poise themselves over their stationary brethren of the earth!'—Page 37.

These specimens are taken at random; and no one, we think, can read them without feeling that the writer is a person who has lived in constant and reverential intercourse with nature, and acquired a clear insight into the meaning of her mystic symbolry. Justice to this writer demands from us the admission that he is a firm and honest theist, believing in a personal God, the Maker and Governor of the world; though we see nothing original in his argument for the being of a God, which is only the design argument under another form. Instead of looking, as Paley or Brougham would, at the size and weight of an elephant's head and tusks, at the consequent shortness of its neck, and then at the compensating trunk, as an instance of

design and proof of a designing Creator, he looks at the whole system of things, past, present, and future, in its mutual dependencies and adaptations, and deduces the same conclusion, seeing in the great whole the development and manifestation of the Divine idea.

We must also admit that this writer has described with great ability the operations of many of the laws and causes which are concerned in the progress of human society; and that upon the whole the book is written with a vigour and liveliness which make it very pleasant reading, though we have observed great inequalities in the style in different parts of the work. Here we are sorry to say our praise must end, and we must resume the unpleasant work of censure, in doing which we shall commence with some of the minor defects of the book, and proceed to those of a graver and more serious nature.

It appears to us that a good deal of irrelevant matter has been introduced into this work. We do not perceive that either Luxmore the poet, or Montini the patriot, contribute much, if anything, to an exhibition of the conflict of modern opinion; and are utterly at a loss to conceive the purpose for which he has introduced numerous and lengthy references to an unacknowledged love which Thorndale is described as feeling for his cousin Winifrid, the daughter of a Sir Something Moberly, a rich uncle, unless his object was to suggest to his reader the conflict of opinion between a rich man who has a daughter to marry, and a poor fellow who wants to marry her. If this be his object, strongly as we object to runaway matches, we think he should have fought out the battle by running away with her, and so have allowed us to see plainly the consequences, whether disastrous or otherwise, of this kind of conflict.

We must also place amongst the minor defects of the work Clarence's or, as we understand the book, Mr. Smith's objection to the commonly received doctrine of perception. He maintains that space and distance are immediate visual perceptions, that the sense of touch gives us the idea of the here, the *locus standi*, and that the eye immediately gives the idea of the there, or distance. We do not mean to discuss this point with him. His opinion is, as he is aware, opposed by all metaphysical authorities. Reid and Stewart, Brown and Sir W. Hamilton, are all against him. *A priori* reasoning teaches us that the first state of every sense must be merely subjective. Every one who has attentively observed an infant, perceives that it has at first no visual perceptions of distance and direction. We all know that our ideas of the magnitude of given objects and given spaces diminish as the size and power of our whole bodily frame in-

creases; and persons who have been couched for the cataract, assure us that when the eye first sees, it feels as if all visual objects were in immediate contact with it. We must say that the 'simple, unlearned position,' as he calls it, which he adopts, is not at all satisfactory; and that to us it does appear, that he loses a great deal by foregoing the explanations of those who have thought attentively on the subject. Intelligent readers will doubt the ability of a man to delineate the development of society, who proves himself incapable of apprehending some of the first principles which regulate the development of the individual consciousness.

But, leaving these smaller matters, we will proceed to our graver objections to the book. Our first and great objection is, that it ignores the Bible. With the exception of one or two slight and not disrespectful references, a person might read this book without knowing that the Bible had any existence. In one instance, to which we shall presently call attention, the truth of that book as a supernatural revelation from heaven is by the clearest implication denied. All the great facts with which the Bible supplies us in connexion with the spiritual history of man, and nearly all the influences which it has exerted in the development of humanity, are silently and therefore contemptuously overlooked. Mr. Smith has either studied the Bible, and made himself acquainted with the commonly received interpretations of it, or he has not. If he has not, it is a disgrace to him as a literary man. No man ought to make any pretensions to literature who is ignorant of that book which stands at the head of all the literature of his country. *If he has studied it*, it is an insult to the intelligence of his countrymen to treat it with utter silence, as he has done. Surely, a book which thousands of not the least intelligent of his countrymen regard as a Divine revelation,—a book bearing directly upon all the great problems which he has discussed,—was entitled to a respectful refutation from him, if he did not, as he evidently does not, believe its teachings. We are persuaded, that had Mr. Smith availed himself of the light which his Bible throws upon the great questions he has considered, he would have avoided all the grievous errors into which he has fallen, and have written a book which his 'countrymen would not willingly let die;' but as it is, we believe that this book will pass away and perish with the ephemeral literature of the day, and confess that we feel that it is righteous that it should do so. We know nothing of Mr. Smith but what we gather from his book, and our own deep conviction is, that the Bible has never been the subject of his study,—that he is utterly ignorant of what it reveals respecting the condition of man, and the means of his

salvation,—that he has never had even a traditional faith in Divine revelation, or felt the attachment to it which is due to every traditional faith. Unfashionable as we are, we are not of those who think that the great fact, that the Christian religion is professed as the religion of the country in which we were born,—a fact constituting all the difference between being born in a Christian and in a heathen land,—is to go for nothing. Had we been born Papist, Mussulman, or Hindoo, we should have embraced the religion of our forefathers, and clung to it till we found it false, or discovered something better; and even then we should have relinquished the old faith with regret. It seems to us to be one of the great evils of our country, an evil originating in some serious defect in religious education, that vast numbers of our educated young men begin life without a religious faith of any kind. They ignore the past. They never deign to look respectfully upon the received faith. They attribute no weight whatever to the opinion of society, and feel as if it were beneath the dignity of man to commence life in any other character than that of sceptics or inquirers. With feelings very much like those with which we should have listened to Justice Shallow, when bragging about the the wildness of his youth, we have heard men referring to the time when they had their doubts and misgivings about everything, talking as if no one had lived before them, as if they had found the whole region of thought a wilderness, and had tried with their single arm and unaided strength to cut down the forests, to destroy the jungle, and to build the city. This has become a fashion: young men feel as if it would be a reflection on their intellectual capacity, if they did not profess something of this kind. In multitudes of cases it is the mere affectation of men who wish to be thought to have looked more deeply and scrutinizingly at things than their fellows, and to pass themselves off for noble and imperial intellects, who cannot walk in the common vulgar pathway. But there are other cases in which scepticism is really the original state, and we believe that the writer whose work is now under review is one of them. A greater calamity we can hardly conceive.

But let us proceed to verify these observations; and the first proof of them we present occurs in the commencement of the work. We have said that as we understand the book, Thorndale represents the sceptical period or the sceptical moods of the writer. Now in this scepticism there is not the least intimation that the writer ever had a religious faith, in the loss of which he lost something which was dear and valuable to him. In the account he gives us of his childhood, which is very pretty, he tells us that he had a pious mother, that he was very fond of looking

at the pictures in the great family Bible, while he sat on her knee, that his mother taught him to say a prayer, and that he felt that he committed a sin when he said his prayer in bed, instead of kneeling at a certain place by the side of the bed. No religious truth of any kind is mentioned as having exercised his intellect in the time of his boyhood and youth. When we turn to his doubts and speculations, we find there no feeling of regret over a lost faith, no attempt to make good a traditional belief received from his fathers, nothing but a mournful feeling of ungratified curiosity and desire to penetrate mysteries which puzzle and confound him. Let the reader consider the following quotations:—

‘Incessantly, but, alas! to what result? The great problems of life lie around me unsolved, in hopeless confusion. I must leave them thus. Temples to God, and future palaces to humanity, I too have built,’ (he found none built for him,) ‘or watched the building of them by others, and I have seen them fall and sink into ruin. Amidst such ruins, sadder to my mind than those of Carthage, must my sun go down.’—Page 18.

‘Whether my own case is singular, I cannot tell. I suppose not; for the influences which are shaping any one mind in any generation must cast many others in the same mould. But for my own single self not only has truth been difficult to obtain, but what seemed to be truth looked very perilous matter to deal with, wore a very questionable shape, half friend, half foe. Perhaps I am more than other men deficient in moral courage, I do suspect I am somewhat of a coward here. But so it has been with me, that for any energetic purpose my intellect has been paralysed by fear, fear not only of mistaking error for truth, but fear of the consequences of what seemed truth itself.’—Page 19.

We appeal to our readers if this is not the language of a man who never imagined that he was born to a heritage of truth and faith, but supposed, that he had to create everything for himself; of a man who found himself at sea without chart or compass. The utter absence of an early faith in his mind is very strikingly evinced in the manner in which he expresses himself on the subject of immortality. The peculiarity to which we would direct the reader’s attention is, that with him this great question is merely a speculation completely divested of all personal interest.

‘I am approaching, I have reached that epoch in our lives, when the great question, Mortal or immortal? is supposed to have a quite peculiar and overwhelming interest. For myself, I have rarely passed a day without some reflection on this and other kindred topics; and therefore it is impossible that my interest in them should be greatly augmented. Neither is that interest any more than heretofore of a very *personal* nature. With me such questions have generally run in the name of all

humanity. Right or wrong, to whatever cause it may be owing, it has been the greatness of the inquiry that has always fascinated me, not my own individual hopes and fears. I have more often asked how far this creature, man, this "*homo*," this human species, is entitled to believe itself immortal, or how far human life, as a whole, would be impoverished by the loss of this faith, than I have indulged in any anticipation of my own prolonged existence.'—Page 28.

If this be not the language of a man who began life without a religious faith, and therefore in utter ignorance of his Bible, we are at a loss to know what would indicate such circumstance. Let us now see how this peculiarity in his mental history affects his formed and adopted opinions, as they appear in the confession of an Utopian philosopher, especially in those parts which relate to the doctrines of religion, and the development of human society. And here we would in passing mention as an incidental argument in favour of the view of the book that we have adopted,—that is, that Thorndale and Clarence represent only different periods or aspects of the same mind,—the fact that the great subject of social development which Clarence philosophizes upon is the chief subject of the mournful scepticisms and inquiries of Thorndale; a strong presumptive evidence that the two represent the same mind, one exhibiting it in the agony of its doubt and uncertainty, and the other in the joy of its belief and confidence.

The doctrine contained in this part of the book is a section of the development theory, as expounded in the *Vestiges of Creation*. There is more than one intimation in the book that the writer would have no particular objection to adopt the whole of that theory in its physical as well as its metaphysical elements. We do not say that he has adopted it; he has not, but it appears to be an open question with him. He says, 'We are surrounded by an inorganic nature which is itself capable of modification from the organisms vegetable and animal which it supports. We may *suspect* a harmoniously progressive movement, we certainly cannot specifically predict any such movement.' (P. 412.) And at the bottom of the same page he assumes that 'experience has taught him that it is the nature of any given species (say of plants) to push forth new growths from time to time, as well as to repeat the old growths.' (P. 412.) And on another occasion he informs us that there is nothing in the theory of development, so far as he has expounded it, but what is in perfect harmony with the physical theory of the *Vestiges*. He says:—

'Suppose those speculations were correct which produce all the varied forms of organic life from some one organism, some cell or simplest worm creeping from the hot and moist earth, and which produce all the various forms of thought from a few susceptibilities

developing themselves in harmonious union in the increasingly complicated organism; *it is still by their full development you must decide what life is, or what humanity really is.*'—Page 601.

This evidently means that his theory of human progress and development would not be affected by any views we might adopt on the subject of physical development. But let us look at the part of the theory he has adopted and expounded. He assumes tacitly that man's original state was one of very low savageism, —how low he does not presume to say, (it may, for aught he says or seems to know to the contrary, be a state in which man was in no respect superior to the ape or the baboon,)—and that from this state man has gradually advanced to his present condition by means of religion, war, slavery, industry, and science, all of which are necessary to the development of man, and all of which grow out of our human nature; a theory, we need not say, which is utterly incompatible with the truth of the Bible; and, as we trust we shall be able to show, before we have done with the subject, equally incompatible with sound philosophy and common sense. He accounts for the idea of God by asserting that man imagined a God first, and afterwards found that he had guessed right: indeed, he lays it down as a principle which marks the progress of man, that he guesses first, and afterwards verifies his guess. And we have been forcibly struck, while reading this book, with the conviction that the guessing stage is the point at which the writer's own mind had arrived. But in order to justify our observations we must quote.

'What is the theological imagination of early times? It is essentially this, that man transports himself into nature, and endues the great objects or powers of nature with human feeling, human will, and so prays, and worships, and hopes to propitiate and to obtain aid, compassion, deliverance. Well, this primitive imagination is in the line of truth: we begin with throwing a man's thought then into nature: we purify and exalt our imaginary being, we gradually release him from the grosser passions of mankind, we are in fact rising ourselves above the domination of those grosser passions; and as we grow wise and just, we make the God wise and just, beneficent and humane. Meanwhile, science begins to show us this goodly whole as the work of one Divine Artificer; and now we recognise, not without heart-beatings, that God is not man, but that He has been educating men to comprehend Him in part, and to be in part like Him.'—Page 547.

'Man dreamt a God first, but the dream was sent by the same power, or came through the same laws, that revealed the after truth.'—Page 548.

'The simple fact is, that our first science, and our first history, and our first religion, took necessarily those wild forms we call by the name of "imagination:" how could it be otherwise? If man was to think

beyond what the senses had directly given him, he must first throw some wild guess-work into the air, and then, by comparing it bit by bit with nature, improve and shape it into a truth.'—Page 549.

Again, after representing men under the exasperating influences of war and battle as imagining a god of vengeance to aid them in destroying their enemies, who afterward becomes a god of terror to the man who first imagined him, he describes the process by which this first rude conception of God is refined into something nobler and gentler; the three stages of the process being represented by the terms, 'god of terror,' 'god of justice,' 'god of love.'

'And now, in order to see the importance of this terrible war-god, of this enthroned anger and terror, we have only to pursue the history of mankind to its next stage of civilization,—peace begins to dispute the reign of war. Law, justice, faith in treaties are the earnest wants of the time; and lo! the god of terror becomes the god of justice: to him the seals are given, but the sword is not withdrawn: to him the office of judge is assigned, but the old anger and terrible vindictiveness remains. This last is essential. It is no calm administrator of law. It is the offended judge that is the terror to evil-doers.'—Page 567.

By means of a similar social change he transforms the god of justice into the god of love. And a few favourable sentences on Christianity, at the end of this section, leave the reader to conclude that he regards it as the best and highest product of the religious progress of mankind. While holding this theory, he distinctly denies the possibility of a verbal revelation of God, that is, a revelation in the sense in which the word is usually understood. After denying that the idea of God is intuitive, he says:—

'And that it could be revealed in any miraculous way, through the medium of language, is *impossible*; for those who are to receive an idea through the medium of language must already have attached a meaning to the words used. A voice from the skies, or from fellow-men, proclaiming there is a God, would proclaim nothing to those who had attached no meaning to the word "God." To those who had already attached some vague, or wild, or imperfect meaning to the term, it would merely repeat and confirm their own previous convictions.'—Page 557.

If our readers will take the trouble to look over these somewhat lengthy quotations, they will see the following propositions contained in them:—That a miraculous verbal revelation of God is impossible:—That man imagined a God at the outset, and then found that his guess was true:—That man gradually refined and exalted his conception of God; and that man's idea of the unity of God is the result of his scientific conception of the unity of

the world. There are several passages, besides the one we have quoted, which contain or imply this last proposition. Now, on the whole of these propositions we join issue with Mr. Smith; we deny that he can produce any proof of any one of them; we maintain that they are all contrary to the plainest and most unquestionable facts of human history.

As to the first, that a miraculous verbal revelation of God is impossible, because language can only express what we already know. If Mr. Smith believed this, why did he write his book? Surely he expected that in it language would reveal to us something which we did not already know. Language may reveal what we do not already know: first, inasmuch as it may present to us new combinations of known ideas which are in fact new ideas; and, secondly, inasmuch as it may reveal to us the opposite of what we already know and believe, by denying the correctness of the knowledge, or the truth of the belief we already entertain. And by these two powers language is capable of revealing to us any idea of God's nature, everything which is involved in His infiniteness, so far as we do actually conceive of it. A people who had never conceived the idea of a Creator would receive it from the first chapter of the book of Genesis. A people who had no idea of respecting human life, would be brought to know a God opposed to murder, when they heard the command, *Thou shalt not kill*. People who conceived of no higher principle of action than selfishness, and no higher God than a selfish one, would learn to respect each other's rights, and to conceive of a God who required them to do so, by hearing the command, *Thou shalt not covet*. We feel rather ashamed to put such truisms as these upon the pages of our Review; but the idea which Mr. Smith has plainly expressed is one which with a good deal of mystification exists in the minds of many of our young men, and is doing more than perhaps any other absurdity of the day in undermining faith in Divine revelation.

The next proposition, that man imagined, guessed, or dreamed a God in the first instance, and afterwards found that his guess was true, is so evidently a mere guess of Mr. Smith's, that it would be a waste of time to attempt to confute it. When he can produce a single authenticated fact of the kind, from any part of the world, we shall be prepared to consider how far it may be taken as an instance of an universal principle: till this is done, it would be a waste of time and ink to attempt a refutation.

We venture to affirm that the next proposition, that man refined upon his first rude conceptions of God, is equally groundless and equally false. Christianity professes to be a super-

natural revelation, and must not be cited as a case in point till its claim to a supernatural origin has been disposed of, which we humbly think has not yet been done, certainly not by Mr. Smith. Where, then, in all the world's history, shall we find men refining their conceptions of God, or abandoning old gods for new and better ones? Mohammedanism cannot, we think, be fairly brought as an instance; for no one acquainted with its history can doubt that it derived all that is pure and exalted in its theology from the Christian Scriptures. The only shadow of proof which Mr. Smith gives, consists of some instances in which the practice of human sacrifice once prevailed, and was subsequently abandoned; an argument which, in our opinion, is worth nothing. Many circumstances might lead to the abandonment of this revolting practice, besides more humane conceptions of the Divine nature resulting from a more humane feeling in society. When the Romans sacrificed men for their own amusement, as gladiators in the amphitheatre, they were not more humane than when they sacrificed them on the altars of their gods. The strength of natural affection, and the feelings of pity which have always existed in the human heart,—to say nothing of the value of captives, as slaves and cultivators of the soil,—would be quite sufficient to account for the diminution of these sacrifices, without ascribing it to a belief in a gentler and more merciful God. Hence we find that, when these sacrifices have been discontinued for some time, they have been renewed in times of great danger and terror; the idea has taken possession of the multitude, that nothing but the noblest youth, or the most beautiful virgin, could appease the wrath of God; showing that the old idea of the God still reigned in the mind of the people, after the custom of human sacrifice had been wholly or partly abandoned. No clear instance can be given in the history of the world, in which man, apart from supernatural revelation, has ever refined and exalted his conceptions of God. We believe that the opposite tendency characterizes human nature. We are simple enough to subscribe to the words of the Apostle Paul, that 'when men knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were they thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.' Indeed, it is our deliberate conviction, that, if Mr. Smith had ever carefully studied the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, he would never have written this book. The doctrine of that chapter, as of the whole Bible, is that man's natural tendency is downward, and not

upward, as regards God ; and we confidently affirm that the whole known history of the world confirms it. There is no sign of an upward tendency in China, in India, in Africa, or among the aborigines of America. What is the history of the Jews but the history of a desperate struggle between the idolatrous tendency, the tendency to degrade God, on the one hand, and that supernatural revelation which existed amongst them, on the other ? It was to the people who enjoyed the most perfect revelation of God in the world that the words were addressed, 'Hath a nation changed their gods which are yet no gods ? but My people have committed two evils ; they have forsaken the fountain of living waters, and have hewed out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, which can hold no water.' The same evil tendency of man's nature is manifest in the history of Christianity. What has it been but a continual conflict between the tendency of man to degrade God, and the light of that supernatural revelation which exalts and glorifies Him ?—a conflict in which the former principle has been to a great extent victorious : for no one can contemplate Popery, without feeling that it is an approximation to the old heathenism ; and every man who looks into his own heart will find there the principles which lead to the degradation of God and of religion. It is a great pity that Mr. Smith did not make himself a little better acquainted with his Bible and human nature, before he risked his reputation by publishing such theories as these.

As to the last proposition, that the doctrine of the Divine unity is the result of the scientific conception of the unity of the world ; our readers will see that this is expressed towards the end of the first of the series of quotations, in the words, 'Meanwhile, science begins to show us this goodly world as the work of one Divine Artificer, and we recognise, not without heart-beatings, that God is not man,' &c. Pagan nations have never recognised the unity either of God or of the world. Instead of one system in the whole world, they see a distinct system in everything ; every forest and tree, every fountain and river, and every department of life, has its distinct god. The speculations of Greek and Roman philosophy did nothing to alter this state of things. The philosopher confessed that it was difficult to find out God, and impossible to make Him known to the common people. The Jews and Christians, and from them the Mohammedans, are the only people in the world who have recognised the unity of God ; and will any sane man, who has paid any attention to the history of this idea, as existing among these people, venture to affirm that it has resulted from a scientific conception of the unity of the world ? Had science conducted

Moses to this conclusion? The Jews were not a scientific people; their tendency, like that of all other nations, was to disbelieve the unity of the world, and to relapse into polytheism. They could not resist the influence of the public universal sentiment of the nations around them. We suppose that Mr. Smith regards the story of the prophet Jonah as a myth, and perhaps as a very stupid one, too. Well, suppose we look at it as a myth, what is its meaning? Does it not present to us most strikingly the idea of a man believing that his God was a god of the land, a god of one kind, a tutelary deity, and not the god of the sea and of that distant land to which he intended to make his escape? And does it not reveal this God as asserting, by miracle, His absolute dominion over both elements, and forcing the idea of the Divine unity upon His worshipper, in spite of the opposite tendency of his own mind? We believe the story of Jonah to be a fact; but if Mr. Smith will contemplate it only as a myth, he will see in it a much truer account of the real progress of theology than that which he has published in his book. How a man can have stood in Popish churches, and visited Popish countries, or have made even the most imperfect acquaintance with the Papal system, knowing that it is unto this that man has degraded the pure and simple monotheism of the New Testament, and yet believe that there is any natural tendency in the mind or the circumstances of man to lead him to embrace the doctrine of the Divine unity, we are at a loss to know.

We have dwelt thus at length on these points, because of their importance. Let the theory advocated by this writer but once gain possession of the public mind, and there will be an end to our religion and our religious activities. The only sure foundation for religious faith, a supernatural revelation, will be cut away from under our feet, and our missionary enterprises will be regarded as a meddlesome interference with the progress of other nations, an attempt to impose upon them—before they are ripe for it—the religion of a more advanced civilization.

We have another and yet more serious charge to make against this writer: it is that in his speculations he has ignored and virtually denied the great fact of the fall of man. We dare say that, should these pages meet his eye, he will laugh at our simplicity in accusing him of disbelieving what he probably regards as an old wife's tale; but we think that we shall be able to show that this great truth is an essential element in all right views of the condition of man and of the world; and that, owing to his disbelief in it, his book contains a system of philosophy as immoral and blasphemous as any to be found in the most vulgar and athe-

istical publications of the day. And we beg the reader's attention, while we shall endeavour to expose this aspect of the work. War, slavery, and capital, occupy a very prominent place among the causes which Mr. Smith has assigned for the progress and development of society; and we have thus far no important objection to make to his theories. All Christians believe that, under the providence of Christ, all evil is made to work for good; that there is not an immorality or crime practised on the face of the earth, but what is being made in some mysterious way to conduce to the full redemption of the human race. But let us see how Mr. Smith puts this subject. The first passage we cite is one on the influence of war in originating the first rude conception of God: if it were presented as the means by which men have corrupted the idea of God, we should have no objection to it.

'But if we could' (would?) 'really understand how it is, and by what steps a God of terror moves to the throne of heaven, we must contemplate the passion of war,—the passion stirred in man by conflict with his fellow man. When the agony of strife, when the destruction he would inflict, when the wrong he has received, has kindled his unquenchable anger and revenge, what is the spectacle we then behold? It is no longer the harvestman beseeching of God the cooling rain, or health to the cattle in the field; they have but one passionate prayer, and that is for destruction,—destruction of their enemies. God the Destroyer is the only deity they then can worship. It must needs be that the God they summon forth is no amiable or beneficent deity; they do not want his amiability, they want his power, they want his fierceness. They wish him to be vindictive, like themselves. Let there be thunder in the heavens, only let the bolt fall on their enemies. They animate their deity with all their own revenge and anger and thirst for destruction; and then what will they not give, or do, or suffer, to win this dreadful power to their side?'—Pp. 561, 562.

The next passage we cite is one on slavery, as a means of social progress.

'Take the tent or the habitation for an instance; you wish to pass beyond that rude stage of the art of building, in which each family builds for itself,—builds some structure that just suffices for shelter. You wish to pass from the hut to the house; now it is evident that it would require the labour of many men to build one much larger and superior house than that which each man has contrived to raise for himself. The task would never be entered on, the wish would never arise, the requisite combination of labour would never have been brought about, unless one man had been in the condition to compel others to work for him. That combination of the labour of many for a common purpose, which is so much extolled by the political

economist under the name of "division of labour," was first brought about by the power of one man over others—in short, by slavery."—Page 517.

In another passage, after describing in a similar manner the influence of capital in promoting civilization and the onward march of society, he states the objection which all along is present to the mind of the reader; and it is to the answer to this objection and its consequences that we wish to direct the reader's special attention. In substance, the objection applies just as much to slavery and war as to capital, and the answer must be understood with an equally extensive application. The objection, which is supposed to come from a mob orator, is thus stated:—

'I cannot imitate the energetic style of the mob orator, but the pith and substance of his reasoning might be stated thus:—After describing the landlord's title as originating in mere force, and stigmatizing it as usurpation, forgetful quite that what he calls "force" is nothing else than that spontaneous development of society, springing from the nature and passions of mankind, without which he would not have been there to talk about society at all; he would probably proceed to say, "I can understand the supreme justice, that the man who sowed shall reap; and in order both to sow and to reap, he must have a property in the land. A man and his family have a sacred right to so much of the soil as they cultivate and live upon; and if the son succeeds to the father, he also is clothed with the same perfect and indisputable right. But that a man should own land, and inherit land, and enormous portions of it which he cannot cultivate, which other persons cultivate, giving him large tribute in the shape of rent, in this I perceive no justice at all."—Page 527.

It is to the following answer to this objection we call the reader's special attention; for here the ethical system of the writer comes out:—

'I both can and will explain it. The maxims of justice, as you call them, and which you adopt as the last general laws to which appeal is to be made, are not the ultimate rules of morality that you take them for. They have to submit and to be subordinated to a higher and a wider rule. The good of the whole is the paramount all-embracing law, to which appeal is always finally to be made. The only unalterable law of morality is this, that the good of the whole be secured, at every epoch, to the utmost power and intelligence of mankind.'—Pp. 529, 530.

That Mr. Smith would give this answer to the slave as well as to the mob orator is evident from the manner in which he always treats the subject of slavery. Never, in any one instance,

does he denounce it as an injustice ; it is always treated as an essential means of human progress, and placed upon the same footing as capital and war. He objects to slavery only when it is continued beyond the period at which its existence is necessary to the development of society.

‘In some of the United States of Christian America slavery exists to this day. And why ? Precisely because the cultivation of the soil in those States is thought to require it ; and as long as this conviction lasts, it is evident that the teaching of Christianity will have no effect. The industrial problem must first be solved, or some way seen to its solution. For my part I can have no doubt that this black serf also will be soon manumitted ; and it is the prevailing belief that the experiment might be safely made which emboldens the Americans of other States to denounce the system of Negro slavery.’—Pp. 530, 531.

The doctrine, then, which Mr. Smith preaches to the starving workman, and which he would preach to the slave, and indeed to every man, woman, and child who is suffering in any way from the villany and injustice of the world, is : ‘The maxims of justice, as you call them, which you adopt as the last general laws to which appeal is to be made, are not the ultimate rules of morality that you take them for. They have to be submitted and subordinated to a higher and wider rule,—the good of the whole.’ We give to this doctrine our most uncompromising opposition. The good of the whole, which Mr. Smith substitutes for the common maxims of justice, and the dictates of conscience, is a rule which no human intellect can grasp. It is, no doubt, the rule of the Divine intelligence ; but to make it man’s rule is to abrogate all Divine rule, and to elevate man into a position of equality with the supreme Lawgiver, a position which, by his intellect and intelligence, he is less qualified to occupy than a child is fit to occupy the position of his parent. Rule and law must guide finite creatures ; ultimate principles, in their application to the world and the universe, can be comprehended only by an infinite and infallible mind. While the doctrine of this writer stifles the cries of the oppressed and the injured on the one hand, it justifies the conduct of the oppressor and the wrong-doer on the other. The slave-owner and the slave-trader are acting in harmony with that higher and wider law to which the common principles of justice are to be subordinated. Every vicious and criminal person in the world is obeying the highest of all laws, because all vice and crime are conducive, ultimately, to the good of the whole. In the eye of God and of supreme law, the thousands of prostitutes who swarm the streets of London are saintly self-sacrificing women ;

and every transported convict may adopt as his motto the lines written by that profound and holy philosopher, Barrington, the London thief, when he, with a number of his fellows, was sailing to Botany Bay:—

‘True patriots we; for be it understood,
We left our country for our country’s good.’

This most flagitious principle, which justifies alike the crime and its punishment, the oppressed and the oppressor, is not a mere inference of ours, but is, in fact, stated and accepted, not only in the passage we have quoted, but in other parts of the work. The following statement occurs in Thorndale’s Diary, and may be taken as another evidence that Thorndale and Clarence represent the same mind and the same system of opinions:—

‘You take a single soul and tax it with its single guilt; it is right and fit to do so; and yet in every single soul it is the whole world you judge: yet it is right and fit and reasonable that the man, whilst living with his kind, should be treated as the sole originator of all he does of good or evil; cover him with honour, stamp him with infamy: thus only can men make an ordered world of it; and are not this reciprocated honour and dispraise given and received by all, great part of human life itself? But in thy hands, O Rhadamanthus, judge of the dead, what is this solitary soul? It is but as a drop from the great ocean of life, clear or foul, as winds from either pole have made it; ay, and the very undersoil on which it lay, on which it was tossed to and fro, had been broken up by forgotten earthquakes and extinct volcanoes. A whole eternity had been at work where that drop of discoloured water came from.’—Page 41.

The conclusion then of this system of philosophy is responsibility of man to man; no responsibility of man to his Maker: a conclusion which strips theism of all its moral influences, and levels it with atheism. In God’s eye all are pure, all are religious. The hanged murderer is a saint and martyr who has ventured to do God’s dirty work, and has sacrificed his life in doing it: he shall receive a crown of righteousness. This is the point in the system at which Seckendorf’s genuine utterances of thought fit in. We do not say that Seckendorf believes in the system of development; he does not, he believes in nothing but what he sees. Neither in God nor in progress has he any faith. He laughs at Utopias: his great characteristic is, that he is reconciled to the system of things around him, which every man should be, if this theory of the world should be the true one. Seckendorf is the perfect man of the system. He has his place, and does his work in it. It is no more his duty to wish to be a different man from what he is,—a mournful

sceptic, like Thorndale, or a sanguine Utopian, like Clarence, or a penitent, world-renouncing, self-abusing monk, like Cyril,—than it is the duty of a rough stone in the body of an edifice to wish to be a marble column in its portico. Our space will allow us to give only one quotation from Seckendorf; but it is all that will be necessary to bring out the whole man; nothing remains to be learned of him after we have heard this one utterance:—

‘I stand here the advocate for the world as it is, with its ignorant multitudes and its wiser few, with its passions of hate and of love, its griefs and its consolations, its truths, its errors, and, above all, its great religious faiths, which are rooted in the sorrows and in the wrongs of men. I do not ask if these are true; enough for me that they are here. Even your Utopian dreams, if I saw that they made ten men happy, should have a place in the catalogue. I like this wild world; I like the sinner, I like the saint, I like its uproarious youth and its penitent old age, nor am I over much distressed about the miseries of life; every creature grows to its circumstances; the fur grows rough as the climate roughens. This marvellous force of habit is a provision against all fortunes or misfortunes. I have tried it. I, Baron von Seckendorf, have lived in a garret on a herring,—not agreeable; but the second herring was very savoury and vastly welcome.—Page 275.

Such is what a man should be, if the development theory, as advocated in this book, be true. He is reconciled to everything; lies and truths are alike to him; motives are nothing to him; a man’s best motives are those which stimulate him most powerfully to do his work. He rejoices in the reign of the silver shilling,—the reign of mammon. He sees a high degree of saintliness and self-denial in the cabmen and scavengers in the London streets; and would evidently have no objection to canonize all the occupants of the London jails and brothels. It is very frightful to read the utterances of a man who firmly believes that the government of God is carried on by means of lies and delusions, who deliberately confounds all distinction between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, and who is prepared to bow as reverently to the one as to the other. Such a man is Seckendorf; and Seckendorf is the legitimate embodiment of the development theory, as faintly limned in the Diary of Thorndale, and fully developed in the *confessio fidei* of Clarence; and therefore we must say of the development theory, as advocated by Mr. W. Smith,—If this theory of life and the world were the true one, everything that is pure and righteous in our nature would compel us to look up to the throne of the Infinite One with the bitter, agonizing cry, ‘Why hast Thou made me thus? Why hast Thou given me a nature which compels me to loathe Thy ways as the ways of unrighteous-

ness, and to despise and detest Thee, as the father of lies, and the doer of evil, that good might come?' According to this system, religion is as closely and necessarily connected with immorality as with morality. Its one great command, which it addresses to every man, is, 'Be what thou art, and do what thy nature inclines thee to do.' The greatest villains on the face of the earth may die with the belief that their lives have been one great act of obedience to God, and to the highest and holiest of all laws. Human society was never intended by its Maker to be anything but what it is, a foul witch-cauldron, in which the seething and festering of every filthy and abominable element works out the charm of its regeneration. And this is the realization of the Divine idea. God never intended anything else.

But what is the theory which we would substitute for that of Clarence? We answer, The theory of the Bible, the theory which bases the actual condition of the world upon the great fact, that man has fallen from God, that a principle of moral evil has been introduced into the world which is contrary to the nature and the will of its Creator. This is the fact which Clarence ignores, and which is necessary to bring the actual procedure of the Divine government into harmony with the dictates of conscience, the Divine law written in our hearts. Let this fact be lost sight of, and the condition of the world be viewed apart from it, and we at once perceive an irreconcilable contrariety between the procedure of the Divine government and the dictates of the human conscience. Every man who has thought even superficially on the subject has been struck with this. And, by the way, Father Newman has ingeniously used this fact, in his sermon on the mysteries of nature and grace, for the purpose of reconciling the minds of Protestants to the authority of his Church. His argument is something like this: If the teaching of conscience is believed to be true, though contradicted by the moral principles which actually prevail in the government of the world, why may not the teaching of the Church be believed to be true, though contradicted by the teaching of Scripture? The faith which has surmounted the former mystery ought not to stumble at the latter. We admit the fact of a seeming contradiction between conscience and the principles which appear to rule in the actual government of the world; but we get over the difficulty neither by believing a contradiction with Father Newman, nor by denying the testimony of conscience with Mr. Smith. Our answer to both of them is, that man is a fallen being; that since the introduction of evil into the world, its development is regulated, not by the principles of absolute right, but only by principles which are right in the circumstances.

The treatment of a sick man is right in the circumstances, but it is not the treatment of a healthy man. The righteous God is evolving good out of evil, as a wise physician would bring health out of the action of disease. If any man impeaches the justice of God's government, we tell him he has no right to complain; that strict justice would make his condition worse than it is. Without giving any opinion on the alleged fact that conscience condemns capital as an unrighteous institution, we tell the mob orator, as Clarence calls him, that the maxims of justice are the last and highest principles to which appeal is to be made in the regulation of human conduct; that they are the principles which would actually have regulated the progress of humanity if man had not fallen from God, and which will regulate it again when he is restored to his perfect state. We tell him that his conscience points to a perfect past from which he and the whole race have fallen, and to a perfect future to which he may rise. We appeal to conscience in its perpetual protest against what is going on in the world, as a proof that the world itself is a fallen world. Fallen as men are, the law of supreme rectitude remains, 'written upon their hearts; their consciences the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another.' And that law will remain, in spite of the attempts of such writers as our author to efface it. To explain the existence of moral evil, is beyond the reach of the human faculties; but conscience, viewed in relation to the principles which have operated and which still do operate in the progress of humanity, renders the doctrine itself an indisputable truth. The point in which all the mysteries of our state terminate, is the truth that man has fallen from the condition in which God created him; and therefore the testimony of his conscience does not coincide with the visible laws which regulate his development, though it ceases to protest against them when it believingly recognises the fact of human sin.

It will be readily supposed, that a work advocating the theory we have now expounded, will contain somewhere a manifestation of intense hostility to the great fundamental principles of Christianity; and from the nature of the theory advocated, one would naturally expect that the doctrines of sin and Divine punishment would be the chief points of attack: accordingly, we find that this is done in the sketch which is here given of the history and opinions of Cyril the monk. The conclusions virtually arrived at in this part of the book are, that an intelligent, reflecting man, holding the principles of Christianity, must either go and drown himself to escape the horror which those principles inspire, or else suspend his reflecting powers, and prostrate his whole nature in unreasoning submission at the feet

of the Papal Church. The history of Cyril is briefly this: he is the son of an evangelical Calvinistic father, a very pious, hopeful youth. His father holds very strong opinions on the subject of reformatory punishment; maintains that no punishment is just but what is reformatory. The son is struck with the contrast between the opinion his father holds with respect to the punishments of human law, and the principles he holds on the subject of Divine justice and Divine law. This originates his first doubt. He next reads Dr. Chalmers's argument for immortality, founded on the present fœtal condition of the human soul, and is horrified at the idea of an eternal punishment to be inflicted on the soul for the sins committed in its fœtal state: this we may call doubt the second. This is followed up by some general reasoning on the disproportion between eternal punishment and the sins of a mortal life, which originates doubt the third. His doubts expose him to the disapprobation of his family and friends. He goes to Barmouth, and, in order to escape the horror of his mind, attempts to drown himself. The attempt fails, and he appears again in the book as a Cistercian monk at Naples. Such is Cyril's history and Cyril's thought. Our readers will naturally ask, 'But is there not some other and counter thought brought out, in connexion with it? This is what we should expect from the title of the book, *Conflict of Opinions*. We reply, that the only conflict, with poor Cyril, is that which arises out of the general theory of the book, the development theory, the theory that sin is one of the means of human progress, an essential element in the moral system of the world, that it is therefore righteousness in the eye of the great Creator, and that eternal punishment, or indeed any punishment at all inflicted by God, is an incredible absurdity. What is the single soul in the eye of Rhadamanthus, the judge of the dead? In all this the writer is perfectly aware, that in attacking the doctrine of sin and punishment, he is striking at the very heart of the Christian religion, and represents Cyril as seeing this very clearly. He says,—

'That the future punishments of God should have for one end the reformation of the offender, does not appear to be a heresy of a very deep dye, nor one that ought to have disturbed a pious mind; but it shook the whole system of theology in which Cyril had been brought up. If punishment has in itself wise and merciful ends, if it is conducive, or accompanied by measures that are conducive, to the restoration of the criminal, what becomes of all the ideas attached to the word salvation, in which he had been educated?'—Page 218.

Again, he represents it as an opinion of Cyril's, that

'All religion hangs on the belief in God's righteous anger against

sin. Once quibble that away, and you may be deist, pantheist, atheist, what you will, it matters little.—Page 236.

The position of the 'genuine utterances of Cyril's thought,' then, in the scheme of the book, which the writer has left it to his readers' ingenuity to discover, is, that they stand as a refutation of the religion of Christ. Only adopt the idea of sin which this book inculcates, and the doctrines of the incarnation and atonement, which all orthodox Christians have regarded and do regard as the essential truths of Christianity, become absurdities to be laughed at, rather than opinions which deserve to be gravely confuted. Here it is that the writer throws down the gauntlet, and we readily take it up, and are prepared to fight him on the ground which he has chosen. There are, no doubt, many minds which have passed through the process of thought which is indicated in the case of Cyril ; probably both the Newmans,—the one becoming a monk, or something like it, and the other turning infidel, instead of attempting to hang or drown himself as Cyril did. This process of thought may either prove that the religion of Christ is false, or that the persons who adopt it are bad reasoners. And we maintain that the latter is the case. We wish to condense our paper, and shall therefore make our quotations as brief as possible. The first describes the effect produced on Cyril's mind, by reading books on the nature of punishment embodying the reformatory principle.

'As I understood him, the perusal of these books, together with the constant reiteration in the family circle, that the reformation of the criminal himself is never to be lost sight of as one of the ends of punishment, forced upon his mind the perception of the strange contrast between the ethical principles which his father advocated, when discoursing upon this favourite topic, and the ethical principle which he advanced or implied, when he expounded his Calvinistic divinity ; Cyril, at least, could not reconcile the two. He could not help saying to himself, though he recoiled at first with horror from his own suggestions, that his father claimed for a human legislature principles more noble and enlightened than those he attributed to the Divine Governor.'—Page 217.

Cyril could not reconcile the two. What then, does it follow that the religious doctrine of eternal punishment must needs be wrong ? The principle that the reformation of the offender is one of the indisputable ends of punishment is false. The supreme end of punishment, and the only indispensable one, is the prevention of crime and the security of society : if that can be effected consistently with the reformation of the offender, let it be ; but, if not, the offender must perish. This is the principle upon which human punishments are based, and upon which

they ever will be based, while the constitution of the world remains what it is. We shall never find society so besotted as to sacrifice the interests of millions to the interests of one. The false principle which underlies this reasoning, and to which we shall presently give more particular attention, is that the criminal has a right to be reformed and saved ; that he may demand this as a matter of justice, either from God or society ; and that God and society are unrighteous, if they do not grant the demand. If this be true, then God is unjust ; but we maintain that the criminal has no such right. Man, in his petty and confined government, may be able to combine the reformation of the offender with the prevention of crime in society at large ; but it may be impossible for God to do so, in that wider and more complicated empire which He governs ; and no one therefore has any right, in the case supposed, to draw a disadvantageous contrast between the human and the Divine Legislator ; and especially when the very book which reveals an eternal punishment, does also reveal God as establishing a reformatory and redemptive system, through which mercy is not only offered to the guilty, but, in vast multitudes of cases, is made to supersede punishment altogether.

But we hasten to the next point, which is thus stated :—

‘I remember him (Cyril) one day bringing to me in a quite breathless state of excitement a work of Dr. Chalmers ; it was his *Bridgewater Treatise*. The doctor argues there (as many others have done) for the great doctrine of immortality, on the ground that there are spiritual faculties in man, which in his present condition are but partially developed, and which in fact are but partially adapted to his present condition. Everything, he says, tends to prove a future state in which such faculties will have their full development, both from the advance of the human being himself, and from the higher world in which, and by which, these faculties will be exercised. This argument he illustrates by the condition of the child whilst yet in the womb ; and, quoting the description of the foetal state from some medical authority, in which the adaptation of the foetus for a yet higher stage of existence than that it then occupies, is set forth and ingeniously applied to this very subject, Dr. Chalmers concludes with these words : “Such are the prognostics of a future destination that might be collected from the state of the foetus, and similar prognostics of a destination still future might be collected from present appearances in the life and condition of man.”—Page 220.

The effect of this argument upon the mind of Cyril is expressed in the words,—

‘But, good heavens, am I to believe what Dr. Chalmers and his Church will proceed to tell me,—that the conduct of this spiritual foetus

is to determine for ever the condition of that higher being who is to be born into some higher world ? '—Page 220.

The subject in question here is a very solemn and, if you will, a very dreadful one ; but it is logic and not feeling which is to guide us in these matters. There are some minds which seem incapable of perceiving the difference between analogy and resemblance,—between the resemblance of relations and the resemblance of things. Dr. Chalmers teaches that the relation between the human mind and a higher state of existence is like the relation between a fœtus and human life ; and Cyril instantly supposes a similitude in the things, and talks about the spiritual fœtus. It is sufficient to reply that the soul of man is not a fœtus, but a living being, gifted with reason and intelligence, with the power to anticipate the consequences of its own conduct, and all the faculties which constitute a responsible being. And the argument is this : as the condition of the fœtus does, by natural laws, determine the condition of the child ; so the moral state of man in this world, does by spiritual laws determine his state hereafter. The present is everywhere seen to be the germ of the future.

But it is in our reply to Cyril's third and last difficulty that we shall have to deal with the fundamental principles of this controversy. This difficulty we introduce to our readers in the following passage :—

"There may be two theories," he (Cyril) would say, "about the sentiment of justice, but you cannot have two conflicting ideas of the just, so as to have one justice for jurisprudence, and another for theology. But they toss me," he would exclaim, "from the idea of a judge and a judicial sentence, to that of an offended Deity whose infinite anger is raised against sin : I ask for explanation of the justice of the sentence ; I am told that we cannot measure God's righteous anger. I ask for explanation of this anger ; I am told that it is just, and that man deserves whatever punishment it inflicts."—Page 222.

Now we maintain that the two conflicting ideas mentioned in this passage,—a judge and a judicial tribunal on the one hand, and an infinite anger on the other against sin,—are harmonious, if not identical. In considering the justice of eternal punishment, the first question to be considered is, Has the sinner any right to complain ? and we maintain that he has not. Sin is the transgression of Divine law : he who breaks a Divine law, does, in fact, set the Almighty at defiance, and dare Him to do His worst : he has therefore no right to complain if He does do His worst, whatever it may be, even though His infinite power and endless duration are spent in the infliction of punishment. In the act of sin the sinner reserves to himself no right of expiation. He

has no right to say to God, after he has suffered a thousand or ten thousand years, 'It is enough, You have no right to punish any more.' Did he not defy God to do His worst? did not the act of sin say, 'I will take my course, and You may inflict what you please?' He has no right to complain, therefore, however terrible or lasting the punishment. Every being who sins against another, does in that very act deliberately risk all the vengeance which that other may have the power or the will to inflict.

But then the question arises, May not God waive this right, and establish such a constitution for the government of the world as will reserve to all sinners the power of making expiation? May He not choose that a certain limited amount of punishment shall be sufficient expiation for a certain limited amount of sin? We answer, first, that if God did this, it would be an act of grace. It would be a voluntary surrender on His part of what he had a right to claim and to inflict. But a moment's reflection will show that God never could give to any of His creatures this power of making expiation consistently with the stability of His throne and government. The power of making expiation by a limited amount of suffering, would in fact be a right to insult God, and to sin whenever the creature felt inclined to do so. If we have the power of making expiation for our sins, then we have just the same right to sin as we have to take a loaf of bread which we can afford to pay for. We have a right to blaspheme God, to be drunken, adulterous, and thievish; for we can pay for all these things, we can make expiation. The expiation may last a thousand years; but what are they to us? We are immortal, we live for ever like God, and a thousand years are no more to us than a thousand farthings to a man possessed of millions of pounds. We can make expiation, we have a right to sin; and when God punishes us, when He drives us away into hell, we may say to the Almighty, 'Ah! You will be forced to bring us back some day; we shall see Your face again, and will defy and insult You again, if we please!' By giving the power of expiation as well as immortality to His creatures, God would have made them independent of Himself; He would have abdicated His supremacy; and the universe, instead of being an absolute monarchy, under the control of an infinite power and wisdom, would have been one wild scene of anarchy, in which every creature would have had the power to brave and affront the Creator.

The more attentively the Bible is studied, the more clearly will it appear, that throughout it proceeds upon the principle that the sinner has no power to make expiation for his sins before God. The Divine threatenings never suppose that it is

possible for God to exceed the just punishment of sin, never suppose that there is any point in suffering at which a full expiation would be made, and beyond which God would have no right to proceed. God is always introduced as speaking in such a manner as to imply that nothing which His almightiness can do can exceed the sinner's deserts. 'I lift My hand to heaven and say, I live for ever and ever. If I whet My glittering sword, and Mine hand take hold of justice, I will render vengeance to Mine enemies, and reward to them that hate Me. I will make Mine arrows drunk with blood, and My sword shall devour flesh ; for a fire is kindled in Mine anger, and shall burn to the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and shall set on fire the foundations of the mountains. I will heap mischief upon them, and exhaust Mine arrows upon them.' And when you turn to the New Testament, *the milder dispensation*, you find the same thing. It is never supposed that the punishment can exceed the sinner's guilt. Everlasting fire, eternal punishment, is the doom which supreme justice threatens against all the wicked.

If we turn to the actual transactions of the Divine government, we find everywhere illustrations of the same righteous and awful principle. There is no point at which the curse of sin is naturally arrested. It blasts the sinner and all connected with him. It strikes him in all his interests and all his affections. After he is dead and gone, his sin continues to propagate itself to the third and fourth generation, and to inflict its curse upon those who have descended from him. And when we look at our own nature, we see that this terrible principle, that man can never expiate his own sin, is the only principle which is applicable to us as a principle of law. As soon as ever you grant to man power of expiating his own crimes, he feels that he has a right to be criminal. The idea that man can expiate is embodied in our own criminal code. The judge and the jury carefully measure out to the criminal the amount of punishment which he is supposed to deserve. The criminal is thus led to adopt the idea that he possesses a power of expiation ; and the consequence is that our criminal code is the most depraving institution in the country. It gives the last and finishing touch to the criminal character, and makes it perfect. A young thief who has had three months' imprisonment is always regarded as lost, not merely because of his association with greater criminals than himself, but because he has received into his mind the pernicious idea that he can make expiation. The next time he is tempted to steal, he says to himself, 'Well, it is only three months' imprisonment.' When the burglar tempts him to break into a

house, he says 'It is only transportation for life.' The more he suffers, the richer he feels that he is in the power to make expiation, the richer in the ability to buy the right of crime. He will at last encourage himself to commit murder, and silence the remonstrances of conscience by the thought that it is only hanging, and a man can die but once. As soon as the idea of a power of expiation in the criminal is adopted by him, his conscience must needs become blinded and perverted; he looks not at the turpitude, but at the price of crime. Every one who is acquainted with the habits of thought which prevail among our criminal population will remember many illustrations of the baneful influence which this law-given power of expiation exerts upon the mind. Almost every criminal at the expiration of his term of imprisonment feels as if he had purged himself from guilt. To use an expressive vulgarism, he is 'whitewashed,' and, if taunted with his crime, will proudly reply, 'If I have broken the law, I have suffered the law.' Our own deliberate opinion is, that this great vice will cling to our penal system till man's government is brought into harmony with God's; that is, till man discovers a system like that which God has revealed in the Gospel, in which all power of self-expiation is taken away from the criminal, and absolute justice is brought to operate in harmony with pure mercy. We have not space here to go into this difficult but most important subject. As it is, instead of concluding, as Cyril was tempted to do, that man acts upon higher and juster principles than God, we conclude that God is wiser and juster, as well as more merciful, than man.

We cannot conclude our remarks on this volume without expressing our grief and astonishment at the treatment it has received from some of our contemporaries. It is true, they express dissatisfaction, but very mildly. The real character of the book has entirely escaped their notice. They view its faults simply as matters of defect, and treat the book as if it were really what it professes to be, an exhibition of the conflict of modern thought. One of them speaks of Clarence, by whom the pernicious theory of the work is fully developed, as if he were a Christian preacher: 'It is refreshing to turn from the abyss to which such speculations lead, and to listen to the discoursing of Clarence on some of the happier influences of religious faith on individuals and communities, especially as it ceases to be allied mainly with horror, and becomes prominently associated with a sense of justice, and blends itself ultimately with mercy and grace.'

Such reviewing, we fear, will place a dangerous book in the

hands of many a young man of unsettled principles, and originate mischief of a very serious nature. For ourselves we have not for a long time read a more dangerous jesuitical book than *Thorndale; or the Conflict of Opinions*. It is not what it professes to be. It contains no honest conflict of opinion. There is a seeming conflict, it is true, between Seckendorf and Clarence; but if all the opinions of the latter were adopted by the former, he might still remain the same man, and would only be furnished with a philosophical reason for being what he is. Whether Mr. Smith intended it or not, we deliver it as our deliberate opinion, that he has published a book whose tendency it is to subvert all the great principles of religion and morality.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Poems of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH*. Selected and Edited by R. A. WILLMOTT. Illustrated with One Hundred Designs by Birket Foster, J. Wolf, and John Gilbert. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. London: Routledge. 1859.
2. *GOLDSMITH'S Poetical Works*. Edited by R. A. WILLMOTT. Illustrated by Birket Foster and Noel Humphreys, and Printed in Colours by Evans. London: Routledge. 1859.
3. *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems*. By LONGFELLOW. Profusely Illustrated by John Gilbert. London: Routledge. 1859.
4. *Odes and Sonnets*. Illustrated by Birket Foster. Engraved and Printed in Tints by the Brothers Dalziel. London: Routledge. 1859.
5. *THOMSON'S Seasons*. Illustrated by Birket Foster, F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., J. Wolf, Noel Humphreys, and G. Thomas. London: Nisbet. 1859.
6. *Christmas with the Poets: a Collection of Songs, Carols, and Descriptive Verses, &c.* Embellished with Fifty-three Tinted Illustrations by Birket Foster. London: Bogue. 1855.
7. *The Deserted Cottage*. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Illustrated by Birket Foster, J. Wolf, and J. Gilbert. London: Routledge. 1859.

A NUMBER of illustrated works, designed to meet the general demand for Christmas presents and New Year's gifts, make their annual appearance about the date of our present issue; and certainly no more graceful and beautiful tokens of affection could be found or suggested than the volumes which now for many years past have been successively prepared against this festive season.

They form in some sort a distinctive feature of the age; and equally by their character and excellence testify to the advanced condition of our country in the ameliorating arts and the social charities of life. We think that as a whole they give still more gratifying tokens of the ascendancy of Christian morality and truth in our educated and superior classes. This evidence is furnished by the character of the works which publishers and artists have preferably selected for illustration; for while they are largely taken from the favourite poets of our country, ancient as well as modern, these for the most part are chosen because of their ethical soundness; and some works of a more decidedly religious stamp, both in prose and verse, appear among the number.

A brief reference to publications of this class in former years will enable us more fully to appreciate those of this present season. It will serve to remind us that steam and electricity are not the only instruments of modern progress, but that art, in its more silent sphere, has kept pace even with the astonishing march of science.

When 'the Annuals' first came out, about half a century since, their appearance was deemed quite an era in art. Some of them, indeed, as the *Landscape* and the *Oriental*, were not undeserving of their esteem. The letter-press was sensible and instructive; the steel-plates, though far inferior in the rendering of detail to our modern wood-cuts, yet gave some idea of the places which they portrayed. But by far the most popular of them all was the *Keepsake*; a large and handsome octavo, with plates interspersed throughout the reading of prose and poem. With our recent serial books before us, the high favour of the *Keepsake* is quite beyond our comprehension. We never saw such a strange commixture. Were the pictures designed for the reading, or was the reading intended to explain the pictures? What prosy poems and what maudlin prose! What tales of questionable taste, and far more questionable morals! What monstrous titles the stories had!—'The Unearthly Visitant,' 'The Mortal Immortal,' and such like attractive names. The ladies, if they read them at all,—and we hope in all charity that they had better taste,—must have been strangely fond of having their feelings harrowed. Love and revenge, jealousy and murder, torture and imprisonment, were favourite, and no doubt cheering, incidents to be perused by the Christmas hearth. In actual power and artistic value—there are of course exceptions, and some names high in literature lent their aid—the tales are about equal to those contained in our penny weekly numbers, far inferior to the average standard of *Household Words*.

We strongly suspect that the *Keepsake* owed much of its popularity to the number of its titled contributors. At least three-fourths of its list of authors were either noble, or could write M.P. after their names. What a zest this gave—is there no such influence felt now-a-days?—to the compositions! We were greatly amused, in looking over the volumes, to find ‘the proprietor had ascertained that a belief existed that the articles have occasionally been selected less in relation to their intrinsic merits than to the names of their authors.’ The belief *had* existed. The ill-used proprietor determined to escape the imputation by withholding the names, but he failed not to add, his book retained *nearly all its old contributors*. Such stoical virtue, however, did not last, and the following year the high-sounding names were again placarded.

The pictures were taken from great artists, alternately with maids of honour, reigning beauties of every complexion, and sentimental scenes. There were Greek maidens, dead and alive, declarations of love in all the varieties of posture,—Walter on his knees before Ida, Lothario with a monstrous scimitar carrying off Maria,—the silver lady, the maiden of the tapestried chamber,—Clorinda angrily grasped by her own husband, who has just torn off the mask which caused him to be mistaken for another: such was the taste and teaching of illustrations but thirty years ago. But let us turn to some more amusing scenes, although not intended to raise a smile. Here is Zella on the sea-shore; a storm is raging,—behind, is a rock too lofty to climb,—before, waves so high that she must be drenched when they break on the beach. We think the artist means it to be night, and the young lady has come down in full evening costume: we are glad that she has neither shoes nor stockings, the waves would have spoiled those useful articles. Here is another that fairly puzzled us. The scene is a battle-field at midnight, at which most unseasonable hour a warrior is brandishing a huge sword; men are lying dead around amongst the ruins, and in the middle is a young lady, as much at her ease as if in a boudoir. We learn from the verses annexed, she is present in silent agony to view a lover’s corpse; and we wonder she came in a low white muslin frock, and with her hair ready dressed for an evening party. The theory of the *Keepsake* was that it should be given away; and a presentation plate, with space for the name, and instructions to write it with a hard pencil, was drawn on the fly-leaf. Perhaps this is the reason why the volume was so compiled, that none should be tempted to retain it. Yet, after all, at that time we should have thought it extremely grand, no doubt, and have prided ourselves on our knowledge of art. We may blame the

bad taste and bad morals of former days,—we may hardly laugh at the steps by which they worked out results upon which we have learned carefully to improve. It is because they toiled and slaved for us that we are so much better off than our fathers.

Christmas with the Poets is the most charming production of a recent season. It is truly 'embellished' by more than fifty drawings of Mr. Birket Foster, changing in turn from landscape to figure, from old ruined castles to careful interiors, sometimes grave, and sometimes gay, and in almost all equally happy. We envy his versatile gifts, and would that we could so vary our subject and style. This is indeed a charming volume, and its tinted plates form almost an era in modern art. We speak of it first as the longest out, and because we believe that at its date nothing equal to it had appeared. It was a happy idea thus to gather Christmas poems of every age since the Norman Conquest,—from the earliest carol known to the rhymes of the present Laureate Tennyson.

The old English Christmas songs contain a strange mixture of scriptural allusions and invitations to hard drinking,—the latter having a decided preponderance. Every period of the season, almost every incident, has its measure. Boar's head and ale carols, songs in praise of vine and holly, yule clog and wassail bowl, the New Year, Candlemas, St. Distaff's Day and Twelfth Night, church-decking, bell-ringing, Christmas-boxing, fruit-tree wassailing and mumming; the superstitions of an ignorant time, and the religious facts of the season:—none of these were forgotten for want of a sacred bard. The poetry was often none of the smoothest, nor the rhymes of the happiest, as the following from a well known boar's head song will show:—

'Be glad, lords, both more or less,
For this hath ordained our steward,
To cheer you all this Christmas,
The boar's head with mustard.'

Happily, the author lived before the days of periodical criticism. There are, however, some verses of much higher character, not only from the more recent poets, as Wordsworth and Tennyson, with which our readers are, doubtless, acquainted; but a few of the most pleasing date from a very early period. Thomas Tusser, Ben Jonson, and William Drummond, all wrote pieces which we would have gladly quoted; but we can only afford space to insert extracts from two carols of the fifteenth century. Of these the first was copied from an ancient manuscript, and is of unusual sweetness in expression and style; but some of its verses shall speak for themselves:—

' This winter's night
I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day ;
And ever among
A maiden sung,
Lullay, by, by, lullay.

' This lovely lady sat and sung, and to her child she said,—
My son, my brother, my father dear, why be'st thou thus in nayd ?
My sweet bird,
Though it betide,
Thou be not King veray ; *
But, nevertheless,
I will not cease
To sing, by, by, lullay.

' The child then spake ; in his talking, he to his mother said,—
It happeneth, mother, I am King, in crib though I be laid.
For angels bright
Did down alight,
Thou knowest it is no way ;
And of that sight,
Thou may'st be light, †
To sing, by, by, lullay.

' Now, sweet son, since Thou art King, why art Thou laid in stall ?
Why not Thou ordain Thy bedding in some great king's hall ?
Me thinketh 't is right
That king or knight
Should be in good array ;
And then among
It were no wrong
To sing, by, by, lullay.

' Mary, mother, I am thy child, though I be laid in stall,
Lords and dukes shall worship Me, and so shall kings all ;
Ye shall well see
That kings three
Shall come on the twelfth day.
For this behest
Give me thy breast ;
And sing, by, by, lullay.

' Now, tell me, sweet Son, I Thee pray, Thou art my love and dear,
How should I keep Thee to Thy pay, ‡ and make Thee glad of cheer.

* In truth.

† Quick.

‡ Satisfaction.

For all Thy will
I would fulfil,
Thou knowest full well in fay ; *
And for all this
I will Thee kiss,
And sing, by, by, lullay.'

The following is from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. The date of the manuscript is supposed to be about the year 1500:—

'When Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

'Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, "God's Son is born this night,"
In Excelsis Gloria!

'This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find ;
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria!

'Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace
In Excelsis Gloria!'

We shall have so many other illustrations to notice by the same hand, that we can linger but for a moment over those now before us. The subject suggested great variety of treatment, and it has been ably handled. There all the minstrels come to claim their expected welcome at the keep of the Norman noble, —portcullis gate and donjon tower and wide courtyard,—game fresh from the forest, hart and boar, bittern and wild fowl, are gathered near the table in the open air, in bountiful preparation for the feast. Here is the boar's head, bedecked with bays and rosemary, borne aloft to the sound of trumpets in procession, fitly headed by the jester in cap and bells. The castle gate, with its free-handed charity to gladden the poor, who are awaiting the Christmas dole,—the fire-side where old and young are listening to the Christmas story,—the yule log dragged in to be laid on the hearth, and lighted by a brand from last year's fire, —the wassail bowl, of no mean dimensions, all piping hot, welcomed by the inmates at the porch,—the roysterers who leave

* In truth.

the warm fire-side on Twelfth Night to 'wassail the old apple tree,'—fools, and waits, and maskers, and mummers,—hunting and hawking,—abbey, and mansion, and castle, and cottage, are all depicted capitally. We love to dwell upon these scenes in the past of our fatherland. We would wish, it may be, to be ourselves less self-conscious, and envy them their child-like mirth; above, all we would that such seasons should bind all classes together, as their customs are said to have done. But it is far pleasanter thus to read of their pleasures, than it would have been to have participated in them. Gross excess in eating and drinking, dishes handed from one table to another, until the last fragments were sent out to the poor, large drafty halls strewn with rushes, and whose only cozy quarter was the chimney corner, conversation hardly restrained during dinner by the presence of ladies and the chaplain, and allowed every degree of licence after their early retirement:—such an evening, crowned by a night not unfrequently at this season passed under the table,—all these it is well in some degree to realize, that we may comprehend the immense advantages of our own times.

With this somewhat rambling preface we proceed to notice some of the illustrated books of the present time. It was a bold step to publish such an edition of *Thomson's Seasons*. Poor Thomson, we fear, reverses the fortune of Nævius. He is in our hands, not in our hearts. Everybody buys a *Thomson's Seasons*; most people place it very quietly unread upon their shelves; but if anything could make the *Seasons* popular, it would be this edition of Messrs. Nisbet. Can anything be prettier, more graceful, or more truthful, than the four vignettes by Noel Humphreys, which are the titles of the four seasons, each one with its characteristic flowers, primrose and foxglove, poppy and strawberry, charmingly delineated? How delicately, yet how firmly, drawn! What an airiness they have! A breath would make them bend before it, and then they would all rise again as it passed by. Of Mr. Foster's contributions, we like his cottage scenes the best. One is from *Summer*:—

'Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats,
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-uddered mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health!'

It is a charming little bit of rural scenery,—the white-washed cottage, with its warm, thick, irregular roof of thatch, placed, as we so often see them, at one of those angles in a country road that seem as if they had shaped themselves; sheltered behind

by a few fine trees, and in its humble poverty still retaining an air of home about it that is so peculiarly English. To us indeed it is one special charm in Mr. Foster's illustrations to *Thomson's Seasons*, that they are all taken from our native scenery. The ploughed field shut in with its quick hedges,—the clear, limpid brook, overhung with waving willow,—the flock (you never see such a flock on the Continent of Europe) driven out at morning to the pasture,—the herd of cattle cooling themselves knee-deep in the sluggish pool,—the cottage almost buried beneath the storm of snow that bleaches all the scene,—these are pictures which speak to our own home sympathies, and we gladly welcome them at a time when the rage for foreign travel has made us somewhat neglect the picturesqueness of Old England. Mr. Thomas's figures seem to us hardly equal to the company in which they are found. Mr. Pickersgill is more powerful; but how could he choose so strange a subject to illustrate, as the death of Amelia? Of the many plots in the *Seasons*, the story of Celadon and Amelia, with its maudlin description of their love, and its monstrous *dénouement* of the maiden's death by a stroke of lightning, has always seemed to us the worst. To bring ideas so dissimilar into such proximity as in these lines,—

‘T is safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
To clasp perfection! From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,
A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid,’—

is at once unnatural and revolting to our minds.

But our favourite in this book is Mr. Wolf. Look at that picture of the bittern beside a marshy pool. What a thoughtful wise old bird it is, as he stands with one leg drawn up, perched on his broad splayed foot! What a glorious hiding-place of reeds and sedges he has chosen for his home! We almost expect to hear him begin to ‘boom’ with that long bill of his. Or look at that swallow's nest

‘among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o’er the plaintive stream.’

How close the female sits to her nest, her tail spread like a *fan half opened* beyond it, with her pretty head, and clear large eyes! Why do birds' eyes always seem so large and clear when they are sitting? How lightly, too, the male is skimming over the surface of the water, and gathering food in his rapid flight! How cleverly they have selected a place to build in, among the twisted roots, and over-hung with ivy! Now, again, we have a covey of partridges nestled amongst high grass and thistles; they are all on the alert, and soon will take to flight. Then there is poor puss

crouching on her form : what marvellous life in her eye so bright and yet so timid, in the long, eager ears laid back to catch the first alarm ! Here is a troop of wolves driven out by hunger to attack a lonely horseman. Here is a tiger just about to spring from his jungle on the herd that are feeding so peacefully hard by : what life there is in that back and switching tail, what strength and suppleness in those deep limbs ! We cannot see his face, but we are sure that it is full of animation.

When we see illustrations such as these, we wonder how the artists learn them. Do they go and hide beside marshes and brooks, and keep there quietly until the creatures come to be studied at their leisure ? Who ever dares to visit the lairs of fierce wild beasts, that we in our drawing-rooms may see what they are like ? We cannot explain the mystery, but we rejoice in the result. Farewell, Mr. Wolf, we must have done with *Thomson's Seasons* ; but we are glad that we shall meet you once more by and bye.

What shall we say of the enterprising spirit which has led Messrs. Routledge to publish five illustrated books in a single season ? If our Christmas tables want not only beauty, but variety,—if our expectant friends, who look for a present at this genial time, have not something to accord with their special taste,—it is no fault of theirs. The books which we are now about to notice, all issue from the same firm in Farringdon Street.

Odes and Sonnets we like least of all the five. It may be that, had it stood alone, we should have accepted it, and been thankful ; but, amid so many others of higher caste, we become somewhat dainty. Still it is a very tasty volume, with its elegant illuminations and initial letters printed in colours, and its tinted pictures. The ornamental designs are many of them charming in harmony and contrast of hue, and the pictures show all Mr. Foster's varied power. But we have not been able exactly to make out on what principle the poems were selected and arranged. They do not seem to us to be inserted in any order of subject, or season, or date ; or, indeed, on any fixed plan ; and there is not a word of preface to explain the mystery. The only key given is the motto extracted from Herrick :—

‘ I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers ;
I sing of May-poles.’

Whereas the *Odes* comprise verses on a variety of other matters besides.

Those, however, who are careless about any principle of selec-

tion will find some beauties in this volume, well worth remark for their intrinsic value. In the older writers, especially, there is a mixture of depth and simplicity, an expression of the harmony of nature with human thought, which we have learned almost to identify with a more modern cast of feeling in the poems of Tennyson and Wordsworth. Here is an illustration in a quaint ode of Herrick's, entitled, 'To Daffodils:—'

'Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soone;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noone;
 Stay, stay
Until the hast'ning day
 Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will goe with you along.

'We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing:
 We die
As your hours doe; and drie
 Away
Like to the summer's raine,
Or as pearles of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again.'

The old theme of man's mingled lot of weal and woe, the good ever marred in some degree by evil, and the path to happiness or wisdom lying through suffering, has been the subject of many a rhyme, since first any poet sang inspired by the Muses. Such thoughts our earlier bards were wont to speak out in all plain simplicity, not merely to allude to them in mystic language. Take, as an example, this sonnet of Spenser:—

'Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the fir bloome, but his braunches tough;
Sweet is the cypresse, but his rynd is rough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broome flower, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with sowre is tempered still,

That maketh it be coveted the more :
 For easie things that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men doe set but little store.

Why then should I accompt of little pain,
 That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gain !

We recognise, among the *Odes and Sonnets*, many old friends, we were going to say ; but, if we were to speak more truly, we should call them 'old foes.' They were the stock-pieces of our college days, to be turned into Latin and Greek verse. How we have sat, and puzzled our heads over them ! With what obstinacy all the words we once knew disappeared before the necessity of the moment ! We could always recollect Greek when we wanted Latin, and *vice versâ*. Why were we set Logan's *Ode to the Cuckoo* ? Who ever, except the examiner, —and he must have examined it up for the occasion,—who ever heard the Latin for 'cuckoo ?' Why were we obliged to twist Milton's sonnet to his own blindness, backwards and forwards, until we were sick of its very name, and almost loathed the beauty of its finest line ?—

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

Who gave our tutors any right to spoil for us the enjoyment of our pastoral and moral lays, until Collins and Warton, Cowper and Kirke White, Gray and Bampfylde, were an abomination in our eyes ? We wonder that we have the patience to read any of these fugitive pieces at all. They are associated in the memories of our early days with bad marks and anxious fears about half-holidays, and then with the keen emulation of an age when distinction had become our life's stern business.

We would advise any one in a discontented humour just to sit down and look over these tinted illustrations ; there is colour enough to bring them out more clearly, and make a stronger impression on the mind. What a storm of snow and wind rages about that unfortunate winter traveller, as he crosses the bleak moor-path ! This picture alone—on the principle of Lucretius, that it is pleasant to see others involved in troubles from which we ourselves are free—ought to restore us to good temper. What richness of foliage,—budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers, leafy bowers ! What dark thick glades in which the nightingale is singing ! What 'tall trees, green arbours, and ground flowers in flocks,' in most gorgeous profusion ! It is a spot wherein a poet might well believe that 'Mother Fancy' dwelt ! What a luxurious leafy little corner of the forest where—

'The woods are deck'd with leaves,
And trees are clothed gay;
And Flora, crowned with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play!'—

as Lodge hath it. Who can look at four such pictures, each so faithful, and yet so different from all the rest, and not admire the wondrous touch that has so happily pourtrayed them? But to all this fidelity in detail, itself a triumph in illustration, we must add other scenes of quite a different character. Look at that bit of cottage, with its porch entwined with woodbine, in Warton's *Hamlet*; or that moonlight walk in Johnson's *Evening Ode*, tinted as clearly as an oil painting; or the solitary cottage on 'some Cambrian wild;' or the stately ship just starting gallantly upon its voyage outward-bound. But we must forbear, or we shall not have space for the remaining portion of our task.

It is no business of ours to dictate to Mr. Longfellow the choice of a subject for his muse; but we think he could not have hit upon a happier line (in conventional phrase) than the Puritan fathers of his native land. It is not often that we care for American thought on European topics: they live, in much, in a world of their own; they have so little early association with old-world influences, that their feelings are different from ours. There seems to us a want of reality, a sort of got-up enthusiasm in much of their criticism upon European art, or on places of antiquarian fame. But if there be one subject on which, beyond all others, our brethren across the Atlantic may dwell with honest pride,—a subject which is hallowed to their minds and ours by the lapse of time and its association with the past, and which appeals to our highest sympathies, our love of liberty of action, and of purity of creed; it is the story of those brave pilgrim fathers who left our shores to maintain their faith and freedom in a distant land. To a poem touching on this theme we turn with more than usual interest. But every one has read the *Courtship of Miles Standish*; and we have already given an outline of the story in this journal. It is nothing new to tell of the Captain's curious reasons for asking his friend to propose in his behalf to 'Priscilla, the Puritan maiden;' nor to relate how John Alden, with his own heart's misgivings, reluctantly undertook the duty, and urged his friend's cause, until the maiden could restrain her heart no longer, but answered, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' The Captain's anger, his friend's perplexity, the alarm of the Indians, and the marriage *more majorum*, have all been perused and discussed. Some readers have been disappointed

by what they call its tameness and prosaic style. Indeed, it must be owned that it displays no great amount of poetical imagination; there are no very high flights of metaphor or language, and the flow of the whole poem is unusually equable and level; but it has its interest, notwithstanding. It is an idyl of common life. There is all the charm of reality about it, aided by a calm simplicity of style, and heightened by a matchless purity of tone. Miles Standish and John Alden speak and act as they might be believed to have spoken and acted. There is all the air, too, of the grand old Puritan simplicity,—the belief that the events of life are guided by the providence of God,—the recognition of His dealing with the heart. As John Alden ponders over his mission, and the sacrifice of his own fond hopes, we can well appreciate his conclusion:—

‘This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger;
For I have followed too much the heart’s desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin, and the swift retribution.’

We are ourselves quite enamoured of Priscilla: her simple life, her deep under-current of piety, her truthful, out-spoken, and yet gentle language, have fairly won our hearts. We sympathize with her disdain for mere complimentary replies from John Alden, and bargaining for more homely reality and heartiness at his hands.

‘Ah, by these very words I can see, interrupted the maiden,
How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying;
When from the depths of my heart, in pain with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only, and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain, and direct, and in earnest;
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting up mine to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly,
If you say aught that implies I am only as one amongst many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases,
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women;
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting.’

There is a great deal of truth in these last words, which our young cavaliers would do well to remember. Every maiden of sense regards the style of language in which she is addressed as an evidence of the estimation in which her mental power is held

by the speaker. But the fault is not all on one side in this matter, or it would have been rectified long ago.

A sound discretion has been exercised in confining the illustrations in the *Courtship of Miles Standish*, to that in which all the poem's interest is centred. The persons of the story engross all our attention, and they are all embodied in form for us by Mr. Gilbert. It is always pleasing to picture to one's mind the characters of whom we are reading; and this pleasure is greatly enhanced by the charming figures in this edition. It is hard to say which we like best. Miles Standish is the *beau idéal* of a Puritan warrior. Strong and thick-set of limb, a frame of iron mould, well knitted, though of great size, legs thrust in long jack-boots, body encased in loose leathern tunic, or girt with huge sword, belt, and corslet, a head with plenty of brains and knowledge of the wars of the Hebrews and Romans, as well as of the military practice of his own time, if not with other learning, thoughtful withal, slow in speech, terrible in wrath, too, if once aroused,—such is the painter's, as well as the poet's, hero. And then his young friend the scholar, John Alden. What a fine thoughtful face he has! How well the artist has given his perplexed look, as Miles Standish requests him to be his spokesman! But, perhaps, the best picture in the volume is that in which he stands listening, outside the house, to the sound of Priscilla's voice singing within. Love, anxiety, tenderness towards her whom he may no longer regard as his own, the thrilling notes of one so dear, each piercing his heart, arrest his steps, and keep him there hesitating, listening, musing. And we do not wonder at it, for Priscilla is very charming. She has a modest archness of costume, a maidenly self-respect, which guards her so well that she can afford to speak more plainly than many a maiden in like case would dare to do. In one or two instances we fancy the engraver has hardly done justice to the lady's expression. But the groups are charming, especially the wedding, the bridal procession, and the band of happy children, in one of the shorter pieces at the end of the book. It is rarely a poet's good fortune to have an early edition of his works so beautifully illustrated as is this by Mr. Gilbert.

Enter next, Oliver Goldsmith, in a full plum-coloured suit, with a scarlet great-coat, and a gold-headed cane. Not exactly this, but his poems almost as gorgeously arrayed. How poor Oliver, with his vanity and love of distinction, would have exulted over such an edition of his poetry! How he would have boasted that his was the only book of the year with pictures printed throughout in colours! What fabulous stories he would have told about the work whilst yet in preparation; and, indeed,

any truthful account of such a book would have been a fable in his days.

It would be very difficult to estimate the influence which this poet has exerted on the national mind. Few writers have been so extensively read. His works are, indeed, now widely supplanted, or have been revised until they retain little of their original form; but his domain, half a century since, was almost universal. As children, our fathers were delighted by his *Natural History*; when somewhat more advanced, they learned from him the stories of Greece and Rome, in those good old days of unquestioning faith, before Niebuhr and Grote; when they reached the age of manhood, his *Traveller* and *Deserted Village* were the best known to them of English poems, his *Vicar of Wakefield* the most generally read story in English prose; and when they sought diversion from such pursuits at home, as many a one then did, by a visit to the play, it might be still to hear the same author's *Good-natured Man*, or *She Stoops to Conquer*. Large as is the sphere we have indicated, it by no means exhausts the command which Goldsmith acquired. Just think of the number of pictures that have derived their subject from his writings. Scenes from the *Vicar of Wakefield* at one time threatened to swamp the Royal Academy. We have no access, indeed, to statistics upon this matter, but we well recollect our indignant protest, as year after year we had to look on the gross of spectacles, or some other incident of that old favourite story. Although Goldsmith's prose is less read now, his poems have hardly lost any of their popularity, and were wisely chosen for a Christmas volume. They must always be popular. As youngsters we read and profess to admire what others praise and we cannot understand; but we can comprehend the *Traveller*, and the *Deserted Village*. The sentiment is not beyond us, it comes down to the common level. We like the *Traveller*, we love the *Deserted Village*.

There is very little interest in Mr. Willmott's Life of the author, which is prefixed to the poems. Of no writer, perhaps, are there more amusing stories known, Mr. Cunningham and others having amassed a great quantity of information, which has made us quite familiar with his habits and education; and we should have expected some of the points, which these stories give, to have enlivened this memoir. A duller narrative of dates could not have been put on record. But the book will be estimated by the poems and the pictures, and these are charming. The *Traveller* takes us to every land and clime, and affords wide variety of subject for illustration, on which Mr. Birket Foster has seized with his usual power. The

plains of Campania, and the mountain solitudes of the Alps,—Swiss lake, Italian valley, and Arctic desert,—the broad sands of the torrid zone, Sicilian bay, Roman road, and Dutch canal,—are all depicted in turn; whilst all the well-known incidents of the *Deserted Village*—farm-yard and school and parsonage—may-pole and country dance, and knot of rustic politicians—beggar and dairymaid and emigrants, the last a tearful band just setting out—are drawn with the same skill that we have spoken of before, and shall have to speak of yet again. The colouring, too, of some of the pictures—they are carefully coloured, not merely tinted—is wonderfully good. The figures in the book are not, we think, equal to those in some of the other works under consideration. Mr. Foster's strength is plainly in landscapes.

And now we pass to the final volumes on our list, *Wordsworth's Poems* and the *Deserted Cottage*. The latter of these is but an excerpt from the former, and published in a separate form, in accordance with Coleridge's suggestion, 'that had the two first books of the *Excursion* been sent out by themselves, they would have formed what they are, one of the most beautiful poems in the English language.' The larger book comprises a selection from the bard of Rydal, designed to exhibit his varied powers in imagination, fancy, and reflection. To us the choice seems to have been judiciously made. It is not our intention to enter upon any criticism of the poems; but on this book the combined powers of Messrs. Birket Foster, Gilbert, and Wolf, each a host in himself, have been concentrated, and the result is worthy of their efforts: most ably, too, save in one or two exceptional instances, have their designs been rendered by the Brothers Dalziel.

As the Athenian grew tired of hearing Aristides called 'Just,' we fear our readers will be wearied of Mr. Foster's praises; if so, we recommend them to look at his pictures. We are especially struck here, as elsewhere, with his versatility of talent,—his handling making kindred subjects seem ever new. Take as an illustration his five drawings in succession, beginning from page 129: they are all nothing more than small bits of trees and foliage, but there is a freshness about each one, as it meets the eye, that evidences great power in treatment, acquired by careful study of nature. We are much less satisfied with his mountains; there is a mannerism about them; the lights are all cast in exactly the same manner; there is none of that perpetual change of shadow which is their greatest charm,—none of that irregularity which breaks up the lights into a thousand rays, and

brings out hidden crevices and irregularities of surface. Indeed, most of these illustrations are on a scale in which we suppose that it would be almost impossible to give a faithful rendering of mountain scenery; and therefore we have to put up with rounded mounds, just tipped with a gleam of sunlight on the edges. But in pasture and moorland, cottage and woodland, we are almost always pleased. Oak, fir trees, birch, yew, elm, lime and beech trees, with many a rich carpeting of wild flowers and grasses, are here in glorious luxuriance, and in tender, delicate fidelity.

Our old friend Mr. Wolf re-appears here in full force. We like his swans less perhaps than the rest, although they are not without merit; but some of the other drawings are of a very high order. There is a life-like representation of young lambs bounding, in the ode called, *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood*, that is much to our fancy; the awkward-leggy young things are frisking in the most absurd and natural manner. There are a brace of hares scampering across a moor, 'running races in their mirth,' with the combined agility and stiffness of limb so peculiar to those creatures. There is a pair of falcons, one of whom, with talons firmly stamped in the poor quarry, that is stretched helpless on the top of a rock, is turning round with open beak, as if to resent the intrusion of its companion, who is coming up with its powerful wings spread out to their full width in its eagerness to share in its prey. There is a kite calmly standing over its nest, with its long feathery back towards us, and a bold rocky scene beyond. There is a pet little throistle perched upon a bit of gorse, (just as one has often seen them,) that bends beneath its weight; but the little bird sits quite securely, and sings away might and main. And, lastly, there is a large shaggy eagle hovering in the air over a bleak mountain top, with huge wings and feathery legs, in a terrific storm of rain and wind: the hard bare summit on which it is going to alight, and the surrounding peaks, across some of which a gleam of light flashes through the gloom, have been most admirably rendered by the engraver. All these are drawings of no mean excellence, and confirm the opinion which we had before formed of the artist's powers. In the figures, Mr. Gilbert is, as usual, successful with many pleasing groups, which we cannot now particularize, but which evince the like vigour and accuracy with his illustrations to *Miles Standish*.

We have indicated some of the most noticeable points in these volumes. To our thinking, *Wordsworth's Poems* is the book of the season; and we were gratified to learn that the

whole edition of six thousand was sold within a month of publication; and the publishers were obliged to borrow back surplus copies to complete some pressing orders before the appearance of a second issue. Such a result shows how well the public can appreciate the taste exerted for their recreation; and rarely has a purer taste been displayed. Alike in subject and illustration, there is an absence of all meretricious attraction; solid worth and genuine beauty are the claims which have caused so wide a popularity.

And now we may pause a moment to congratulate our readers on the tone of these books for Christmas presents. May we take them as no unimportant evidence that we are learning at once to be merry and wise? May we hope, that where our idler moments are devoted to such reading, the time thus spent in recreation is far from being thrown away? It is no small advance in the truthfulness of taste to have such drawings, instead of those which used to adorn or disfigure our annuals; it is a more important step to have such thoughts as those of Wordsworth, Thomson, and Longfellow, in place of the stories we spoke of at the commencement of our article. We are, of course, far from endorsing every line which these books contain; and there are certain expressions in Goldsmith's poems especially, which are a blot on the beauty of his other writings; but we think all will admit that it speaks well for the public mind, when those who watch most anxiously its various phases, select the works before us as likely to be most acceptable. Nor would it be just to pass over in silence a striking fact with regard to the illustrations. Their sole attraction is their faithful representation of nature, whether landscape or figure be the subject under treatment. We do not recollect, nay, we venture to affirm that there is not a single drawing in any of these books, of which the purest taste (artistic criticism, of course, excepted) could disapprove; and it has been a pleasing task to us to examine their contents. We have not judged, of course, the drawings from what is technically called the 'high art' standard; but Messrs. Foster, Wolf, and Gilbert may claim no mean rank as artists from the pieces here exhibited, whilst to the poems generally the remarks of the most illustrious of their authors may fairly be applied. 'To add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to lead the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, to feel, and to become more actively and seemingly virtuous,—this is their office, which we trust they will faithfully perform;' an office of no little moment, if we may apply more truly to the holiday season Wordsworth's lines on the First of March:—

'One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason ;
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

'Some silent laws our hearts may make,
Which they shall long obey ;
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.'

ART. IX.—*Essays on the Ethics of Aristotle.* By SIR ALEXANDER GRANT. London : J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

AT the present day much attention is devoted in the highest seats of learning to the study of moral philosophy ; yet at the same time the eclectic spirit of the age seems resolved to regard that science as interesting and curious merely in the historic point of view, not as any longer affording materials for renewed systems or controversies. It will be seen in the following remarks, that whilst we cordially coincide with this eclectic tendency, we consider that it needs both confirmation and guidance. We shall endeavour to show on the one hand that while the uniform failure of all attempts to erect moral truth into the form of a science, militates against the belief in the possibility of a satisfactory system of morals ; on the other hand, moral truth has passed through so many handlings, and been placed in such different lights, that it is at least the duty of the nineteenth century to collect the various points eliminated by former thinkers. It will then appear that the fundamental facts of the different systems retain their value, although the systems themselves, founded respectively upon each of them, and which have arisen, like the palaces of the Byzantine emperors, upon the ruins of their predecessors, must be steadily rejected.

We therefore abandon the expectation of conclusive value from any moral system ; but we extol the value of the moral facts which have from time to time presented themselves to the imagination of speculative thinkers ; we would seek for the significance and worth of these facts in their influence upon the human mind ; and we would hasten the conclusion, to which in our belief the thought of the age is fully tending, that all attempts to elaborate a system either moral or metaphysical must end in mere disappointment. The more truth is systematized, the more partial and one-sided it becomes, and the less

vital, and the less useful in human life. A corollary to these demonstrations will be that the only safe basis for philosophizing is to be found in revelation; and that in examining and illustrating the positive doctrines of Christianity consists the safe and proper employment of the philosophic intellect. With the design of establishing and enforcing these assertions, we shall rapidly trace the ante-Christian and post-Christian history of moral philosophy.

The philosophers who prior to Aristotle pondered most deeply the mystery of being, were fraught with moral truth and insight. Every great philosopher must be so by virtue of the poetic faculty within him; as is the case with the loftiest poet, whose numbers flow to the harmonies of the universe. It was to the mind of Aristotle that Ethic, along with most of the separate departments of scientific investigation, first stood forth as a distinct science. Plato, the first great eclectic and the representative of all preceding philosophy, was, by reason of the poetical complexion of his intellect, averse from any such rigid classification of the sciences as Aristotle proposed to himself. He saw by instinct, what we who come after are compelled to enforce by precept, that nothing is of value when separated from its use in life; and that truth, when systematized and severed from the quivering mass of truth which we call life, becomes dead and infectious, decomposed and changed into falsehood. He therefore permitted speculative and moral truths to lie even as he found them, interpenetrant and intermingled; he neglected to classify them; but did not the less strongly embrace them in the wide circuit of his theoretic power and eloquence. What is observable in him is the inter-dependence of moral and metaphysical or speculative truth. The central source of light and heat in his ideal world is the idea of the good; speculative philosophy is united with moral philosophy in the identity of their object-matter, namely, 'the good.' And yet we may discern in Plato the germ of all the systems of moral philosophy which since his day have vexed the world. For practical purposes he expresses the excellence of virtue and the foulness of vice by a number of metaphors, each of which has been reproduced by some subsequent theorist in the form of a system. Moral philosophy is therefore in origin a metaphor. And in very fact, it may be affirmed that every system and theory in the world is truly a metaphor, and nothing more: it is a mode of expressing the relation between God's truth and man's faculty; an attempt, always inadequate, to embrace and comprehend the incomprehensible infinite. Plato made his attempt more nobly than other men, inasmuch as he endeavoured to grasp all things in

one primary conception, with superadditions and compromises as vast as itself, careless of self-contradiction and lack of order. Aristotle's attempt is from another side: he too would comprehend everything, but it must be by parts, and piece-meal, not as a whole. He divides and maps out the unknown field of the knowable; and by division of labour proposes to advance from boundary to boundary, until he complete his recognizance of the whole extent. The landmarks of the sciences have been left almost undisturbed where Aristotle placed them: no man has equalled his power of classification. But it is difficult to decide whether the convenience of his grouping does altogether compensate for the distortion and unreality occasioned by it in many departments of knowledge. In Aristotle we have the universe subjected to the most intense human treatment; everything is displaced and eliminated from its surroundings to suit the point of view. In the sciences concerned with things which we see and handle and use in common life, the treatment is of great value; but the higher mental and moral truths which lie together in the unity of the human soul, lose all their life-giving qualities the instant that they are subjected to it.

To keep to the example with which we are at present concerned, the ethical treatises of Aristotle contain many noble and true things, and a vast number of facts, regarding human nature, most carefully collected and arranged; but yet they fail to comprehend in their elaborate network the infinite of moral truth which impalpably underlies everything; and what does surrender itself, dies in the artificial enclosure on being translated from its own natural element, 'the nature of things.' We must be understood as harbouring no desire to diminish the greatness of the Stagyrte. We wish only to place that greatness upon its true foundation. Aristotle did immense service to the human race by pointing out many of its true needs and more proximate objects of pursuit. But he destroyed, as far as his influence extended, the practical use of that vast and many-sided edifice, reared before his time, and called 'the philosophy of the ancient world;' rendering it no more a temple of worship, to which resorted the good and great amongst living generations, but a huge mausoleum, with its many separate tombs of the systems of his own devising. Philosophy before Aristotle had supplied the world with a faith, since it took heaven and earth into its mighty compass, and was wrought into an enthusiasm by the spirit of a Plato. The moral teaching of Socrates, and the intuitive dogmatisms of Pythagoras and Plato, formed a real political power in the world, blending itself in wonderful adaptation with the life of the human soul. But we can trace no political

influence exerted by the abstract speculations of Aristotle, unless we reckon the incredulity of the thousands of students who have lost enthusiasm in the study of truth as an object, whilst marvelling at the perfection of their master's method.

There is, however, in Aristotle a sort of pseudo-practicality, just as there is a sort of pseudo-speculativism, which has given rise to the common opinion that he is the most useful and sensible of the philosophers. On the one hand he makes his *Ethics* an introduction to the wider study of politics. They are a collection of facts relating to the moral nature of man, made for the direction of the politician and economist. He abandons the insoluble questions which had occupied the more ancient philosophers, such as the inquiry into the nature of the good and the just, as principles; and is content with recording their part in human actions, as habits. This design is very good; and was much better at the time of Aristotle than we can now conceive. In ancient Greece, every philosopher was a political thinker; and it would almost be fair to say, that the ultimate problem of the Grecian philosophy was the devising of a perfect State. Plato, indeed, was carried by the force of speculation to a point beyond this; and his theory of a perfect commonwealth is driven, in order to its realization, into another world, of the existence of which he therefore appends whatever proof he is able. But with Aristotle all hope and all fear centre upon the present life: the State occupies the place of God; the duties of citizenship are instead of the duties of religion; the praises or disgraces attached by the magistrate, stand for the blessings or curses of the Final Award. It was only in a perfect state that the two ideas of the Good and of Finality were found to be concurrent, that the problem of philosophy was solved, and the golden age of human happiness resuscitated. Such were the schemes of ancient philosophy. Plato's *Republic* is their perfect embodiment. It combines everything, and was to heathenism a very temple of truth,—all the great elements of philosophy, which Aristotle so carefully sundered, political efficiency, moral truth, metaphysical boldness, and sublimity. Above all things, nothing can be more *catholic* than the spirit and manner in which it is conceived.* But the Platonic

* To take an example. The great preservative which prevents the guardians in the *Republic* from degenerating into a mere oligarchy, seems to consist in the care taken to prevent *centralization*. Thus, in addition to the elaborate education bestowed upon the guardians, the tendency of which was to make them despise the enjoyment of power, it was a fundamental principle in Plato that, so long as they were in office, the guardians should be under no controlling supervising power, nor be deputies and agents of any central jurisdiction, but should exercise their magistracies irresponsibly, and as they thought best.

Republic, though so majestic and beautiful a structure, is absolutely impracticable from its very perfection ; it is a system without flexion, or joint, or bend ; it allows no progress, no play or scope to individuality ; it attempts to provide for each hour of the life of every man by State regulations ; so that it ignores private feeling, and is without mercy to human weakness. The State stands in continuous uniformity before the individual, with a dictation and a precept for every act of life. Such a system postulates its own failures ; and it remains as the most illustrious of proofs, that no impersonal principle may, with man's safety, usurp the direction and governance of the life of man, in place of Him who is the bestower and sustainer of that life.

Very different, very inferior, was Aristotle's conception of a perfect State. His ideal, could it have been realized, would have been the most tyrannous aristocracy which the world ever groaned under. He makes happiness to be the common end and final cause of all the moral actions performed by all reasonable beings ; and yet he affirms that happiness can be enjoyed, not by all men, but only by a limited and privileged class, the gentlemen of his commonwealth ; it could not, in his nature of things, extend to the rest of the community ; but yet the inferior grades were to spend and labour cheerfully, in order that the privileged class might have leisure to be happy. All this follows inevitably from Aristotle's most unexceptionable definition of happiness,—if, with him, we limit happiness to time and space. Earth has need of heaven, and time of eternity, to fill up what is lacking : so that even what is best upon earth is turned into bitterest gall, when viewed without respect to a futurity. The errors of the ancient political thinkers arose from their demanding from the organization of a State what no such organization can for an hour perform. The State was to be always present, not merely to pronounce upon the several moral actions of each of its members,—a thing of itself absolutely impossible ; but it was even to weigh and deliberate upon the motives which prompted them ; to superintend the entire moral life, inward and outward, of each of its citizens. On this hypothesis, ethics are certainly a part of politics, requiring the diligent study of the lawgiver and magistrate. But such a view of the relations of ethics can scarcely be entertained in the present day : it carries its own refutation with it, since it pushes the analogy between the individual and the State to the extreme absurdity of supposing that there is in the State a common undivided consciousness. It may with certainty be concluded, that in the same manner as the speculative principles of the ancients were unable to rise

beyond Pantheism, and could account for nothing; so the impersonal principle of the State, by which antiquity endeavoured to supply the moral and political wants of the world, fails to fulfil those functions which can only be discharged by the Personal Cause of causes, revealing Himself for the guidance and discipline of that freedom of will, with which He has intrusted His creatures.

We thus see that, except upon absurdly unreasonable grounds, ethics are divorced from politics: and by this stroke they are at once prescinded from the utility which the ancients claimed for them. It is a great advance to find that, in most modern theories, the two studies are held apart. It is De Tocqueville who profoundly remarks, that the course of the State may be predicted with much more certainty than that of the individual. There is an uncertainty about ethics which should not be introduced into politics. Indeed, the one can be regarded in no sense whatever as a part of the other, if we continue to consider the two as sciences. Each, as a science, has its own subject-matter, and a method of investigation which it makes its own; yet there is confessedly an uncertainty in ethics, which led to the false analogy between the State and the individual, and, from Plato downwards, continued to confuse the political thinking of the ancients. It is a great advance to find that at the present day the two sciences are kept and investigated apart from one another.

'Moral science' is, in fact, a contradiction, because moral truth is irreducible to scientific form. If ever any man thoroughly understood the nature of the scientific intellect, it was Bacon: and words cannot be stronger than those of Bacon in deprecation of the intrusion of the will and the affections upon the intellect whilst it is engaged in scientific operations. The intellect is to be *lumen siccum*, not tinctured or made humid by the will and affections, which lie at the bottom of all the falsehoods and perversions of science.* But the will and the affections are the very object-matter of ethics; and therefore the ethical student, in pursuing his study in a scientific manner, must denude himself of his own object-matter, and get rid of the presence of that of which he is treating. He is in this dilemma: the 'drier' and more scientific his intellect, the more ignorant is he of his object-matter; and the more importunately the will and the affections make themselves felt, that is to say, the better he is acquainted with his object-matter, the less capable will his intellect be of scientific process. The moral

* *Novum Organum*, lib. i., cap. 49.

hallucinations of Hobbes are referable to the 'dryness' of his intellect, and his consequent ignorance of his object-matter: the not less distorted theories of other philosophers are derived from some bias of will or affection which enslaved the intellectual faculty. The dignity of moral truth is enhanced by this view. Moral truths are not demonstrable principles; nor, on the other hand, are they primitive axioms in the received sense of the term. They partake, indeed, of the universality and necessity of axioms; but they cannot be made the foundations of science. They are facts, and nothing more. As facts alone can they be received. Moral philosophy, whilst endeavouring to treat them as laws of actions, has climbed only to fall. It has been uniform in failure. It has been more unfortunate even than metaphysics, and has not succeeded in inventing a name for its own object-matter.

Ethic and politic then, the two parts of the practical philosophy of Aristotle, cannot be considered any longer as related sciences; nor the former of them as a science at all. In the treatment of the Stagyrte we cannot but regard the practical philosophy as a failure. Politic is an impossibility upon his conception; and ethic is only useful as leading to politic. But it remains, in order to a complete demonstration of the futility of ethical science, that we should look a little more closely at the ethical structure so carefully raised by Aristotle. The world regards the *Ethics* of this great master as, next to his *Rhetoric*, the most perfect example of his unequalled method; and the defenders of the present system of education, which directs so much attention to this part of his writings, when pressed with the inutility of ethic as a scientific study, usually fall back upon the benefits to be derived from the examination of so admirable an example of methodical treatment. We must therefore at the outset say a few words in explanation of what should be meant by excellence of method. The world is very apt to fall into serious error by attaching certain unalterable significations to certain words expressing attributes. Thus, to take a notorious example, what narrow and bigoted notions have been applied to the term *accuracy*, as applied to designate the style of different writers! An accurate writer, in the truest sense of the word, is one who succeeds in obtaining the effect which he designs, and which is proper to be obtained on a particular occasion. Tried by this high standard, Shakspeare is an infinitely more accurate writer than Racine; yet it used to be the fashion to pronounce Racine a model of accuracy as compared with the undisciplined bard of Avon. If Shakspeare succeeded, it was by hap-hazard, by the irregular force of genius; and not by rule, or the accu-

rate adjustment of means to end. Yet even the critics of the last century were compelled to admit that Shakspeare was greater than the Frenchman; and their somewhat unmeaning sentence amounted to this,—that though Shakspeare were the better poet in fact, yet Racine ought to be so by all the rules of art. The present generation has seen through the fallacy in this case. Let our observations be extended into other cases; for the accurate adjustment of means to end implies the possession of means, and that, together with the power of choosing a worthy end, is exactly what constitutes genius. In this enlarged way of looking at things, we maintain that the method of Plato in the dialogue, with all its seeming lawlessness, is quite as accurate as the method of Aristotle in the treatise: but it is more concealed, less anatomically conspicuous, because of the more artistic character of Plato's mind. Each of them was a philosopher; and the real question in deciding their claims to superiority is, not which of the two exhibited the more elaborate method, or the greater appearance of truth; but, which of them was the greater discoverer, or contains the greater amount of the reality of truth. To think that Aristotle valued such writings as his *Ethics* either solely or principally as an exhibition of method, is cruelly to misunderstand and degrade him.

We have observed that, in spite of the eminently non-eclectic character of his mind, Aristotle derived from his predecessors a sort of pseudo-speculativism. It was his fate to exhibit that desire to trace all things to the common principle of the infinite, which is characteristic of the more ancient philosophers, without the grandeur which redeems their errors, and the eloquence which vivifies their abstractions. In his ethical writings this is particularly observable. We there see a remarkable attempt to reconcile two entirely incompatible methods,—that which was pursued by preceding speculators, and that which was natural to Aristotle himself. Preceding moralists had not distinguished *the good* aimed at in human actions from the ulterior and ideal principle of good which they sought for alternately in physics and in metaphysics; and the inquiry into moral good was merged in the inquiry into the universal good. Aristotle commences his moral investigations in the same phraseology, and apparently in the same spirit; and the first chapter of his greatest ethical work reads like the opening of an inquiry into the universal and ideal good. Yet it is soon perceived that this proem leads to something very different, and is in fact no more than a meagre imitation of the more speculative moralists, and bears little part in the design of Aristotle. The first chapter, indeed, is quite disconnected with the sequel. While adopting

the phraseology of his predecessors, Aristotle limits the good in human actions to their own nature; or, as he would say himself, the essence of a moral action is in its being *an end* in itself. In this way he marks off moral philosophy as a province in itself, disconnected with other parts of the speculative field. This sounds well, and is unquestionably true; but it is one of those unfruitful truths which it were best not to deal with, after their discovery, and which can in no wise stand as the foundation of a system. In the hands of Aristotle, however, it becomes the first joint of the vast vertebrated column which has ossified the whole body of moral speculation. Moral philosophy stands at once absconded, as it never should have been, from the inherent sublimity and persuasive power of the less severely systematized speculations of the ancients. Having thus limited his object-matter, Aristotle is enabled to use in full force and frequency the argument from final causes, first rendered into philosophy by Plato. This argument has seldom been so effectually applied as in ethics. In the physical sciences, with rare exceptions, such as anatomy, the investigator cannot have a compact constitution under his eye for examination; and is therefore less able to argue from the evidences of design exhibited, to the nature and good of his object-matter. Indeed, Lord Bacon went so far as to say that formal and final causes lay without the range of physical science. But in ethics the inquiry is confined to the faculties of the human creature, and the functions proper to the constitution of man; and thus the appeal can be made to the unit of consciousness, and the uncertainty of an object-matter not thoroughly cognizable is taken away.

Aristotle finds mankind endowed by nature with virtuous capabilities, which he calls *φυσικὴ ἀρετή*. We have a moral sense (*αἴσθησις*) and acuteness upon practical subjects (*δεινότης*), which may be improved into virtue; and hence it is evident that virtue is the law of our nature. The proof is very complete, so far as it is applied; but it is not by Aristotle applied to establish anything higher than that virtue is the law of nature. He does not, with Butler, draw the inference of the existence, the moral attributes, and ordinations of the Deity from the nature of man, and the state of perfectibility in which he is placed. His *Ethic*, therefore, although full of the purest sentiments of independent morality, is of small importance in its influence: it stops short of the establishment of interesting truth; and, in proportion as it lacks speculation, it is devoid of educational power.

Throughout Aristotle may be discerned that kind of uncertainty which belongs to ethics, and which he laments in begin-

ning his principal ethical treatise. This is a difficulty not to be overcome even by his careful and perspicuous touch. His design is to direct the various parts of the moral nature of man each towards its proper object as an end, that it may rest therein and obtain its good: the collective result he calls 'happiness.' The virtue of each faculty is that which constitutes its perfection, and the virtue of the highest faculty obtains the general name. So that the design of his works is first to ascertain the proper description and dimensions of the several virtues, and then to determine their relative position. But not having the will of God to harmonize with the wills of men, nor the nature of God as the standard of human perfection, he is led to fix upon a lower and arbitrary standard, the perfect man, (*ὁ σπουδαῖος*;) his conception of which is liable to many grave objections; and from the uncertainty of human volitions, and the contrariety of human pursuits, he is often in error, in the absence of an absolutely certain standard of right and wrong. He often seems reduced merely to an inquiry,—

'Quæ veniunt diversâ à parte sagittæ.'

He draws his information upon moral subjects from three main sources,—observation, opinion, and language; and his ethical works are valuable partly as a collection of facts concerning human nature, and partly as an intense example of the *organic* character of Aristotle's mind. He observes carefully, yet the shifting character of ethics baffles his efforts to draw his facts out into a science; he is studious of the opinions of other philosophers, yet it is impossible for him to embrace their spirit, and he only reports of them very partially, although with the sincerest intentions. To understand him aright, we must imagine the *σπουδαῖος* not only standing as the measure of moral virtues, but also, in the person of Aristotle himself, composing a treatise of morality. He is continually led captive by the power of language, and tempted to substitute human conceptions, as expressed in words, for things themselves; so that many of his arguments fail under the simple process of translation into a foreign language, and almost all his definitions are nominal. His famous contraposed *δύναμις* and *ἐνέργεια*, and the other determined elements of the moral action, are an Aristotelian mode of apprehending the subtle and impalpable object-matter; and, like many other of his philosophical terms, are borrowed from physics. He has the notion of an intrinsic power in the soul, working by unerring instinct towards its own good, like the operations of nature in their blind yet unwavering course. And the good of the soul is attained when the process,

at its termination, fully develops the proper nature of the soul as an active principle. This is a metaphor from the laws of growth and development in the material universe; and it is a noble metaphor, were it clothed in the tentative force of eloquence. Science has been called 'a well-constructed language;' we might say of ethical science that it is always a metaphor, but with greater or less force; whilst in regard to the benefits secured, as compared with the labour bestowed, it is an epigram.*

We have dwelt the longer upon Aristotle's *Ethics*, in order to exhibit the real insufficiency of the purest and most theoretically correct moral system in the world. Aristotle is the most independent of moralists. Happiness, according to him, is an energy of the soul according to the best or highest virtue, and is capable neither of diminution nor augmentation from other good, although by the condition of the world it stands to some extent in need of them, in order to its realization in life. His system is not perplexed by the discussion introduced into moral philosophy at a later period, as to the nature of the faculty by which we know right from wrong. It is disputed whether any word can be found in his writings to designate such faculty. He takes certain special faculties from his psychology, as those by which we perform the various kinds of moral actions, and which are to be trained into excellence; but he goes into no discussion as to the nature of the moral faculty and its object-matter. Thus it will be seen, that he conjoins a noble independence of morality with a free and unembarrassed view of the subject in hand. Yet what is the issue of this apparent practicability? Because Aristotle has committed the error of separating where he ought to have interfused, and of holding apart where he ought to have aggregated, his *Ethics* is in reality nothing more than a large collection of facts curiously arranged, chiefly interesting to those who care to observe the peculiar astuteness of the mind of Aristotle in the arrangement of *data*. Except to state and arrange them, Aristotle makes no use of the facts which he has collected; he does not deduce a science from them, but makes them fit into his own previous modes of philosophizing. There is no human interest in this discussion of human good; it is an essay on facts of every day, as facts; there is no

* Aristotle and Plato are equally compelled to resort to analogies from other sciences, in order to express their meaning upon ethical subjects: the difference between them is, that while in Plato the analogy is never more than an illustration, in Aristotle it constantly assumes a scientific value. For example, Plato calls virtue the art of measurement, (*μετρητική*), and he probably got the notion from such proverbial sayings as, *Μετρίαν ἔστω*. It is in him no more than an apt metaphor. In Aristotle it reappears under the elaborate form of the doctrine of mean states. Nor is he less subject to his own logical forms.

connexion with the great and absorbing topics which tax the highest intellect, as there is in the philosophic criticism of Plato, where the things which most nearly concern every man are brought into discussion, and one listens breathless to the pleading, watching with hope and fear the weights of evidence gradually accumulating on the one side and on the other. True it is that we are in the region of facts, when we are with Aristotle; but we have left that region of probabilities, in which only our spirits find excitement and motion; and we are continually led to the exclamation, 'Here Aristotle creeps, where Plato would soar.'

Aristotle, then, has theorized for us the nature of moral actions; and he has done this more completely than any other man: his *abscissio infiniti* is perfect both ways: on the one hand he has broken off from the hitherto broadly expressed connexion which merged the good of man in the general good of the world,—ethics with metaphysics; and, on the other hand, his *Ethics* finds objective completeness in being regarded as leading to politics. So that in framework and semblance ethics is an exact science, limited and comprehended. Yet we have seen, that although so fairly proportioned, it is the inevitable destiny of this science, as compared with other exact sciences, to be nothing more than their ghost, imitating their movements, form, and gesture; and yet a veritable atomy, thin and evanescent, in shape a shadow, in voice an echo.

ἦλθε δ' ἐπὶ ψυχῇ Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο,
πάντ' αὐτῷ, μεγεθός τε καὶ ὄμματα καλ' εἰκῶνα,
καὶ φωνήν, καὶ τοῖα περὶ χρόι εἴματα ἔστο.

Let the ghost glide, disperse, vanish; retain it no longer, by thy skill, O great magician, stiffened into a form which it struggles to escape from; acknowledge 'the uncertainty of ethics,' which thou endeavourest to reduce, to be in truth the pride and glory of ethics; receive it not as amenable to scientific form, but as truth irreducible and boundless, as an element of general speculation, not as the object-matter of a special science.

The *Ethics* is the least valuable portion of Aristotle's writings, the portion where scientific exactness of treatment least compensates for the loss of eloquence and literary attractiveness. Moral truth is erected into a science only by the force of analogy, and it continues a science only by the might of the name of Aristotle. Yet, to the multitude of modern students, Aristotle is better known for his *Ethics* than for his *Organon*; and it is not many generations since the complaint of Melanchthon that the *Ethics* was publicly read in churches. The *Ethics* is curious

rather than valuable, as illustrating upon 'impossible matter' the arresting and enchainning power of the great Peripatetic.

Philosophy, about and after the time of Aristotle, affords examples of moral teaching more or less systematized, which exerted a real and wide-spread influence upon the lives of men, and thus accomplished what the more highly organized *Ethics* failed to do. One such example is to be found in Epicureanism, which was a long and most varied comment upon one text,—the precept that all the other virtues spring out of prudence. Around this saying was grouped the whole moral teaching of the virtuous founder of the Epicureans, who held that men cannot live prudently without living justly and virtuously, nor justly and virtuously without living prudently: and from its misinterpretation proceeded the laxities of his followers, which have obscured his fair fame, and drawn upon him such condemnations as that of Cicero: '*Nil generosum, nil magnificum sapit.*' It became the favourite creed of the vast mass of half-educated men who, in the superficial civilization of the Roman Empire, accepted the results of some of the Greek systems in a popular form, without examination of the originals, and rejoiced in the dishonest frankness which sanctions sensuality by the philosophic avowal that man has no higher good than pleasure. As ornamented by the muse of Lucretius, Epicureanism gave countenance to scepticism, to that shifty thoughtlessness about the attainment of truth which characterized the vulgar aristocratic mind of Rome.

Circling within a narrower orbit, yet exerting an influence higher and intenser, more especially in the Roman world, do we find the doctrine of the stoical Zeno, consummated in the pithy apophthegm, 'Follow, and live according to nature.' Yet this nature received a diverse interpretation, which was wrought out in opposite results. If nature were interpreted to mean the nature of man, the sentiment conveyed an injunction to vice rather than to virtue; and Juvenal was acquainted with men who lived the lives of the later Romans, while their halls were crammed with the gypsum of Chrysippus. But the injunction, as expressive of the speculative creed of the Stoics, suggested a morality of a most noble, though sombre cast. Nature was the relentless Zeus of the Stoical Pantheist, the soul of the world, the fate which must for ever fulfil itself in entire scorn and indifference to individual life. Zeus, the undegenerate son of Cronos, and a truly iron-toothed Saturnian deity, in rotation devours his own children. Such a theory irresistibly commended itself to the creative spirit of ancient Rome.

But by far the most widely diffused, as also the purest, un-

systematized morality of the ancient world was to be found in Platonism. Morality is the essence of Platonism. It would be a fair description of Platonism to call it speculative morality, or the speculation of morality. It originated in taking that profound view of what should be the scope of the master-science of philosophy which went deeper than the physical science and the unfeeling logomachy of the Sophistic era, and sought to supply the wants of the inner spirit by something loftier than had yet been grasped. The whole speculative structure of Plato arose from the deeply felt necessity of a change in the moral nature, first enounced by Socrates. It is the structural framework raised by a sublime imagination, in order to make vivid before the eyes, and firm within the grasp of mankind, the means of satisfying those spiritual necessities of which all men are dimly and vaguely conscious. Hence the point of view is essentially moral. The idea of the good is the central idea, the chief of the ideas; and at times, in Plato, it is invested with the personality of the good and true God. The precept of the Platonists is *ὁμολοεῖς τῷ Θεῷ*. It is here that we find the only real morality of the ancient world; because it is here, and not elsewhere, that we find the standard of happiness held higher than man himself. 'Make thyself like to God,' said Plato, and was answered by the raptures of thousands of devotees, who strove even by maddest excesses of asceticism to kindle within themselves the life Divine. 'Become like the perfect man,' said Aristotle; 'listen whilst I expound the virtues of the grave and earnest, the good citizen of the perfect state, who throughout his life acts according to the highest virtue.' But the voice of Aristotle awakes no echo, no answer like itself; it fails to pierce the secret caverns of sympathy where the echo lurks. He is less potent than the stoical Zeno, who sets before mankind no progress at all; announces that evil is equally necessary with good; for without evil there could be no good; and that it is the part of the wise to look with indifference upon the alternations of these two; to submit with resignation to what cannot be disannulled. The voice of the fatalist touches a sullen chord in that human nature which is silent to Aristotle; it summons a Cato to fall upon his sword, and even a milder Marcus Aurelius to extract from its teaching the principles of an austere virtuous life.

We have no design to attempt a complete historical sketch of moral philosophy, either ancient or modern. But from the preceding notices of the ancient moral philosophy, as exhibited in the enthusiasm of Plato, the humanitarianism of Aristotle, the utilitarianism of the Epicureans, and the pantheistic fatalism of the Stoics, we may gather what will next be amplified, that the

course of the ancient philosophy in a remarkable manner runs parallel with that of philosophy from the time of Christ. If Plato may in some sort be called the Bible of heathenism, inasmuch as Plato exhibited moral truth in a hortative form, which influenced the lives of whole generations of noble enthusiasts; in like manner does the revealed word hold as it were in solution the moral system of the universe, meeting the prayer of humanity with the commands and promises of authority; setting before the world the new birth, and the new spiritual life to which that leads; and making faith, that primary yet compound faculty, its instrument and motive power. If Aristotle, by severely systematizing moral truth, rendered it inoperative, so do modern theorists emulate the useless labour of the Stagyrte, although the reflex influences of Christianity in general are sufficiently evident in their speculations. If we are scarcely able to afford a just parallel to the sublime melancholy of Zeno, yet to the vile popularity of the Epicureans we can offer a stinging apologue in the excesses of the French and English atheism of the eighteenth century. It is singular to remark, that England has produced a greater number of moral systems than any other country. Whilst distanced in speculative thinking by the Germans, and in political thinking by the French, we have selected this barren field as our own domain, and have produced a Hobbes, a Hutcheson, a Paley, and a Bentham; each with his hypothesis, antagonistic to one another. From the writings of such men has arisen the habit of regarding moral truths in a non-religious spirit; which habit is now, to say the least, quite unnecessary.

The present position of moral philosophy is essentially eclectic. We rejoice to be able to affirm that although England now witnesses a reviving interest in the loftiest pursuits of the reason, no new attempt is ever to be observed on the part of theorists in moral philosophy. To grasp and to combine, as far as may be done, the opinions of former theorists, without running the hazard of original conjecture, is the sole aim of the present generation. There is a tacit, a universal consent in this as to the uselessness of erecting any more a system of moral philosophy. In the same eclectic spirit do we venture upon a cursory examination of the various modern theories of morals; but with no intention of harmonizing them one with another, or of selecting one in preference to another; rather with the design of marking their mutual repugnance, their real fatuity, as far as certainty of conclusion is concerned. Then we shall conclude that systematic morality, or ethics as a science, is an entirely fruitless, and usually uninteresting, thing,

much better abandoned, and replaced in education by speculative theologic truth.

Here it may be necessary once more to impress upon our readers, that we have no intention of animadverting upon moral philosophy, except so far as regards the repeated attempts which have been made to erect it into a science, eliminated from its recurrence in a preceptual form. A vast mass of moral truth is always interfused with the staple literature of every age; and with this we have no business. Such works as the *Colloquies of Erasmus*, or the *Provincial Letters of Pascal*, are cases in point, where moral truths, which might eventually be carried up to the loftiest generalizations, occur in proverbs, precepts, and antithetical remarks. A vast mass of moral truth, again, is absorbed into systematic theology; and there morality occupies its right position, since no such system does, or ought to, carry the principles of morality to any other source than the commands of God. Further, we observe that moral truth is presented by right-thinking men, from time to time, in a semi-systematized, and therefore one-sided, form, in order to meet some particular exigency, or counteract some dangerous tendency. The proof both of the independent existence and of the utility of moral principles has thus been brought up again and again in support of Christian theology, which acknowledges the same high principles, but places their origin in the *κόλπος* of Deity. And this semi-systematized morality will occupy some share of our present attention, since in interest and usefulness it may present an analogy to the semi-systematized morality of the ancients, with which we have been dealing. After giving a few instances of it, we shall pass on to notice the more elaborate moral theories which have superseded the labours and emulated the usefulness of Aristotle. Our review will thus be divided into two parts:—semi-systematized morality, which has been useful for some particular purpose; and highly systematized morality, which answers no purpose at all.

Morality, semi-systematized, has been of service in the cause of true religion, and possesses historic interest even after the occasion has passed away which called it into system. But it must always be recollected that it is necessarily one-sided, in order to counteract one extreme by another. Thus Hooker wrote his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, in which he bases the moral principles upon the eternal reasons of things in themselves, for the express purpose of disabusing the ignorant of certain prepossessions as to the fluctuating nature of moral obligations, which had arisen from reports, brought from newly discovered countries, of the varying practices of mankind in some things of moral significance.

And a still better example is afforded in Bishop Butler, the greatest of semi-systematized, or, one might almost say, of un-systematized, moralists. Butler stood equally opposed to each of the extreme theories of Hobbes and Hutcheson, of self-love and of benevolence. As a plain-thinking and moderate man, he did in reference to those particular instances what we are endeavouring to do in general upon this subject; that is, to oppose the tendency which theorists have to generalize too exclusively, to view everything in the light of their own previously conceived dogma. The system of Butler, so far as the refutation of other systems can be called a system, avoids one-sidedness by having to steer midway between the two repellent theories of Hobbes and Hutcheson. It also derives intrinsic value from the fact of its being drawn directly from the Holy Scriptures; and therefore, while close in argument, it is free and untechnical in its way of putting things. It receives its psychology from St. Paul, and its facts from the operations of the Divine life upon the soul of man. Butler's carelessness for presenting moral truth systematically, his freedom from all wish to exhibit a theory, is evident from his indiscriminate use of several terms to express the same thing. Your true systematizer is always very careful of his words, thinking that in an algebraic use of language he shall be able to pin down the illimitable truth. And this peculiarity, we would remark, is in some sort a confession on the part of science as to the utility and beauty of the proverbial and preceptual morality which guides the lives of men. Proverbs and precepts are an exciting hint of the truth: the definitions and axioms of science are an attempt to exhaust the truth. Truth in the one is revealed through language; in the other, it is packed up in language; but, like the imprisoned genie, it does nothing in its bonds, and, as soon as the ties and fastenings are removed, it soars in a mighty column towards the clouds, and will own no longer service. In such men as Hooker and Butler, whose primary design was controversial and not dogmatic, we are sure to meet with a noble, if a one-sided, view of the nature of moral obligation. Of themselves they would have been content to rest satisfied with the fact, that to practise virtue was the command of Him who said, 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.' But the follies of other men rendered it necessary to present the truth in another guise: and they therefore abandoned the Christian point of view, and declared the practice of virtue to be not only the command of God, but agreeable to the eternal fitness of things and to the best principles of utility; in the same way, if the example be granted, that Plato at one time presents the personal God, and at another

time presents merely the idea of the good, or his God divested of personality for the nonce. One more celebrated example of occasional morality may be offered in Cudworth's *Treatise concerning eternal and immutable Morality*, which, brief though it is, has exercised considerable influence upon moral philosophy. It was indirectly against Bishop Taylor's famous *Ductor Dubitantium*, which latter is the most extensive and valuable work of casuistry in our language, a vast collection of rules and cases, designed for the guidance of Christian men in conformity with the positive and revealed will of God. 'The whole measure and rule of conscience,' says its author, in memorable words, 'is the law of God, or God's will revealed to us in nature or revelation.' Cudworth refutes this without much clearness or satisfaction of reasoning, by maintaining that the nature of nothing can depend upon the will of God alone, which is the efficient but not the formal cause of all things: a distinction which may be understood, but of which no proof is offered.

We come next to the works of the professors of moral philosophy in modern times, the systems of moral philosophy, properly so called. In the first place, we must prepare our readers to expect certain differences which will be apparent between the ancient and modern moral philosophy; the point of view, and the spirit of treatment, will be found to be altered. For example, the question in ancient philosophy was, as to the nature of the chief good, which, subjectively considered, is an inquiry into the nature of happiness; but, in modern systems, the subject of investigation is not the good, but the right; not happiness, but duty. The spirit of the world is less buoyant, more depressed, and deeper; less philosophical, more religious. The search for happiness is abandoned, because the nature of happiness is to be self-contained, and 'an end in itself;' and the spirit of the human race has grown too sluggish even to attempt to realize this in the present state of things, while there is a futurity revealed in which futurity shall be fruition. The present is less cherished by modern than by ancient philosophy; it is less regarded as an end (*βίος τελείος*) than a means, leading, if well employed, to future happiness. This is the inevitable reflex influence of revelation. Then the practice of virtue assumes a sombre aspect, which it does not wear in ancient philosophy. It is not the pathway to that present happiness which springs from the perfecting of man's nature, the accession of strength, the growth of the noblest powers of the soul; but as the good attainable in human action is put further off, and even lifted up altogether from the earth, so virtue becomes a painful discipline, an algebraic puzzle, of which we see no

meaning, but to the rules of which we cling tenaciously, in the hope that it may at length evolve itself. Life is a state of probation, not of entirety; the guide of life is not pure philosophy, but philosophy tinged with religious influences. The conclusion is foregone, the world no longer needs an Aristotelian painfulness of thought to reach it. Again, the change in the point of view from which the final cause is regarded, involves a change in the subject-matter. The inquiry is no longer into the phenomena of the several virtues, nor into the nature of moral virtue itself; but into the nature of the moral faculty, the power by which right is distinguished from wrong. If happiness be no longer attainable on earth as a certain effect caused by virtuous conduct, it will be no more needful to refine upon the nature of that universal which enters into virtuous acts, as virtuous; but if right be still attainable, it may still be very necessary to be certain of the nature of that faculty by which we know right from wrong, and are rendered capable of moral obligation and of the performance of duty. Thus ethic assumes a psychological complexion, which it retains until the inquiry into the nature of the moral faculty branches out, in the eighteenth century, into an inquiry into the ground of moral action, whether it be indeed an inward principle at all, or utility and self-interest. This position of moral philosophy in modern times, in which it has become more subjective and less objective, more psychological and less philosophical, more associated with the religious, and less with the metaphysical; this change, in which moral philosophy no longer stands by itself in the world, either as revealing the good attainable in human action, or as entering into the metaphysical *summum bonum*, but is compelled to bear a relation with religion, with Christianity, and to bear the irresistible pressure of revealed truth upon its philosophic forms; this alteration of the problems, this fresh disposition of forces, was compelled by the pre-mediæval and mediæval theology, which had embraced philosophy both in its Platonic and Aristotelian manifestations, and incorporated the spirit of the one and the forms of the other with Christianity itself. It will be necessary, in a few words, to give an idea of this historical discipline, to which ethic had been subjected, before it reappeared in modern times, with its fresh commencement and profounder associations.

That early transformation and perversion of Christianity, which is known as Gnosticism, had endeavoured to make speculation account for the origin of evil. This attempt, which was the great central problem of all the Gnostic appliances, was made generally either by a monoism which impaired the moral perfection,

or by a dualism which limited the omnipotence of God. The rejection of the orthodox explanation of the permission of evil, (in accordance with the formula, $\delta \mu\eta \kappa\acute{\omega}\lambda\lambda\upsilon\omicron\nu\omicron\alpha\iota\tau\iota\omicron\nu$;) the denial of the only true origin of evil in the aberration of the created will, drew the speculative intellect of the first centuries away from anthropology towards theology, in the most limited sense of the word; and the determination of the modes of the self-manifestation of the Divine will occupied the attention. Several systems of theories on this point meet our eyes, each system attended by its corollary of moral practice. If the Demiurge was regarded as expressing in nature and history the designs of the Supreme Intellect, strict moral obedience to the laws of nature, and a regular course of life, was the product of the speculative creed. If the Demiurge were regarded as in opposition to the Supreme Intellect, or as an independent world-making spirit, or as, at best, only an imperfect organ of the *Noûs*, there followed a total aversion from, or indifference to, the laws of nature, which was alternately developed into asceticism, or into a wild abandonment to sensual gratifications. At the same time, even with the orthodox, Platonistic forms and conceptions became the vehicle of Christian doctrine; and there was, from the time of Origen, an increasing danger in the Eastern Church, lest the symbol should hide the symbolized. We may thus mark how Christianity continued the three great moral directions of Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Platonism; and that this morality arose from a speculative contemplation of the evolution of the Divine will.

Almost contemporary with the theology of the East is the anthropology of the West, in its Augustinian and Pelagian developments. The inquiry into the origin of evil had led to profound investigation of the will of God, and to the establishment of the orthodoxy that evil arose from the revolted will of the creature; that it was creatural, and not eternal. This position opened up the inquiry into the nature of human sin and guilt; and this again resolved itself into the question of the free will of man. So that, as theology became an investigation of the will of God, anthropology became an investigation of the will of man; and thus the true spheres of the conception of will or active power—the Divine and the human—are filled up. The freedom of the will, in these two spheres,—the doctrines of necessity and of freedom,—is the pronounced theological and ethical topic of discussion in the Latin age of the Church. Then follows the mediæval period, in which ethic loses, never fully to regain, its philosophical character, and becomes merged in casuistry,—a period of which Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*,

already mentioned, is the latest and finest example : a period in which the argument from final causes is lost in the identification of moral principles with their efficient cause, the will and nature of God ; and in which ethic, so long divorced from metaphysics, becomes re-united in theology, not, indeed, to the ideal world, but to the personal and revealed God. It is peculiar to this period that it adopted the terminology of Aristotle ; but re-produced it with a slightly altered meaning, and with the associations, or context, of Christian theology, not of metaphysics. So that ethical philosophy passes into the hands of the moderns with a philosophical dress, the same in texture and adornment as in the day when philosophy was the religion of the world, but dyed ineffaceably with the colours of revelation, having, as the standard of duty, the will of God, and, as the motive of virtue, the hope of heaven.

Ethics passed, with these inevitable modifications, into the vigorous hands of such thinkers as Hobbes and Spinoza. But the object of these men was political or speculative ; and, though they produced a highly systematized morality, we have not reached in them the days of ethical science, exclusively so called. Rather, ethic with them realized its ancient fate, being united with poetical or metaphysical conceptions. Hobbes constructs his political *Leviathan* upon certain moral principles which do not appear to be such wicked distortions in his system, as when taken out of it and examined apart. Spinoza, likewise, in the fourth and fifth parts of his *Ethics*, comes to the same result as Hobbes, viz., that self-love is the moral principle of man ; but he comes to the same result by a totally different route ; and he has endured much needless obloquy from the many, who are acquainted with his conclusions, without knowing how they are obtained. With the same ultimate expressional agreement, nothing can be more diametrical than the opposition between Hobbes and Spinoza. The restoration of ethics to its place, as a part of metaphysics, in such a thinker as Spinoza, is a phenomenon worthy of notice ; especially is his *Ethics* worthy to be contrasted with the narrower, falsely practical systems which followed it. His name is to be conjoined with that of Leibnitz as the restorer of the science of speculative morality. The works of such men enable us to state, more precisely than we yet have done, the relation which ethic bears to metaphysics. Ethic, in the highest conception of its essence, is the evolvment and announcement of the laws of metaphysics ; so that a metaphysical principle is an ethical rule, and an ethical principle is a law in the metaphysical world. The ethical element is that which, in the metaphysical world, governs the

self-determinations of real being; and, in regard to us, enables those eternal and immutable objects to sustain a relation to the thinking mind, to become the objects of science, to be known, to project a shadow, the subjective, which is the shadow of the objective. This seems to have been the import of the Platonic doctrine, that the idea of the good is the chief and soul of the ideas; the real being which enters into them, and constitutes them ideas; just as they, in their gradation, enter into individual things, and connect them with science. It belongs to the metaphysical world, that not only the self-determinations of real being, but the self-determining process also, should be eternal, and necessary, and unalterable: the procession is eternal; the communication of natures in one Divine effluence, without change, or increase, or diminution, has always been consummating; the becoming is eternally becoming. This has been expressed in metaphysical formularies, as in the Platonistic, that the ideas are eternal numbers, dyads, triads, &c., which have an existence independent of the unit, and yet do in some manner partake of it; the unity of the unit, passing into them, loses and yet realizes itself, in bestowing upon them an indivisible unity of existence. It has not, to our knowledge, been adequately expressed and carried through in Christo-philosophic formulæ.

The partly divulged moral system of Spinoza is the finest part of his work; the least repugnant to human nature. He is compelled in this part, by the necessities of language, to allow his definitions to rest in abeyance: his meaning is still to be understood as being subject to his definitions, but he is obliged to use language more popularly. His 'utility' is not pleasurable sensation, but the enlargement of the mental and bodily capacities of man. The passions, being an extrinsic force, disturb the capacities, and render the mind a less powerful agent: they must be overcome by him who would steadily pursue what is useful to himself and his highest good, viz., what reason points out as the best means of extending his capacities. Now nothing is absolutely good, says Spinoza; and, therefore, the virtuous man will seek nothing primarily except knowledge, and the highest knowledge is the knowledge of God. From this severe intellectual platform proceed most profound regulations for the passions. The more adequate the knowledge which we attain of the things that affect us, the less shall we be liable to be overcome by the passions which they excite. Everything refers itself eventually to the idea of God. The more we know of ourselves and our passions, the more shall we love God; for knowledge leads upwards to God, and the love of God should be the chief employment of the mind. The knowledge of things in

themselves is the perfection of human nature; and is accompanied with the greatest joy and contentment; it leads to a love of God which is intellectual, and fantastic, and eternal, because it springs not from passions that perish with the body, but is itself a part of the infinite love with which God intellectually loves Himself. In this love to God our chief felicity consists, which is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself. Nor is any one happy because he has overcome the passions; but it is by being happy, that is, by enjoying the fulness of Divine love, that he has become capable of overcoming them.

This is very extraordinary; it is the theology of Pantheism. The speculative morality of Spinoza and Leibnitz is a direction which has not been followed up. Later writers abandoned it in the same way as the later sects abandoned the speculative morality of Plato. The old distinction between the ideal good, (*τὸ νοητὸν ἀγαθόν*), and the good attainable in human action, (*τὸ πρακτὸν ἀγαθόν*), first made by Aristotle, was renewed in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and ethics were once more divorced from metaphysics. It was, however, subjected to a much less philosophical treatment at the hands of modern thinkers than it had received from Aristotle, owing to those theological influences which we have mentioned.

We may all have observed the delight taken by great men, both in conversation and in writing, in flinging forth extreme assertions,—saying desperate things. A great man perceives a truth for one moment so intensely, that his words about it are pitched extremely high; and, in his generous momentary enthusiasm, he may seem to those who cannot understand this peculiarity of genius, to be reckless and inconsistent. Yet there will always be purpose and meaning in this, provided it be connected, as it always will be, with some practical design; for we take it that practicality, a desire to work upon the actual lives of men, is the instinct, the mark, and the calling of the highest genius. On the other hand, your smaller man will be as extreme as the other, but will talk his versatility, inasmuch as his capacity for receiving truth is narrower; he will dogmatize as positively, but less tentatively, and his dogmatism will be hard and inflexible in comparison with the more impetuous and genial temper of the other; it will lack redundance and grace; it will be worshipped and exalted, as the one thing which fills the vision of its proposer; it will never be abandoned. It may be that the hint is taken from the greater man; it may be that the theory is self-evolved; but the difference remains ineffaceable: the dogmatism of genius is enthusiasm, the dogmatism of the man void of genius is system. We have already observed how the

metaphors of Plato became the system of subsequent thinkers; in the same way do we believe that the complete systematizing of morals, which took place in the latter half of the seventeenth and the eighteenth century, arose from a misappropriation of the earlier and bolder thinkers who gave a new speculative direction to ethics. We now arrive at the history of the modern conception of ethics as a science.

The object-matter of the science of ethics has been conceived of in two ways,—to investigate the nature of virtue, or to lay down a theory of moral sentiments. The former view has attracted the greatest speculative intellects of all times; while the latter is the product of the peculiarly modern era at which we are arriving. This conception of ethics as a theory of moral sentiments may be subdivided into three main branches of inquiry, according as we regard the faculty by which we discern right and wrong, the origin of our ideas of right or wrong, or the nature of right and wrong. These three branches respectively connect ethics with psychology, with metaphysics, and with ontology. The first, or psychological branch, has been the most fruitful of crab-apples. But it will be observed that all modern systems have a psychological cast; and it is this, rather than a difference of object-matter, which distinguishes them from the system of the ancients, in which the point of view is more objective.*

* Sir James Mackintosh says, 'On these three principles, the moral sense, the essential difference in human actions, and the will of God, is built the whole edifice of practical morality.' We subjoin this to the twofold division in the text, and add a few illustrations, in order that our readers may understand the difficulty of preserving clear divisions on a subject that evades the grasp. In these illustrations we anticipate at times what we have to say in the text.

(a.) The first principle is, that the goodness or badness of moral actions is determined by some faculty within ourselves, independently of the nature of the actions, which are neither good nor bad, except as tested by this criterion. This is an extreme statement of the principle of the moral sense, and it was held in this extreme rigour by Hume, who maintained that virtue and vice existed in the sense only. With modifications it has been the foundation of every system of strictly psychological structure.

It has been questioned whether Aristotle maintained the existence of the moral sense, as a special faculty; although no doubt can be entertained that he thought the moral quality of actions to be distinguished by some faculty analogous to the external senses; and this he designates by the several terms of *voûs praktikos*, *φρόνησις*, and *αισθησις νη*. From what may be gathered from Cicero and the spurious Platonic Dialogues, the same doctrine was held by the Pythagoreans. In modern times it has been recognised under various designations.

'The moral sense.'—Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, Reid, and others.

'The moral faculty.'—Reid and Stewart.

'The practical reason.'—Kant.

'Conscience.'—Butler.

'Moral sympathy.'—A. Smith.

(c.) The second principle is, that the quality resides in moral acts themselves, irrespective of any determining power in the moral agent. This opinion was held by

The career of moral philosophy as a separate science may be said to have been begun in modern times by the contemporaneous appearance of the works of Cumberland and of Puffendorf, the founders of the Eudæmonistic school. Cumberland's *De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitio Philosophica* was published in 1672, and in the same year appeared the more generally known treatise of Puffendorf on the Law of Nature and Nations. This school has had more followers than any other in England. It steers a middle course between the Platonistic theory of innate moral ideas sufficient to establish natural law, and such extreme generalizations as those of Hobbes and Spinoza. It is in fact a new mode of looking at moral questions, and its peculiarity consists in being neither altogether *à priori* nor *à posteriori*. The fundamental proposition of this school is, 'the pursuit of the common good of all rational agents, which tends to our own good as a part of it.' Cumberland, the founder of the school, thus comprehensively announced the axiom, which is less definitely promulgated by Puffendorf under the name of 'sociableness.' The 'common good of nature' of Cumberland has also a latitude greater than the 'happiness' and 'pleasurable perception' of Paley; and Cumberland, moreover, adds the will of a Supreme Lawgiver as essential to the completeness of the law of nature. Here he is followed by Law and Paley, as well as by most English moralists of the eighteenth century. But Paley adds to his definition of virtue, that it is performed for the sake of the future enjoyment of everlasting happiness, which is a fact gained from observation of human nature; while Cumberland only very slightly alludes to a future life, and rests his argu-

Locke and Paley, so far as it amounts to a denial of the existence of the moral sense. It may perhaps be assigned as the predominant tone of Plato's ethics, inasmuch as his grand object was the establishment of the existence of truth, as well moral as intellectual. Virtue, he says, is to be pursued for its own sake, and that only is good which is becoming. From which two sentiments it may be inferred that Plato would not have denied the existence of the moral sense, but made duty (*πρότερον*) to consist in obedience to the absolutely good and honourable (*καλόν*). Similarly, Clarke and Cudworth, the most eminent upholders of immutable morality in England, speak of reason as the faculty which discerns between right and wrong.

(γ.) The third principle is, that the moral fitness of actions is in accordance with the will of God. This was the opinion of Socrates, according to whom the principles of virtue common to all mankind are laws of the Divine Being never to be transgressed with impunity (*Xen. Mem.*, i., 4.) We have the same doctrine in the Fate, the Nature, the *ἀρχὴ κόσμου* and *σάραξ*, of the Stoics, which was personified as a pantheistic Zeus, if the combination be possible. As also in Aristotle, who is pantheistic at least when he says, *πάντων δὲ τούτων τῶν ἀπείρων τὸ τέλος τὸ ἀκαταρρέον τῇ φύσει ᾧ*. (*M. M.*, vi., 8.) Cicero, who followed the Stoics, makes virtue an agreement with the universal law, and this law is '*Divina mens in homine insita*.' So, God revealed in nature; the Middle-Age casuists and modern theologians add, God in revelation. And as the one part of the revealing served for so many ante-Christian systems of morality, we ought now to be doubly and perfectly satisfied.

ment upon the consequences of virtue and vice in the present. This school, upon the whole, is a compromise between the desire for uniformity and rotundity of system, which is innate in human nature, and simple observation upon the facts and motives which actually influence the conduct of mankind. We may perhaps consider Hutcheson as belonging to the same school. Hutcheson adopted the principle of general benevolence as the standard of virtue, which amounts to the same thing as promoting the general good; but by limiting the definition of the good to happiness alone, he incurred the censure of Butler. His chief importance in ethics, however, arises from his having been the first to give a pronounced significance to the doctrine of the moral sense.

Cumberland enjoys an eminence as the first Christian writer who attempted to establish the principles of morality independently of revelation. His work is now forgotten; yet he was the founder of what may be termed the English school in moral philosophy, the school of compromise. It is to be remarked that modern analysis is applied by him and his followers, not only in the spirit of inquiry, but in its process, to reasoning upon moral subjects. From the victorious success of modern analysis in physics, it was expected that even more would be gained by its application to morals. The result has been incommensurate with these hopes, but the attempt was important and widely followed.

In France the way was paved in the seventeenth century for that extraordinary application of analysis to morals, which in the eighteenth century formed part of the sensationalism of Condillac, by the important controversy between Fénelon and Bossuet, as to the objects which a Christian moralist ought to set before him. 'Pure love to God, who is love,' Fénelon exclaimed, 'is the only legitimate object of the human spirit. Selfishness is an unnatural state; no selfish aim, here or hereafter, must be proposed by the follower of virtue.' But this noble saying was loftier than the age, and haughtier than the Gospel, which holds out to virtue the reward of everlasting life. And when Bossuet, in reply, declared Christian morality to be merely selfish, his tone struck with greater congeniality, and was ratified by the feebly remonstrant Pope. The Gallican and Romish Churches fared not so well in the ensuing century, when such principles came to be acted out in life, as also in theory. The application of analysis to ethics became nothing less than the entire reconstruction of the science. In the most ancient times ethic was connected with the loftiest speculative interests of humanity; in these most modern times it has so altered its position, as to

declare as its ultimate truth the very lowest fact that can be predicated of man. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there might be discerned a downward tendency of thought; and this reached its lowest depth in the abrupt utterances of Condillac and Helvetius. Nothing can be known in physics until it is dissected; on the contrary, in logic and its kindred sciences, nothing can be known unless it be a general conception. Dire was the crash when the method of physics was applied to the mental sciences. Every generalization immediately melted away into its subordinate individuals; and in each case, where the object-matter disappeared, the science ceased to exist. Condillac, and after him Helvetius, said at once, and dogmatically, that the feelings and faculties of preceding philosophy were nothing more than sensations; and for a time the 'understanding' of Leibnitz, the 'conscience' of Butler, the 'moral reason' of Clarke, were alike unable to vindicate to themselves a higher origin. Such was the fate of a philosophy founded upon psychology; such was the last stage in the progress of modern psychological philosophy. The mental and moral sciences were in ruins, until it should please their destroyer, that 'model of French philosophy,' to reconstruct them. This he condescended to do at length; but not with a worthy scepticism, (doubt of man, certainty of truth,) and from the objective side, but with an unworthy scepticism, or disbelief in real being and truth, and from the miserable basis of empirical psychology. If every representation of the mind is no more than a transformed sensation, self-love will be the origin of mental and moral science, and self-expedience the practical morality to be deduced from it. This terrible inference was boldly drawn by the French empiric school; and it is salutary to know that the sword of Condillac still hangs over every system of a merely psychological character. This philosophic scepticism, this immeasurable use of physical analogies and material hypotheses, either generated, or at least allied itself with, the popular scepticism of the Encyclopædists and *mélange*-writers. The deification of human reason followed strangely enough upon the degradation of man into a creature of mere sensation, with a tendency to unmitigated selfishness. It was as though human reason, having debased itself, found solace, and even experienced a vile pride, in subjecting everything else to the same indignity. Upon a national, an European scale, was repeated the history of the evil mind, which has corrupted itself, and exists only to infect the innocent with the poison in which it lives. Our present object is not to refute Condillac, but to show his relation to the preceding period of philosophical thought, which had prepared

the way for him by admitting an indirect action of physical modes of inquiry; and, in ethics, by breaking loose from the points of view held out in revealed truth.

Leibnitz in Germany, and Clarke in England, had been heretofore the most eminent upholders of the *à priori* method of philosophizing: yet even in these two the influence of physics is sufficiently perceptible. In each of them the attempt to prove the being of a God is made from the highest abstractions of the physical,—from the mathematical rather than from the metaphysical point of view. This distinction is significantly true. The mode of regarding things was altered, and it had been so ever since Descartes and Spinoza had been captivated by the apparent certainty and clearness of mathematical formulæ. Thus Leibnitz calls the first cause, or necessary condition of all being, at which he finally arrives, by the name 'monad;' while Clarke adopts the most rigid technical language, and a manner of thought suitable for a scholar of Newton, considering primarily 'the relation of things themselves.' In the feeble philosophers of this age the distinction between the metaphysical and mathematical points of view widens into a gap. We have there nothing higher than the singularly unsatisfactory appeal for the existence and goodness of the Deity from the evidences of design in creation and the harmonies of the universe. Such a feeble philosophy, consisting only of the argument from final causes stretched till it breaks, deserved a rebuke as stern and startling as the sensationalism of Condillac and Hume. The conception under which the word of God came to be regarded as a mere supplement to the voice of God in nature was a very barren and inadequate one. It was true, but meanly true.

The tendencies to reduce everything either to matter of demonstration or of experience, were combined in the deep scepticism of Hume. Hume improved on the sensationalists by denying that anything could be admitted as proved unless it were experienced, while at the same time he limited experience to sensation. Yet the *dictum* of Leibnitz still remained unconquered, could people but have known it: '*Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius in sensu, nisi intellectus ipse.*' There was still something else besides sensation in the human constitution; there was, namely, the *intellectus*, the receptive faculty; and this pleaded against the sensationalists not merely its own existence, but that of an interior experience, one derived from within, as well as an outer experience, derived from sensation. Hume built upon the sensationalist foundation, and therefore all his acuteness is of no avail; and he stands as a memorable instance of the force with which the most erroneous ideas may be appre-

hended by a mind predisposed and contracted to them. His two applications of his combination of limitations are well known,—the denial of miracles and the denial of causes. And certainly, on his own hypothesis he is right, and it needs the extension of the word 'experience' to the inward as well as the outward, in order that we may be assured that although the outward gives us no other notion of cause than that of the mere succession of events, yet we have within ourselves a consciousness of power to produce effects; and that we have likewise an irresistible tendency to transfer this recognition of causative power, in order to account for the successions of the universe. Both Paley and Beattie are powerless before the bold sensationalist assumption of Hume. They advance against him with counter probabilities; they do not perceive the weak point in his position. The world had to wait for Scottish Reid before this was discovered. Yet Reid did nothing more than return to the more ancient point of view,—that of Descartes, for example, or of Leibnitz,—in declaring that inward experience, the knowledge of a man's own faculties which comes to his consciousness, has its share in the regulation of our judgments. The history of philosophy is full of influences reacted from political agitations; it seems to move in strict companionship with the sphere of life, which rotates and does not progress, according to Plato.

A vast progress was nevertheless palpable in philosophy in the rise of the Kantian criticism. Kant impugned the Cartesians, who confined *à priori* methods to mathematical formularies, seeking for God in the forms of time and space. But these Cartesians had done so in a confused manner, unconsciously, not having recognised any difference between mathematical and logical forms. Kant was the first to distinguish clearly between the mathematical faculty and the logical faculty: the former of which he makes commensurate with time and space, the conditions under which the outer world is manifested to us; whilst he designates the latter as the *understanding*, the faculty by which we discourse of things. Here he seems to refine upon Leibnitz, who in opposition to the sensationists had established an understanding, without any further distinction between logical and mathematical understanding, which are assuredly different faculties, and lead indeed in opposite directions. Now this mathematical faculty, being commensurate with time and space, is strictly commensurate with outward experience; it is antecedent to experience, and regulates it. Here we have a complete refutation of the sceptical appeal of Hume to experience, made by a fuller appeal to that very experience itself. Our consciousness tells us of a faculty of time and space; we have now this consciousness

declared to us for the first time, and we eagerly accept it, and see the restoration of speculative belief.

The mathematical and logical faculties are to be severally distinguished: the logical faculty is to be further divided into theoretical and practical; and a higher reason or intuitional faculty is to be recognised, which is again to be divided into theoretical and practical, in a manner which we need not at present fully recount. But one thing we must take note of, if we would understand the Kantian *Critique*,—that although mathematics and metaphysics be so broadly distinguished, yet they are necessarily related. The faculty of time and space has reference to certain mathematical forms, to the possibilities and conditions of things. Here we find a wonderful confirmation of the truth dimly seen or not clearly expressed by Plato, concerning the connexion between mathematics and metaphysics. The relations of forms and numbers become mysterious objects, moving marvellously within the realms of the Divine, the natural, and the human. The very facts refer to a standard higher than themselves, and higher than any standard fixed since the days of ancient mysticism. Not only are the ideas of God, immortality, active agency, no longer subject to destruction from materialism, but they are placed above generalizations gained from nature and the human mind; they are truths made for and apprehended by an innate faculty, which, when it affirms principles above sense in the things of sense, is to be termed the Speculative Reason; and when it affirms the great and influential realities of the faith which abides in our consciousness, is to be termed the Practical Reason.

Modern philosophy, in the hands of Kant, assumes a new and altogether a strange, untried position. The key-note to an understanding of his movement of thought is, an attempt to bring the infinite within range of human comprehension by means of the human will. He thus made the attempt, from another side, in which speculation had already so fatally fared. He saw clearly that the speculative intellect could never grasp the infinite, by reason of that inherent relation to time and space which we have just indicated; but his faith in human capacity remained unshaken, and he asked himself, 'Cannot the problem be solved by the hitherto untried potency of the human will?' The Practical Reason in his hands was to undertake what the Speculative Reason had failed to accomplish,—to expand the idea of the infinite and unconditioned into knowledge, so that moral philosophy, with new meaning and destiny, was to supersede speculative philosophy. That the share of ethics in speculation could not be increased, escaped his mind. Kant's real use to

the world lay in the thorough refutation of sensationalism, which his *Critique* afforded. He discovers a truth, but, when he attempts to use it, falls into an aberration, in this resembling the *grex philosophorum*.

We omit a great number of theories on the nature of virtue and duty, which only add to the long list of extreme views upon these subjects, and have no particular merit or originality. Such are Malebranche's '*love of order*,' as the principle of virtue, conformity to universal order constituting moral rectitude; the '*irresistible approvableness*,' of Brown; the '*congruousness with the truth of things*,' by which Wollaston translates the language of Clarke and Cudworth; the doctrine of Edwards, which more perspicuously declares true virtue to consist in benevolence towards true being. All such expressions are descriptions of virtue, but by no means definitions. A comparison of them, one with another, may serve to enlarge our views as to the modes in which the subject presents itself to different minds, but they can by no means be accepted as ultimate definitions. We cannot, however, pass over the famous *Theory of Moral Sentiments* of Adam Smith, without a remark. This work is by far the most interestingly written of any professed treatise of morality since Cicero's *Offices*. Its value lies not in its '*theory*,' but in the close observation of human life, of the finer and more delicate traits of the moral nature, and the numerous and apt examples with which it abounds. It is the product of a vigorous mind in quest of something original on a trite subject, and has been with propriety designated the *enthusiasm* of moral science.

We judge, says Adam Smith, of the actions of others by *direct*, and of our own actions by reflex, sympathy. If we feel full sympathy with the motives of the agent in a moral action, we pronounce the action right; and if full sympathy with the gratitude of the object of the action, we pronounce the agent meritorious; 'our estimate of the moral rectitude of the action depending upon our sympathy with the agent, and our estimate of the merits of the agent depending on our sympathy with the object of his action.' Then, as to our own conduct, we in some degree reverse the process; or rather, by a process still more refined, we imagine others sympathizing with us, and we sympathize with their sympathy. This statement of Smith's theory, taken from Dr. Brown, who controverted it, is at once just and luminous.

To recapitulate, then: In the history of moral philosophy we find, in the first place, many important truths of our nature set forth in a prominent form, whilst all attempts to systematize

these truths fall by the hands of one another ; and we are finally left with the conclusion that moral truth can never be erected into a science. Every attempt at its scientific culture seems prejudged to failure. The world has been long in discovering this ; and Lucian's jest against the philosophers is a fair one, when he describes them as wrangling at the gates of Elysium, and refusing to enter until they have determined the nature of the happiness to be enjoyed therein. For assuredly nothing can be more unlike the life of the universe than the attempts which we have witnessed, to disintricate the principles of duty and the standard of moral rectitude from amidst the actual human life, the mystery of the human will. The more complete the semblance of success, the less its reality. Aristotle alone has realized for others the conditions of an exact science. Yet he has only been able to effect this by cutting it loose from all the highest interests of human thought, by limiting its scope to the world and its end to politics, and by importing its formularies from other sciences.

Yet although moral philosophy is in one sense a failure, it is not so in every sense. That inalienable interest attaches to it which belongs to every human effort to transcend the narrow environments of the life of every day, and to gain some insight into the great realities of things. We watch with curiosity the manner in which the same problem has presented itself to minds of the most opposite organization ; and although the systems which we have noticed successively overthrow one another, yet at the root of each of them there lies some fact of human nature which we can carry away with us, to the increase of our self-respect, or at least our self-knowledge. We thank Leibnitz for informing us that we have an understanding ; we owe greater thanks to Kant for dividing the speculative from the practical reason. We are not ungrateful even to Condillac, when we learn from him that man may no doubt fall into the low estate of an animal merely capable of sensation, and expiring in unmitigated selfishness.

The eclectic way of looking at the subject of morals is unquestionably amongst the characteristics of the age. The books now written upon the subject, such, for instance, as those of Bishop Hampden, are solely eclectic. The subject receives much attention, and an uppermost place in liberal education ; but the world is weary of re-opening old discussions and reproducing old theories, and refuses renewal of effort, instructed by the failure of generation after generation of great thinkers. What remains then ? The consciousness of each individual amongst us is his own system and theory of morals : and though

the recorded systems are as numerous as we have witnessed, yet they are as nothing to the innumerable presentations of truth to different minds, the innumerable allegories which will never find record amongst men. Meanwhile, we feel an increasing inclination to abandon those who would fain think for us what we can think for ourselves, and who only contradict one another, as we should contradict them, could we but find a tongue: we find also an increasing desire to draw near to that revelation of truth where the practice of virtue is the law of God, and receives the promise of eternal life, provided it spring from that faith which is the fulfilment of the highest function of the practical reason, the apprehension of Deity. Thus, and not otherwise, do we find that the acknowledgment of truth becomes fruitful of good works.

ART. X.—*Fiji and the Fijians*.—Vol. I. *The Islands and their Inhabitants*. By THOMAS WILLIAMS, late Missionary in Fiji.—Vol. II. *Mission History*. By JAMES CALVERT, late Missionary in Fiji. Edited by George Stringer Rowe. London: Alexander Heylin. 1858.

A FEW degrees south of the equator, and in point of longitude just as distant from this country as any place can be, lies a group of more than two hundred islands. They have a rich tropical sky; the Pacific breaks in surf on their outer circles of coral reef. They have noble bays, conical mountains, luxuriant vegetation, paroquets and humming-birds. The largest island is three hundred miles in circumference, the second not much less, and the others smaller by degrees down to a mere dot in the ocean. In the little worlds of the South Seas, Fiji is a great world.*

Dangers from rocks made these islands formidable to ships; dangers from cannibals, thrice terrible to mariners. As to the former, enough is said in the book before us in one short sentence: 'Shore or attached reefs, sea or barrier reefs, beds, patches,

* The islands composing Viti-i-loma (Middle Fiji) are equal to the fine and populous island of Tongatabu together with the Hervey Islands.

'The Yasawas are equal to Vavau.

'The eastern group is equal to the Hapai Islands.

'The Somosomo group equals the Dangerous Archipelago and the Austral Islands.

'The Great Land is equal to the Marquesas, Tahiti, and the Society Islands.

'Great Fiji alone surpasses the Samoan group; while there still remains over, the Kandavu group, with a population of about 12,000.'

or knolls of reef, with sunken rocks, and sandbanks, so abound in Fiji and its neighbourhood, as to make it an ocean labyrinth of unusual intricacy, and difficult of navigation.' As to the inhabitants, until about twenty years ago, they were scarcely looked upon as part of our race, rather as a caricature of man, whose delight was to eat human beings. Within that period missionary publications, and the journals of a few men-of-war, have been bringing them somewhat to the notice of the public; but beyond the circle interested in these, they have remained to the majority of our countrymen little more than a missionary myth.

These two volumes add Fiji and the Fijians to the store of general knowledge. The first, on *The Islands and Their Inhabitants*, is one of the very best books of its kind ever produced. It is as minute as Dubois on the Hindus, without any of its prolixity,—as comprehensive as Lane on the Modern Egyptians, and ten times more lively. In a very small compass it gives us more knowledge of the country, manners, mind, and religion of the Fijians, than we can obtain, from much reading, of many of our oldest possessions. The second volume, on *Mission History*, is not so carefully written, but it tells such a story as never was told before. No romance has so many exciting crises, wild scenes, hair-breadth escapes, and horrors. No history, even of the Church, contains such a straightforward and convincing account of a moral transformation,—of rapid and steady victories gained by the labour of gentle men and heroic women over unutterable ferocity. The materials of the first volume were supplied by Mr. Williams,—of the second, by Mr. Calvert, both missionaries long resident in these groups; and the whole has been prepared for the public by the Rev. George S. Rowe, who in his short and modest prefaces does not even give a hint as to how much the work is indebted to himself. The illustrations, which are due to the talent of a lady, are admirably finished, and complete the lines and colouring of the picture of Fiji and the Fijians which the whole work successfully impresses on the mind.

As the Fijian stands on his surf-beaten coast, he is a man not to be looked upon without attention. He is tall, black, with features partaking both of the Asiatic and African type. His hair is long and wiry, and carefully dressed, so as to stand out six inches or more from the head,—forming a mop of three to five feet in circumference, which is often covered with thin gauze. One half of the forehead is painted vermilion, the jaw on the opposite side is the same colour, and the rest of the countenance native black. Or perhaps the nose alone rejoices in its decoration of red; or a line is drawn straight down the face,

dividing it into a white and a black half; or stripes of vermilion are drawn across the countenance; or dots and cheques of various colours are adopted to increase the beauty, or hideousness. The lobes of the ears are perforated with an opening of several inches in diameter. A wiry beard covers the neck, and mixes with a necklace of whales' teeth. The brawny black chest is naked, and perhaps finished with a polish of jet black powder. Around the loins is a mass of native cloth, made from bark, with a long train for men of dignity. On the shoulder rests a club,—a murderous club. The man is unmistakeably a savage, but most savages have a touch of the gentleman. His carriage is easy, his address affable,—often winning,—and his attention to the demands of etiquette, as understood by his nation, very scrupulous. Captain Erskine, of Her Majesty's ship 'Havannah,' gives the following description of Thakombau, the King of Fiji, whose portrait in an excellent coloured lithograph graces the first of these volumes:—

'It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the Chief: of large, almost gigantic, size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned; his countenance, with far less of the Negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his immense head of hair, covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an eastern Sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of the skin, a clear but decided black; and in spite of this paucity of attire—the evident wealth which surrounded him showing that it was a matter of choice and not of necessity—he looked "every inch a King."'

The woman differs from the man in being tattooed and more scantily clothed. She has only the girdle, called the *liku*, of which a representation as good as a drawing can make it is furnished in the work before us.

The house inhabited by the Fijian is worth attention. The frame is of excellent timber, the walls of reeds, and, among the rich, curiously wrought with work of sinnet. The roof is pitched higher than the wildest Gothic, the ridge poles, projecting for a foot or two, shaped like a funnel, painted black, and graced with shells. The thatch is of long grass, or the leaves of the sugar-cane. The door is low, so that he who enters must stoop; for a Fijian proverb echoes the words of Solomon: 'He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction.' Thatching is one of the great social events of Fijian life. The neighbours are summoned, and all sorts of fun and mischief enliven the operation. The house of Tanoa, the old King, was 130 feet long by 42 wide,

'with massive columns, with strong coarse workmanship in every part.'

In the centre of the floor is a hollowed place for the fire. At one end of the house is a raised dais covered with dry grass or ferns, on which to make a bed. Over these mats are spread and pillows placed; but a Fijian pillow is no more like ours than a Fijian head is like an English one. It is not a bag of down, but a little framework of beautiful hard wood. Before this sleeping place hangs a mosquito curtain of native cloth. Around the walls are hung calabashes, chequered baskets, fans and dishes of wicker or wood. In a conspicuous place is what we shall call the punch-bowl, on the floor huge wooden bowls, earthen pans, and glazed water-pots. Near the hearth lie bone knives, a bake-board, soup-dishes, and a ladle of cocoa-nut shell. The trophies of domestic civilization are crowned by a skewer and a great wooden fork. Perhaps, also, the inroads of western art are represented by an axe, a spade, and almost certainly by a musket. As among the Dyaks, the single men have sleeping-rooms apart.

The table of the Fijian, although rude enough, manifests, for a savage, art sufficient to indicate a certain kind of civilization. The meals are two in a day, of meats baked, roasted, boiled, and fried, with vegetables as various and good as any place in the world can offer; fish to no end; a dozen sorts of bread, thirty of puddings, and twelve of soup, not excluding turtle itself. Drinking, in the true Asiatic fashion, is not by laying the vessel upon the lips, but by pouring from it into the mouth. Dishes are often formed of the banana leaves. The native punch, yaqona, is drunk on all solemn occasions with great ceremony; and a kind of toast follows the draughts in an utterance of a wish by the persons who have just partaken. Cases of intemperance are rare, and the victims of the habit are easily known by inflamed eyes and a scaly skin.

In all human society the feast holds an important place; but among the Fijians seems to attain the rank of a public institution more than amongst any other people. The invitation is sent not to a few individuals, but to an entire neighbourhood. An oven is a pit, eight or ten feet deep, perhaps fifty in circumference. Several of these are filled with fire-wood, on which are laid flat stones; by the time the wood is burnt, the stones are red hot. On these pigs are laid entire, and sometimes a stone is placed in the inside of one. They are then covered with leaves, and over that with four inches of earth. When the steam has penetrated the earth, the food is cooked, and the command to remove it given. Then it is piled up in a great heap, a sort of pyramid,

unlike anything we know in the usage of living nations, but strongly reminding one of the representations of feasts in the most ancient Egyptian monuments. In serving the guests, the most careful etiquette is observed; cheerfulness and politeness pervade the whole company. A foreigner is sure to obtain attention, and the portion brought him will probably be enough for ten or twenty men. The males eat in the open air, the women are sent to their houses. Curious reasons exist for the great politeness and anxiety not to give offence on these occasions. A great chief ate part of an old cocoa-nut before one of his people, to whom he did not give a part. The offence was not forgotten; and occasion offering to join the enemies of his chief in war, it was embraced. The chief, being defeated, was fleeing for his life, and, when intercepted by his own vassal, reckoned on faring well. 'It is in my mind to spare you,' he said, 'but, Sir, remember the nut; do you not remember the nut? For that you must die.' A young chief was passing a cooked guana to his father-in-law, and broke off part of its tail. At an early opportunity the old man killed his son, telling him he could not forget the insult.

The salutations of the Fijians have a strongly Asiatic character. 'Come with peace;' 'You go,' or, 'You return;' 'I go,' or, 'You remain,'—are terms which will suggest resemblances to those who know the East. Their kiss is not on the lip, as in Europe, or the cheek, as in the Levant, or by rubbing the nose, as in New Zealand, but by smelling the person of the friend. Shaking hands is now introduced, and gains much favour. The Christian natives frequently salute one another by '*Sa loloma*,' 'My love to you.' They are apt enough in terms of compliment. A native lady called her missionary visitors, 'Chiefs from the eye of the Sun.'

The Fijian wives in general are in considerable number, the wealth of the husband depending on their work. A man of sixty may be found with two wives, both under fifteen. Women are not exactly sold, but are put in on occasions as make-weights in a bargain. A chief wanted to buy a musket from an American captain, who asked two hogs as the price; he had only one, but, to make up, sent a fine young woman. The woman is a kind of beast of burden, not permitted to enter any temple, and certain kinds of meat she may eat only by sufferance, and after her husband has finished. The girls are betrothed in childhood, wedded among a number of wives, dismissed at pleasure, and strangled when the husband dies. When they learn the way in which a marriage is secured in England, they express envy of the women who are allowed to wed 'the man to whom their spirit

flies.' The ceremonials of a wedding, as here recounted, are exceeding curious and elaborate. At that of the daughter of Tanoa, for the feast there was prepared a wall of fish five feet high, and twenty yards long, besides turtles, pigs, and vegetables in proportion.

The new institution of courting, or 'writing to women,' as it is called, seems to be managed in a simpler and franker way than in Europe. Thivalala, whose legs were terribly disfigured, thus spoke to a young widow:—'You know my circumstances; I am poor, I am afflicted, I am far away from my friends, I need some one to care for me; love me, and become my wife.' Wangkavou presses a lady to decision in the presence of many persons thus: 'I do not wish to have you because you are a good-looking woman; that you are not. But a woman is like a necklace of flowers,—pleasant to the eye, and grateful to the smell; but such a necklace does not long continue attractive; beautiful as it is one day, the next it fades, and loses its scent. Yet a pretty necklace tempts one to ask for it; but if refused, no one will often repeat his request. If you love me, I love you; but if not, neither do I love you; only let it be a settled thing.'

The child is early named; nursed, not in the arms, as with us, or astride the shoulder, as in Egypt, and in the Levant; but astride the hip joint, as in India. It is early taught to strike its mother, kept naked until ten or twelve years of age, and all the boys are circumcised. Infanticide is so common that there are professional murderesses. Strangely enough, parents who murder their own children, will often adopt others. A man had adopted the orphans of his brother, who was slain in war, and arranged with his wife to kill their own child, that she might nurse the adopted one.

Sickness in a Fijian home is a fearful calamity; and when a patient becomes very inconvenient, he is murdered, or buried alive. The following statement as to the extent to which murders of parents prevail, is very appalling:—

'Of nine boys presented for baptism, three were brothers, and the parents of the whole would therefore number fourteen. Of these only four were living; and, of the rest, one half had come to a violent death. In a class of seventeen children under twelve years of age, I found nine orphans. None of these were related; so that the parents were eighteen. Of these, two mothers were rescued by Christian interposition; the remaining sixteen persons were all either killed in war or strangled!'—Pp. 203, 204.

Deaths, as among all savages, are lamented by a loud wail; and in all cases of persons of any rank wives and slaves are sacrificed, sometimes as many as seventeen wives falling. In

this custom we find India, Ashantee, and Fiji united. It will be remembered that at the death of Rungeet Singh that very number, seventeen of his wives, were burnt on his funeral pile. A highly educated Hindu, when spoken to on this subject, in this country, by a benevolent nobleman, showed how deep his feeling was of the crime perpetrated, by replying, 'Yes, great waste, very great waste indeed,—seventeen fine young girls!' The tragedy of the King of Somosomo's death is one of the most affecting narratives that we have met with anywhere.

We shall scarcely spend a word on that which is the most startling and revolting characteristic of the Fijians, their cannibalism; but in ages to come the records preserved in these two volumes will be among the greatest curiosities of the human race. Had they been written at an epoch when corroborative testimony was less complete than in ours, they must eventually have become totally incredible in the opinion of a Christianized race. In a nation of cannibals, one family was especially celebrated for its voracity; and of this family Undreundre was the worst. His son took Mr. Lyth, the missionary, out of the town, to show him the stones by which his father registered the bodies he had eaten, permitting no one to share them with him. Along the line of stones walked the wondering missionary, pace after pace, counting as he went, until he had made two hundred and thirty-two paces. The stones were reckoned, eight hundred and seventy-two; and these, said the son, had all been eaten by the father 'after his family had begun to grow up.'

In polity the Fijians show considerable advancement, having their regular feudal system of kings, chiefs, and gradations of rank.* The greatest power of the present day is the King of Mbau, whose title is, 'Root of War.' History scarcely extends farther up than Tanoa, the father of the present King Thakombau. The King derives his influence from the gods. The extent of his power may be judged by this, that a chief asked a man for his hoe, and, being refused, took his wife. European courts themselves cannot present greater curiosities of etiquette than are here detailed of the manner in which these barbarous Kings are approached. A petty larceny by a common

* Fijian society is divided into six recognised classes, in the distinctions of which there is much that resembles the system of caste.

1. Kings and Queens.
2. Chiefs of large islands or districts.
3. Chiefs of towns, priests, and Mata-mi-vannas.
4. Distinguished warriors of low birth, chiefs of the carpenters, and chiefs of the fishers for turtle.
5. Common people.
6. Slaves by war.

man is, in the eye of the law, a much heavier crime than a deliberate murder by a chief. A very remarkable institution exists in a recognised punishment by substitutes. A man who was condemned to death happened to be very useful, and not at hand; so his aged father was strangled. The crew of an American ship, the 'Falmouth,' having seized a native who was accused of murdering one of their countrymen, condemned him to capital punishment; and he prayed that they would hang his father in his stead. In our own country we doubt not that there are many nephews who would gladly exchange our laws for those which exist in favour of their class in Fiji. A nephew seems to have a perfect right of taking whatever he pleases belonging to his uncle, and often exercises it in the most tyrannous and unreasonable way. But that in which the Fijian government leaves all others at a distance is in the matter of tax-collecting. In every other country that we know it is a joyless, sulky operation; in Fiji it is associated with all kinds of merriment, jesting, gay clothing, pleasant looks, kind words, cock's-tail feathers, the brightest rouge, and gayest coiffe. We need not say that war in Fiji is all-pervasive; not an occasional storm, but the atmosphere of life; and that it is without any of the dignity which courage, or of the alleviations which humanity, might lend to it; and aggravated by every cruelty to the living, every outrage on the dead.

In the arts the Fijian may challenge comparison with all the savages in the world. He cultivates a great variety of vegetables, manufactures cloth from bark and prints it, carves beautifully in the hardest wood, makes good pottery, and glazes it, constructs the most elaborate and noble canoes in the Pacific, and builds excellent houses. He works merrily, especially at sea. The canoe is started with jests and raillery, put about with merry shouts, skulled with a fire of exciting remarks, and the intervals of sailing are cheered with drums and singing. In point of intellect they show great shrewdness, have amusing proverbs, and a poetry which promises under Christian inspiration to become valuable, and sufficient knowledge of music to form chants whereto they can now recite the *Te Deum*. One observer says of them that, with much experience, they were the only savages whom he had ever met with who could state reasons or sustain a connected conversation.

In point of religion, they have a strong impression of the existence of God, and nothing that can properly be called an 'idol.' The greatest embodied divinity is a serpent. Two chief religious tenets are those two which seem to be engraven in the traditions of all mankind,—atonement and inspiration;

the one as the universal medium of approach to God, the other as the universal belief respecting the form in which God makes Himself known to man.

The following description of an inspiration will help our readers to judge of the manner in which facts are given in this book:—

‘The priest becomes absorbed in thought, and all eyes watch him with unblinking steadiness. In a few minutes he trembles; slight distortions are seen in his face, and twitching movements in his limbs. These increase to a violent muscular action, which spreads until the whole frame is strongly convulsed, and the man shivers as with a strong ague fit. In some instances this is accompanied with murmurs and sobs, the veins are greatly enlarged, and the circulation of the blood quickened. The priest is now possessed by his god, and all his words and actions are considered as no longer his own, but those of the deity who has entered into him. Shrill cries of “*Koi au! Koi au!*” “It is I! It is I!” fill the air, and the god is supposed thus to notify his approach. While giving the answer, the priest’s eyes stand out and roll as in a frenzy; his voice is unnatural, his face pale, his lips livid, his breathing depressed, and his entire appearance like that of a furious madman. The sweat runs from every pore, and tears start from his strained eyes; after which the symptoms gradually disappear. The priest looks round with a vacant stare, and, as the god says, “I depart,” announces his actual departure by violently flinging himself down on the mat, or by suddenly striking the ground with a club, when those at a distance are informed by blasts on the conch, or the firing of a musket, that the deity has returned into the world of spirits. The convulsive movements do not entirely disappear for some time; they are not, however, so violent as to prevent the priest from enjoying a hearty meal, or a draft of *yaqona*, or a whiff of tobacco, as either may happen to be at hand. Several words are used by the natives to express these priestly shakings. The most common are *sika* and *kundru*. *Sika* means “to appear,” and is used chiefly of supernatural beings. *Kundru* means “to grunt or grumble.” One word refers to the appearance, and the other to the sound, attendant upon these inspired shakings.’—Vol. i., pp. 224, 225.

They people all the land with an innumerable multitude of spirits, fairies, and goblins of different kinds; and some of their tales respecting these would do well enough for the west of Ireland, or the Highland glens. Their account of the dreary journey, and hard adventures, of human spirits, on their way to Mbulu, is wild and touching. The soul of a bachelor fares doubly hard on this pilgrimage. Cannibalism is a regular part of their religion; and, oddly enough, on this very ground a writer in *The Westminster Review** charges the missionaries

* *Westminster Review*. New Series. No. XIX., pp. 27, 28.

with irreverence in assailing such institutions as it represents, saying that 'they pay no attention, much less respect, to observances which are no more the product of nothing than are our observances of baptism and the Lord's Supper.' The Missionaries, however, on their part, believe that Christian virtues are not, any more than cannibalism and suttee, 'the product of nothing;' that, as 'there is an idea, a belief at the bottom of cannibalism,' so there is at the bottom of social virtue and piety; and they think it praiseworthy to supplant the idea which is at the bottom of eating our neighbour by that which is at the bottom of loving him. There is interest in the Fijian tradition of man's first loss, that loss the memory of which is not entirely obliterated in any tribe. The poorest outcast of the race still looks back to something from which his forefathers fell.

'When the first man, the father of the human race, was being buried, a god passed by this first grave, and asked what it meant. On being informed by those standing by, that they had just buried their father, he said, "Do not inter him. Dig the body up again." "No," was the reply, "we cannot do that; he has been dead four days, and stinks." "Not so," said the god; "disinter him, and I promise you he shall live again." Heedless, however, of the promise of the god, these original sextons persisted in leaving their father's remains in the earth. Perceiving their perverseness, the god said, "By refusing compliance with my commands, you have sealed your own destinies. Had you dug up your ancestor, you would have found him alive, and yourselves also, as you passed from this world, should have been buried, as bananas are, for the space of four days, after which you should have been dug up, not rotten, but ripe. But now, as a punishment for your disobedience, you shall die and rot." "O," say the Fijians after hearing this recounted, "O that those children had dug up that body!"'

They have also a clear tradition of the Deluge, when the great God summoned the clouds to destroy His enemies, they submerged even the mountains, and only eight persons were saved in a float provided by the God Himself.

In this hasty notice of the condition of the Fijian people, we attempt nothing more than to indicate what a mine of interest any one may find in this volume, who chooses to explore it. We have purposely abstained from placing the degraded moral state of the people in the strongest point of view; and yet enough has appeared to show that, in these lovely islands, human nature had reached a fearful pitch of depravity, and that no undertaking could be more blessed than to endeavour to bring such a people under the influence of the grace of God. The

various descriptive chapters of this volume are written in a manly and energetic style. The attention never wearies; and, dark as many of the details necessarily are, a surfeit of loathing is not produced. We must call the attention of those to whom language is a subject of interest, to the concluding chapter on the tongue of the Fijians, by the Rev. J. D. Geden. We do not anywhere know a chapter which, in a manner so strictly scientific, gives the reader of ordinary education so clear and even so interesting a view of the peculiarities of a strange language; one which, twenty years ago, was only beginning to be first written and reduced to form, but which already possesses Christian books, and is becoming known to the scholars of Europe.

The transition from the first volume to the second is very natural. The mind has become familiar with the scenes in which the people lived, and the heart impressed with the crying need that the work of Christianity should be carried out among them to the utmost possible extent. One is already under the feeling that war and rapine are making such progress, that unless the hand of the destroyer be arrested, the Fijians must soon be numbered with the races upon whom the doom of extermination has descended. Terrible doom! Not infrequent in human history,—indeed, that which meets us when we ascend to the oldest of histories, as even then overhanging the nations whose names first meet our eye. Happily, a better lot seems to have been reserved for Fiji.

The entrance of Christianity into this group of islands was in the natural course of onward propagation. The neighbouring cluster of the Friendly Isles had received the Gospel, and were passing through a wonderful transformation under its influence. The Fijians and Tongans had long maintained relations, and what was passing in one group was well known in the other. The savages of Fiji heard of the white strangers who taught words of wisdom, and who paid for the necessities of life in strange and valuable articles of foreign manufacture. The missionaries at Tonga heard of the incredible barbarism rampant at Fiji, and naturally longed to extend their efforts to such a land, though approach to its shores was universally considered dangerous. Those who have read Miss Farmer's admirable history of *Tonga and the Friendly Islands* can easily believe that after the trials of that mission, and the joyful reward which now had come richly upon them, the missionaries would have little inducement to cast themselves a second time into a new struggle with untouched heathenism. But the report of Fijian

cannibalism became clearer and clearer, and the progress of light in Tonga made all its appeals more touching.

In the year 1835, Messrs. Cross and Cargill, two married missionaries, parted from their brethren in the Friendly Isles, and turned to the terrible land of the cannibals. Tales of horror in no small number must have arisen up before those adventurous men and women. That European crews cast upon those coasts were ordinarily eaten, seemed a little thing; for even the natives of one island, wrecked on the shores of another, were usually received, not to the homes, but to the ovens.

The island of Lakemba, some thirty miles in circumference, was the first of those bloody isles on which a messenger of peace set his foot. The captain of the ship was afraid to cast anchor, but placed the missionaries in a boat. George, the converted King of Tonga, had sent an influential messenger, who in his name announced to the King of Lakemba the character and intentions of the missionaries, and prayed that they should be well received; stating at the same time the benefits which had accrued to him and his people from their instruction. Deafening shouts ran along the shore, and wild crowds, armed and painted, stood to confront the strangers. Many Tongans were in the crowd, and many Fijians could speak Tonguese. The missionaries at once hailed them in this language, and the familiar sound from white lips was perhaps magical. Doubtless, too, the cordial tones of love which go to the heart of the savage as well as of other human beings, were felt to be different from what was expected from the white man. The strangers passed through the crowd exchanging friendly greetings, were received by the King in his own house, and permitted by him to land their families; he even promised that temporary houses should be put up for them. He was probably a little influenced by the fact that Europeans resident in the island must be provided with articles of European manufacture, to exchange for necessary provisions; and thus he and his people would gain advantages the possession of which they had long envied the Tongans.

The ship now cast anchor, the families were landed, and took up their abode on the beach in a large canoe shed. During the first night the mosquitoes were innumerable, pigs were rushing about grunting, and the children cried miserably.

In a few days houses were built and all in trim. Then came the first Sabbath in Fiji. There was no Christian temple, but in the open air one hundred and fifty savages gathered, among whom the King made one, and there the word of life was for the first time sounded in ears probably too dull to wonder. Then

followed a time divided between carpentering and learning the Fijian tongue. This was speedily done. The translation of the Scriptures commenced immediately, and other attempts to bring the language into shape. It may be supposed that the arrival of Europeans among such a people was a great event. Everything on the persons and in the possession of the new comers was a curiosity. Even in India, in districts remote from European settlements, the furniture and dress of English people excite much wonder; but what must it have been in Fiji! The crowd of visitors can be well imagined, and the questions and prying, not unaccompanied with pilfering, must have been rather more than patience could well bear. Yet in any country missionaries may turn these visits and this curiosity to the best possible account. They introduce the people to the interior of a Christianized home, give them a glimpse of the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, in their domestic life, and stimulate them to desire articles of comfort, and thus to make a first departure from their own savage ways. The visits were not all for curiosity, but often for trade. The missionaries must live upon something; and yams, fish, fowls, and pigs, were freely brought for sale. Many a villager returned home possessed of an axe or hatchet, chisel or knife, a razor, an iron pot, printed calico, or a hoe, and thus became renowned as possessing a wonderful and useful thing which had never been seen in the village before. They often carried with them also tales of the comforts they had seen; of the regularity of meals, the kindly bearing of husband and wife, the dutifulness of children, and the general air of happiness which pervaded the dwellings of Christian teachers. The effect of this quiet instruction by the institution which is the basis of all society, the Christian family, cannot be over-estimated, nor does its importance vanish with the first stage of missionary efforts. At every successive advance the home of the missionary must be the elevating model to which all classes of natives will aspire. The idea seems now fairly exploded from the minds of good men, that it is helpful to virtue for man to remain in what used to be called the primitive state, or the state of nature. The old theories on the beauty of a life having scarcely any wants, have vanished before the practical work of missionaries, by which we have been made so thoroughly acquainted with the degraded condition of all races of men whose wants are few. In fertile lands and mild climates, where the balmy air is almost sufficient clothing, and scarcely any toil is needful to produce food, the great danger of the people is indolence; the greatest social need, industry. Regular habits of labour can only be formed by generally habit-

uating the people to increased wants: for when men have been accustomed to comforts, they will work for them rather than relapse into the condition of savages.

The progress in Lakemba was at first chiefly among the Tongans who were resident there; and, as might be expected, the earlier conversions were attended with considerable excitement and persecution. Dangers often threatened, but were continually averted. General conversion seemed to approach: the King struggled, he resolved to consult the gods. The priests became violently inspired, and declared that the agitated gods were gathered in the spirit-world, anxiously regarding this foreign religion. The King's own god announced that he would send a flood, and sweep the strangers and all belonging to them into the sea. Another announced that the island should be turned inside out, and all dwelling in it share in the ruin. A new temple was to be inaugurated by eating a few of the Christians; the houses of some of the Christians were actually pillaged; their crops destroyed; their wives led off to the King: but bloodshed was prevented, and the poor women restored to their husbands. The Fijians wondered to see men bear such ill treatment meekly; for it had never been seen in Fiji before. Stranger still, these people prayed for the very King and chiefs who persecuted them, loyally paid their tribute, and diligently laboured at public works.

In the mean time the Book had made its appearance in Fiji, and the School had followed. Thus Christianity had entered with her few but glorious institutions,—the Sabbath and the sacraments, the pulpit, the book, the family, and the school. There she stood, constantly menaced by savages, but mysteriously gaining upon the hearts and habits of the whole people.

At the close of the first year of the Fijian mission, the Lord's Supper was administered to two hundred and eighty persons. Shortly after occurred what deserves to be chronicled as one of the first great events in the silent progress of Christianity. The 'Active,' a vessel sailing from the Friendly Islands, was wrecked about forty miles from Lakemba. Formerly every individual of the crew in such a case perished,—now they all were saved. The captain, mate, and supercargo became guests of the missionaries, and the King himself undertook to support the men. Those unexpected visitors reduced the stores of the missionaries, but rewarded them by making articles of furniture, and enabling Mr. Cargill to reach such a pitch of luxury, as to have part of his bed-room floored with boards. The sailors, judging from what they had experienced at Lakemba, thought Fiji was not so bad a country as had been said; and, impatient

of their confinement, four set off in a boat. Some natives of another island spied them, gave chase, and all four were eaten.

The history of the progress of the mission is full of original and exciting scenes. There is no story like it. It is a new chapter in universal history. Mr. Calvert's own labours were for many years expended upon Lakemba and those immediately dependent upon it, and the tale he has to tell will carry readers on from wonder to wonder, with feelings of mingled horror, admiration, and thanksgiving. As the work made progress, one event after another showed the emptiness of the old religion, and the beauty of the new. A certain priest sailing in company with Christian canoes was wrecked. The Christians hastened to his help, took his goods; but, to his great amazement, having dried them, returned them to him; but he refused to receive them, saying, it was contrary to Fijian custom. Two heathens had got hold of a part, and kept them as lawful prey. The astonished priest dressed like the Christians, and went everywhere telling of the wonderful effects of the new religion. We cannot stay even to point out the wars, the escapes, the interventions, and the burnings, clubbings, deaths, and dangers, through which the early converts had to go; but by mildness, by gentleness, by truth, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, they held on their way. They never appear to have looked upon the pressure of circumstances as warranting a departure from the simple rule of right. We never, in our lives, read a narrative so totally free from any indication of the doctrine, that the end justifies the means. It does not appear to have entered into the minds of the good and believing men to whom was intrusted the work of God among these unmatched savages. If they or their people were on the point of danger, because they would not work on the Lord's day, or go to war against their conscience, or give up a Christian girl who had in her childhood been betrothed to some lord of a dozen or two wives, their simple rule appears to be that, if they did right, Providence would guard them. They did not confide in the power of concessions and inconsistencies to save them from the wrath of the heathen. Even their good offices sometimes exposed them to danger. Mr. Calvert, having been sent for in extreme need to cure the King's daughter, after all the priests and their incantations had failed, was angrily told by the King, when he saw the effect of his medicine, that he had killed her. It was at night, the mission-house was far off, and the place was full of savages enraged with the missionary for rebuking the priest, and who were not likely quietly to hear the King accuse him of murdering his favourite daughter. He

boldly fronted the danger; he rebuked them for their ingratitude, escaped home, and next morning received a message from the King, begging medicine for another of his children. 'Give my respects to the King,' said Mr. Calvert, 'and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night; and it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children of a King in so short a time.' An apology was soon sent to the mission-house. There is one tale of a town called Yandrana, the people of which one night at ten o'clock, in the midst of a war, sent to the missionary to say they wished to become Christians. He started, walked twelve miles, reached the town about sun-rise, and in a heathen temple met some of the principal men. They said, 'The sky was nearer than religion to us, but we are now apprehensive that we shall always be fighting, if we continue heathen; we therefore have resolved to embrace Christianity, that we may remain in our land, and live peaceably.' The King interposed all his authority to prevent the conversion of this town, and the truth had to sustain a long conflict, which is told in a narrative of great interest. Twelve years afterwards Mr. Calvert returned to this place. He was seeking for zealous, Christian men to go and spread the Gospel in other parts of Fiji. The great drum called the people to a commodious church, all the inhabitants of the town being now nominally Christian. After the service they were thus addressed:—

"I am here to seek men who have felt the truth and power of Christ's religion in their own hearts; who know the Scriptures, can read well, and are desirous to do good to their countrymen in the darker places of Fiji, where light has lately begun to shine. It is probable that lives will have to be sacrificed in this great and difficult work, as Satan and men stir up opposition to God's truth, and do all they can to prevent its spread. I therefore only want right-hearted men, who, being prepared for the work, are willing to go forth and sacrifice their lives in the cause of Christ. Let such meet me in the Teacher's house." Hearts of the right sort heard that appeal, and nearly twenty young men followed the Missionary into the house, being willing to go anywhere, and face any danger, for Christ's sake. Some of these were selected and examined, and sent out to various posts of toil and peril, where they have done well.

The old King steadily maintained his opposition to Christianity, but several of his relatives embraced it, among whom was a daughter. In the course of time she experienced in her heart the saving power of the new faith which she had for some time professed; and in the fervour of her first love, rejoicing in salvation, she went and sat down beside her old cannibal father,

in the presence of many, and leaning against him said, 'Sire, I am come to beg you to abandon heathenism and embrace Christianity. Heathenism is false and useless; religion is good, and a very great matter. I now know that religion is good; the Lord has worked mightily in my soul; I now know the excellency of religion, and therefore have come to beseech you to turn from falsehood to truth.' How much the reply of this old heathen resembles that of many at home, when appealed to, to seek more than the name of our blessed religion! He said, 'You are right and true; most of our relatives are on your side; I shall wait a little longer and then decide. I build no temples; I do not attend to heathen worship; there are only a few of us remaining heathen.' Shortly after came a great event. Wetasau, the chief next in rank to the King, had agreed with him that on a certain Sunday they were to profess Christianity together. This is always done by bowing down at Christian worship, that solemn act being understood as a formal declaration of submission to the name and faith of the Christian's God. Romish priests were now in the island, and, afraid of the effect of the King's joining the Protestant missionaries, prevailed upon him to remain as he was. Not so Wetasau. He made a public profession; but it remained to be seen whether so great a man would be dealt with in the same strict way as people of less consequence. From the first the marriage law was strictly enforced, and no professed convert admitted to baptism until he consented to become the husband of one wife. Wetasau had more than ten, and was slow to make the sacrifice involved in putting them away; but to him as to others the rule was strictly applied. He could not be received as a church member, or be baptized in the name of Christ. He was diligently instructed, but no more. At length his ten wives were put away: he was solemnly married to the mother of several fine children, and took his place at the head of a Christian family. The discarded women were 'all soon married to other husbands, and led far happier lives than before.' This simple statement answers all the objections which may be raised to the strict application of the marriage law, in such cases, on the ground of cruelty to the women who are dismissed. And the highest mercy to the community requires the establishment of that institution on which all others must be based,—the Christian family. In founding and fostering well-regulated families, will lie the ultimate strength of Christianity among any people.

We will not attempt to give an idea of the general working of this Lakemba mission; but when Mr. Calvert had laboured

there ten years, and was on the point of removal, we find him writing in these terms, which will not be read without emotion, as the missionary's farewell to the cannibal island where he had sown peace and righteousness.

'I have lived in great peace in Lakemba, have been on friendly terms with all, and have been connected with a most extensive spread of Christianity in Lakemba and its dependencies. There by far the best part of my life has been spent. I feel heartily attached to the people and the place, and could gladly spend there the residue of my days, were I directed by God's all-wise providence to remain. Lakemba is to me more than all the world besides. There I have had much and long-continued sickness, and much health. There our Mary was given back to us when apparently gone. There my beloved wife was raised again in mercy, in answer to earnest and believing prayer. While I have endeavoured to be faithful towards God and with men, I have to mourn over much unfaithfulness; and thankfully rejoice that the Lord has blessed me, and done all things well. Lakemba! I love thee! Farewell! From thee I cannot be separated! My prayers, thoughts, efforts, shall still be towards thee. I hope many thence will be the crown of my rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. I fear I shall be witness against many who perish after frequent and faithful warning. I laboured diligently, I trust, to do the people good, temporally and spiritually; and God accompanied many of my efforts with His blessing. My five children born there are all alive. Praise the Lord for all His goodness! O Lord, bless abundantly, and for ever, Lakemba and all its dependencies!'

From the original station the mission gradually extended to other parts of the group; and in times to come the volume before us will furnish to various islands well-authenticated *origines sacre*. Among the many Churches founded in Fiji, the history of none is more pleasing than of that in the isle of Ono. A chief of that island, of the name of Wai, being at Lakemba, met with one who had travelled to Tonga and other Christian lands, and avowed himself a believer in the new religion. Wai and his comrades returned to Ono at the moment when a fearful pestilence was decimating the people. He carried with him what never had been in the island before,—the belief that Jehovah was the only God, whom all ought to serve; and that one day in seven was to be set apart for his worship. He and his comrades felt assured that their own gods could not deliver their island from its present calamity, and they resolved to pray to the King of Heaven. Several others joined with them in this intention; and when the Lord's day came, they oiled themselves, put on their best dresses, and assembled for worship. But none of them had ever tried to pray, and they called in a

heathen priest to assist them in their perplexity. He offered up a prayer in something like the following words:—

“Lord, Jehovah! here are Thy people: they worship Thee. I turn my back on Thee for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping another god. But do Thou bless these Thy people: keep them from harm, and do them good.”

This was the first act of worship to the Almighty in the lonely isle of Ono. In this strange way did these poor people continue groping after religious truth for some time. At length they sent two messengers to seek for a teacher. Ere they returned, a zealous young Tongan, having heard of the desire after the truth felt in Ono, had come to give them what instruction he could. Under his care the work steadily grew; and at length a native of the island, who had been converted in Lakemba, and kept under a lengthened course of instruction, was sent to be their teacher. His first message was, that he wanted books. Mr. Cargill and his excellent wife, though already over-taxed with labour, wrote with their own hands many copies of elementary works, that they might forward them to these poor sheep in the wilderness. At length they sent a canoe to Lakemba on purpose to beg that they might be visited by a missionary. The distance was great; the prevalent wind contrary; and Mr. Calvert at his station, alone. He longed to go to see the Christians at Ono. He was loth to leave his wife and little one alone, among the savages of Lakemba. ‘Do you intend to go?’ said Mrs. Calvert. ‘How can I,’ said he, ‘leave you alone?’ She replied:—

“It would be much better to leave me alone, than to neglect so many people. If you can arrange for the work to be carried on here, you ought to go.”

This good woman’s monument ought to stand in the first Christian church in Ono. When Mr. Calvert arrived, sixty-six couples presented themselves for marriage, and two hundred and thirty-three persons were baptized. He found that the Lord’s Day was well observed; schools and various religious services were established; clear evidence appeared that the living of a large part of the people was consistent with their Christian profession; and several young men offered themselves as teachers, to go, after due training, to preach the Gospel in other parts of Fiji.

Among those presented for baptism, was a young lady named Tovo, of the highest rank. She could read well, diligently taught others, both in private and at school, visited the sick, and did much good. In infancy she had been betrothed to the old King

of Lakemba. He had already thirty wives or more; and Mr. Calvert refused to baptize Tovo unless she resolved, at whatever risk, to refuse to join the King's seraglio. She declared that she would die first. Her father and the Christians said they would suffer anything rather than give her up. On his return to Lakemba, Mr. Calvert told the King of the baptism of his expected bride. A royal expedition was soon ordered for Ono. Mr. Calvert, judging its design, presented the King with a whale's tooth, and begged him not to go for the purpose of forcing Tovo to become one of his wives. The old man dissembled. He was only going to collect tribute. Why, then, take so many warriors? He still dissembled; and Mr. Calvert, before parting, solemnly addressed to him the following warning:—

“I love you and therefore warn you. God's people are as the apple of His eye. In thus fetching the girl, you are fighting against God. You will imperil your own safety if you go on such an errand. Remember that on the sea, and at all the islands between Lakemba and Ono, the Lord Jehovah rules supreme, and can easily punish you if you are found fighting against Him. Take care what you are about.”

The voyage was prosperous until the King reached an island, one day's sail from Ono. There he threw off all disguise, and set his men to pillage and harass the Christians. Then four canoes were sent before him with one hundred men on board, not one of whom was ever seen again. A fair wind set in, and the King sailed. He sighted Ono; he saw the reef, but the wind, which had become foul, now freshened, and he was in imminent danger of drifting upon unfriendly shores. The King made up his mind to die; oiled himself, put on his royal dress and a beautiful necklace, and vowed to sacrifice to his god a large pig fed by his own hand, if permitted to return in safety. Instead of falling on islands where they would have been eaten, they were driven on one where the influence of Christianity had already produced a change. They were treated kindly, and, instead of again attempting Ono, returned to Lakemba. The old King immediately begged the missionary that his ‘word of warning might never follow him again;’ and sent him the pig vowed as a sacrifice to his own god, thus plainly indicating his belief that he owed his preservation to the Christian's God. After a little time the King was prevailed upon to consent that Tovo should remain in her own island, he receiving costly gifts as a consideration for the loss: but when the gifts came, though he kept them, he would not give the permission necessary to free her so that she might marry another, and there was every

fear of a fresh expedition being launched against Ono to recover her by force. While things were in this critical state, the island was visited by Mr. Waterhouse, whose zealous labours in the South Seas are so well known; and whose account of the days he spent at Ono in examinations, preachings, baptisms, is not one of the least interesting pages of this book. They found that the Christians, after long provocation, had been obliged to take up arms in their own defence; that by an able movement of surprise they had taken the enemy's position, leaving no chance of escape; and then to the astonishment of the heathen, who had treated them so cruelly, and contrary to the immemorial custom of Fiji, they had spared every life. They said, 'We are now all living in peace together.' This display of clemency was followed by the profession of Christianity by nearly the whole of the people. In 1842 Mr. Williams found only three heathens in the place. A chief of the island of Mbua, coming to Lakemba, told how he had been driven upon the shores of Ono, expecting, as a matter of course, to be killed and eaten; but that, to his surprise, he was received with the utmost kindness.*

The people of Ono had shown their determination to withstand even the power of the King, when he sought to enforce a breach of Christian usage; and some anxiety was naturally felt as to how they would act in regard of tribute. But side by side with the news of the general conversion of the island, and its firm stand in defence of Tovo, came the intelligence that the new Christians cheerfully paid their usual tribute, and in all other matters acknowledged the authority of those who were over them. The two facts together produced a great impression upon the public mind of Fiji. Ono has since then witnessed remarkable and happy seasons, its people being apparently among the most decided and consistent of all our newly found brethren in Fiji.

One of the circumstances which adds interest to the volume is, that in the case of several individuals, the odd motives and partial character of their conversion are fully brought out. Sometimes Christianity is adopted with the hope of getting better health, sometimes of escaping danger from war; and frequently persons go but half way in renouncing heathenish habits and conforming to Christian laws of life. Yet in very many cases those who thus began, coming, by virtue of

* 'I now know that Christianity is true and good. I have seen people truly in earnest. They act differently to those whom we see here' (referring to the Tongans at Lakemba). 'I now wish to become a Christian, which I shall do before long; and when I do, I shall abandon all my old ways. Fijians will be in earnest when they embrace religion.'

their professed Christianity, regularly under instruction, were brought to repentance and real holiness of life. The King of Somosomo was urgent for a missionary, because he saw the knives, hatchets, and pots which the Lakembans had purchased from the foreigners. When his son was appealed to, if the teaching of the missionaries was true, he replied, 'True! everything that comes from the white man's country is true. Muskets and gunpowder are true; therefore your religion must be true.' In the Island of Vatoa the people showed a hankering after the national custom of wrecking, which, indeed, we know had not wholly disappeared from our own coast until very recent times. They did not, as of old, kill any of the crew, but plundered their goods. When written to, they expressed great shame, but still kept the stolen articles. The missionaries resolved on acting with decision. The teacher was ordered to be put out of office, some other office-bearers in the Church who had been blameable were to be deposed, and all who would not restore the ill-gotten goods were to be excluded from the Church. This produced the desired effect. With bitter tears they brought the articles to the native teacher who carried this message, and entreated that they might be allowed to retain their Christian privileges. But even in cases where the character of the convert was least satisfactory, the restraint exerted by Christianity was great. This is illustrated in the case of a chief called Mara, with whom the missionary strongly remonstrated on his un-Christian life.

"Ah, Mr. Calvert, you speak too strongly! Why, I am persecuted for my Christianity!" This was, to some extent, true. He discountenanced the heathen ceremonies, and bade his people pray when they were in danger at sea. Even this light was troublesome to the dark souls at Mban; and Mara made no friends by his religion. Still he was far from living well, and Mr. Calvert went on: "The fact is, Mara, you are not saved from your sins; and if you live and die as you are, you will be lost for ever." Putting on the injured look again, he rejoined: "Well, you should not speak thus to me. I confess I often feel discouraged myself: my Christianity is not much—not more than that:" and he held his finger in his hand so as to show only the tip. "It sinks down and down,"—looking hard at his finger-tip, as it almost disappeared,—"*and sometimes I think it is going away altogether: but I say to myself,*"—looking still harder at his finger,—"*No, there it is! the little morsel is still left!*" And then war rises, or affliction comes, and it is increased, and, little as it is, *it keeps me from killing people.* When I get angry, and feel prompted to kill, then I am afraid of the future and am restrained." It was often a cause of wonder to the missionaries that this man should espouse the cause of religion in any way; for he had been notoriously wicked, and still remained in sin. Yet, it was quite true, that his "little morsel"

of religion had kept him from killing hundreds; for, in his past life, no one's club struck more quickly or with less provocation than Mara's. Once when a canoe-party vexed him, he ran them down at sea with his larger canoe and killed seven. For such a man to be restrained at all, was a cause of thankfulness; but he was far from right, and gave the missionaries great anxiety and trouble.'—Vol. ii., pp. 315, 316.

Among the remarkable natives brought to notice in this volume none are so note-worthy as two eminent friends, Verani and Thakombau: the latter the most powerful prince of the islands, the former his ablest councillor and allied chief. The early character of Verani was terrible even in Fiji. Great ability to plan, relentless cruelty to execute deeds of extermination, made it always a terrible day for some place or other when the great sail of his canoe was seen hoisted to the wind. Between him and the King there was a real friendship; for even in that state of society it seems possible for men to bear some kind of love to one another. The intercourse of Verani with missionaries and with converted natives in his own place, soon gave him some sort of impression that the new religion was true. He sometimes acknowledged that he went out to battle with fear lest he should fall and be lost for ever. At length he was known to go into the woods that he might pray alone. It was said that on the very battle-field he had fallen down to call upon God his Maker. He even went so far as to tell the King that he wished to become a Christian, but by his advice deferred the step. The converts in his own town were unremitting in their endeavours for his conversion, and sometimes he would have two or three with him all night, engaged in reading, prayer, and conversation upon religious subjects. He even begged the King himself to *lotu*, as it is called, that is, to profess Christianity. One Good Friday morning the terrible cannibal of Viwa went to one of the noblest missionaries that ever preached in any heathen tongue, John Hunt, and, as he had heard that this was the day kept in memory of the death of Christ, asked him when it would return. He was told that it would not be for an entire year. 'Then,' said he, 'I will become a Christian to-day.' That morning the little company at the prayer-meeting were joined by their redoubted chief, and with wondering eyes saw that figure, before which so many had fallen dead, bow down, and, stricken with evident contrition, worship the great Almighty God. Soon after, a brother-in-law of Verani's, who had lived in his own house, was treacherously murdered by the heathen. His widowed sister and the other wives of the slain man gathered around the terrible chief, wildly urging him to strangle them, but doubtless more anxious that he should take revenge

on the tribe who had committed the murder. 'If you had come some time since,' were the calm words of Verani, 'I would readily have done it; but I have now *lotued*, and the work of death is over.' The King was alarmed at the conversion of his most dreaded general, feeling how serious a loss it would be in his future wars. He sent, earnestly begging that he might delay. The answer was: 'Tell Thakombau that I have waited very long at his request; and now that I have become Christian, I shall be glad to go anywhere with my people to attend to His lawful work; but I fear Almighty God, and dread falling into hell-fire, and dare no longer delay.'

Verani was informed that his supplies from Mbau would be stopped; entreaties, promises, threats, were all tried upon him, and all the people looked for the wrath of Thakombau to rise and put an end to the struggle. To their astonishment, the King said: 'Did I not tell you that we could not turn Verani? He is a man of one heart. When he was with us, he was fully one with us; now he is Christian, he is decided, and not to be moved.'

With other chiefs the great difficulty had been to part with their numerous wives. Verani, bitterly repenting of his sins, sought of his own accord every method of bringing forth works meet for repentance. When it was found that he had resolved to be publicly married to his chief wife, in token that he released the others, old men of rank earnestly counselled him against such a step. He told them that they were 'on the devil's side.' 'Few men,' says the narrative of this conversion, 'had ever sinned more; no man had ever repented more deeply. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.' After days upon days spent in continuous and earnest prayer, the dark and burdened soul of Verani was visited with Christian peace. That Christ about whose death he had so often heard, and asked, and wondered, appeared to his mind's view as his own Saviour and Redeemer, and he went out among his fellows a changed and happy man, speaking of a new-found peace, and the blessedness of having his iniquities forgiven. In a month or so he had an interview with Thakombau, the King, on board a European ship, and told him all he had felt with regard to religion. When he had finished, the great chief said, 'Go on, go on.' The next day he told him the Christians would obey all his commands, if right; but they would do nothing wrong, and could not take part in cruel and barbarous wars. 'Very good,' said Thakombau, 'you stay at home and learn your book well.' About two months after his conversion, his great war canoe, the approach of which had so often been a sig-

nal of woe, was launched once more; but instead of painted warriors, and preparations for devastation, its errand was now to carry a missionary to a distant island. He could now proceed with his work of peace, accompanied and countenanced by the most dreaded of the warriors of Fiji. Those who remember the tall form and beaming countenance of John Hunt, can imagine how bright and how benign he would look, while preaching that Saviour whom his great soul so deeply loved, to numbers still sunk in cannibalism, with the transformed chieftain before his eye. Verani became as zealous in doing good as he had been in works of blood. 'I have already fought too much,' he said, 'I have done now;' but he zealously warred another and a better warfare. He was constantly reading and asking the meaning of what he read. He kept his men as much as he could to their books. He chose the name of Elijah; and when he built a large new house, he called it 'Cherith.' He and his wife lived happily. Their daughter was diligent at school; family worship was never neglected; and Verani, always happy, always kind, dwelt amongst his people a monument of converting grace, a pattern of the new and Christian life to which the voices of strangers were calling them. Wherever a quarrel was to be healed; a war to be prevented; a poor woman saved from strangling; a corpse rescued from the oven;—any horror to be averted, any good work to be sped;—none was so ready to travel, or to put himself to risk, as Elijah Verani. The chiefs and people under him, knowing that his club was no more swift to shed blood, often took advantage, and used him ill; but the only result was to make him flee in prayer, for love and strength, to God. He was a man of much prayer; and so striking were some of his public prayers, that on one occasion a missionary took down one at length. It is a touching specimen at once of Fiji intellect and Christian light. In reading it one does feel the unity of man. How thoroughly are reproduced here, in the breast of one who had been at the utmost extreme of human barbarism, the purest and best sentiments of the saints of God in our own country! We wish we could quote the remarkable prayer in full, but we can only give the concluding paragraph.

"These are our prayers: O hear them; do Thou hear them for Jesu's sake. O hear them for Fiji's sake! Do have love for Fiji. When our minds think of Fiji, they are greatly pained; for the men and women of Fiji are Thy people, and these Thy people are strangled, and clubbed, and destroyed. O have compassion on Fiji; and spare Thy servants for the sake of Fiji, that they may preach the true word to the people. And, O Holy Spirit, give light to the dark-hearted, and give them repentance. And set us in motion, that we may not

be so useless as we have been ; but that we may now, and for the time to come, live to extend Thy kingdom, that it may reach all Fiji, for the sake of Jesus Christ, the accepted offering for us. Amen."

A sorrowful day came for the Christians of Viwa. Their wise and holy pastor, after six years' labour among them, ten on the whole in Fiji, in the midst of his great works of translating and training native agents, was laid upon his death-bed. The missionaries revered him, the converts loved him as a father, the heathens respected him as a good and great man. Grief was in every heart, and the throne of grace was their only refuge. There they had often heard him plead for them ; and thither with strong supplication and tears did they go, in hope that even yet his bright light might be permitted to shine in a land that was still so dark. Verani's supplications were very earnest. 'O Lord !' he said, 'we know we are very bad ; but spare Thy servant. If one must die, take *me*. Take *ten of us* ; but spare Thy servant to preach Christ to the people.' But that prayer was not to be answered. John Hunt was going to his rest. In the last struggle, clasping Mr. Calvert by the hand, he lifted up his voice, and cried, 'O, let me pray once more for Fiji. Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji ! Save Fiji ! Save Thy servant ! Save Thy people ! Save the heathen in Fiji !' And after many times saying, 'Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !' he left his converted cannibals to weep, and went to join the holy fellowship of the prophets in everlasting joy. The natives came and looked upon his face ; and even the great King of Mbau came all the way to see, in death, the countenance of the great, good man, before whose faithful warnings even his savage heart had often quailed. He was not a little moved when a message was delivered to him that had fallen from the lips of John Hunt before he died. We hope that the report is correct, that we may expect a Life of Mr. Hunt from the pen of the able editor of these volumes.

A vigorous war directed against the power of Thakombau had been very successful, and the great chief was in much difficulty. Verani undertook an embassy of peace to a mountain tribe, wilder even than ordinary Fijians. His friends, fearing for his life, earnestly remonstrated against his going. 'It may be the time of my removal,—that I leave,' was his reply. The missionary prayed with him, and Verani wept. On the way, he two or three times assembled his attendants for prayer. After being well received, they were murdered, and most of them devoured. Thus he who had so long been a man of blood, fell at last by a murderer's hand, though on an errand of peace.

This event greatly affected the ruthless King. Other

disasters came, and more threatened. The warnings of many years were often recalled to his memory, by faithful witnesses at hand. George, the Christian Tongan,—the Alfred of the South Seas, as he was worthily called by Sir Everard Home,—wrote a letter counselling him to become a Christian. The struggle was great; but at length that fierce, strong mind decided to profess the Gospel. On a Sunday morning, the terrible death-drum, the 'reporter of war,' as its name signifies, sounded through the royal city of Mbau, the city which had long resisted even the residence of a missionary. Ten short days before that sound had called the people to a cannibal feast; now they knew it was calling them to witness the ferocious chieftain making his public acknowledgment of the one true God. The great house of the city was crowded. The chief-priest with his long grey beard stood before Thakombau; his people gazed upon him, his many wives and children were around him; and the missionary, who had for several years made the conversion of this King of sinners his most urgent prayer, could scarcely command his voice. The worship of the Most High God began. The great frame of Thakombau bent in adoration before the invisible throne. Then bent the prop of heathenism and superstition in Fiji. In that act violence, cannibalism, clubbing, strangling, bloodshed, licence, all bowed down. Their strongest support had given way. That day was the turning point in Fijian history. The King's death-drum had been turned into a church-bell, and the 'root of war' himself into at least a professed disciple of the Gospel of peace. Much as remained to be done, the issue of the struggle was no longer doubtful. The immediate consequence was a vast accession of converts, town following town in renouncing its gods; and amid all this outward growth of Christianity it is manifest that many, though by no means all, were converted in heart and life. Shortly after it was computed that more than fifty thousand, or one third of the population of the whole group, had renounced heathenism. The King, after a long struggle, at last put away his seraglio of eighty women, and was married to one.

There is not a more pleasing chapter in the book than that which narrates the mission to Mbua.* This is chiefly given in the language of Mr. Williams, the intelligent author of the first volume. Who would believe that the following scene took place in the land of blood, and that the actors in it had been a little while before among the worst even of Fijian cannibals? The chief at Mbua resolved on building a chapel, which, with its

* This name must be distinguished from Mbau.

ahogany colonnades, curious sinnet work, communion rails of the warrior's spear, and various beauties, excelled all former buildings. The progress of the work is thus described:—

“He, and some of his men who had fame for “lifting up the axe,” travelled over many miles of the surrounding country, in search of timber for the frame of the building. Whilst they were thus employed, the old men enlivened the village by the rap, tap, tap, of the beaters with which they separated the fibre from the fleshy part of the nut-husk, that it might be plaited into sinnet, for the ornamental lashings. At intervals of two or three days, the joyous shout of the returning wood-cutters broke the quiet of the evening, a signal at which those who were left in the village—old men, women, and children—ran off to assist their weary friends in dragging some giant of the forest to the spot where it was to become a pillar in the Lord's house. Happier groups than these formed, eye never saw.”

“Often, whilst superintending their operations, have I heard the builders cheer each other by chanting such passages as the following: “I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.” “But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded!” To this another party would respond, “The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation.” Another favourite chant was, 1 Kings viii. 28–30. And, with suitable feeling, a number would join in the petitions, “Hearken unto the prayer which Thy servant shall make;” “And when Thou hearest, forgive.”—Vol. ii., pp. 372, 373.

If these singing builders of a house of prayer form a happy contrast to the ordinary scenes of Fiji, what a distance from the past, what a prospect for the future, appear in the following!—

‘The infant school, as it is called, has girls in it sixteen and eighteen years old; but all composing it were very attentive. I soon perceived that the leader amongst the boys was quite blind. In all exercises of the memory blind Shem was a sure guide; and scarcely less certain in *impromptu* answers to questions on Old and New Testament history. It was not, however, until I had been in school some time, that I observed the girls also had a blind leader; one in whom they put no little confidence. But Pauline was not so intelligent as Shem, nor so active. He took his part in all the evolutions through which the children were put; but she, not sharing his confidence, sat during these. Shem is a very quick lad. He needs only to hear a hymn or psalm repeated twice or thrice, and he is ready to become the teacher of it to his bright-eyed class-mates. And the best of all is, the blind boy knows Jesus as his Saviour.’

‘I held the Tiliva school-feast whilst Mr. Hazlewood was at this place. In quieter times we have more visitors; but, on the whole, we have not had a pleasanter meeting. The male and female Testament

classes read each a chapter; a number of young men, and two young women, repeated each a chapter with great correctness; some of the children also recited portions of Scripture and hymns; the children in a body chanted the Ten Commandments, the Second Psalm, and some of their school lessons, besides spelling, and answering a few simple questions in geography. They then received a dress each from those kindly supplied by Mrs. Hoole, London, and by other kind friends in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire.

'The elder boys, to the number of twenty or over, presented hanks of sinnet, their own platting, and, excepting two or three, the first they had ever made. The chiefs, and several aged men, sat as judges, and awarded six prizes to as many boys. Then ten little girls offered their maiden plat-mats, that the females appointed might examine them: four of the girls were rewarded: two of the mats might have passed for the work of adults.

'That which to my mind greatly augmented the interest of the meeting, was the presence of the heathen chief, and several of his people, who observed with interest the several examinations, and assisted in deciding the merits of hanks of sinnet presented by the boys.'—Vol. ii., pp. 383, 384.

We find many passages of extraordinary interest still remaining in the work; but in dread of unduly extending this paper, we must shut them out. Many of them are full of lessons of faith, self-devotion, and hope. The story of Mr. Calvert's escape from murder is long and thrilling. The end of Mr. Cross is one of the noblest scenes in mission history. The labours of Hazlewood, the translator, lexicographer, grammarian of Fiji, who fell broken by the abundance of his own fruit-bearing, rendered him a worthy successor of John Hunt. The press was at once pronounced a god by the natives; and it has been used with wonderful effect. Our heart is glad to think of the thousands upon thousands taught to read, and furnished with Bibles, catechisms, and other books. The schools are counted by hundreds. The authorities of a great educational society were astonished lately at being applied to for 100 dozen slates, 15,000 slate pencils, 6 dozen school whistles, with pens, maps, and black boards in proportion, for schools in cannibal Fiji. The training of native teachers, and organizing the Churches on a basis tending to self-support, is a branch of the work deserving the greatest attention from all who are concerned in the propagation of Christianity. Whatever may be kept alive as an exotic, religion never can. If it cannot be made to take hold of the soil, and flourish in the native air, it will die in the long run. In this department the services of Mr. Lyth have been of great value. The natives called him, on account of his surgical skill, 'the carpenter of illness.'

Throughout the volume the missionaries' wives shine, as a mild ornament to the work which the Lord employed their noble husbands to do. Without their presence the Christian home could not have been witnessed by the cannibals, or half the humanizing effect of the mission been produced. They upheld, instead of depressing, their husbands, and Christendom owes them honour. Their names will not fail in the history of Christian ages yet to come in Fiji; and surely their home above will be enriched with rare treasures, the fruit of their dangerous search on those wild and boisterous shores.

The majority of Fijians are still heathen; but with two hundred native teachers zealously at work, with schools, superintended by well trained English teachers, and with the accumulative influence of Christian example and persuasion, the future progress of conversion is not doubtful. Troubles and wars will yet rage, but every year will limit their circle, though not perhaps abate their fury. Already cannibalism has disappeared from large districts: infanticide is following it fast. Murder is solemnly punished by law, forms of justice are established, and the rudiments of Christian civilization are taking root. Family prayer is heard in homes where the strangler and the strangled were parent and child, and the school feast replaces the orgies of the cannibal. In his sin and his conversion the Fijian shows his oneness with man. In its power to renew such desperate sinners the Gospel shows its superhuman virtue, its fountain-head in heaven. Fiji adds another star to His crown who has 'many stars;' and of His servants below few have been more honoured than those whom He employed to restore Fiji to His kingdom. Few tombs of the nineteenth century are more worthy of being built up than those of the four missionaries who sleep in the soil of Fiji, — Cross, Hunt, Hazlewood, and Crawford.

As Fiji received the Gospel from the Friendly Isles, to what new group will it send on the boon?

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Analytical Exposition of the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans. By John Brown, D.D., Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, and Professor of Exegetical Theology in the United Presbyterian Church. 8vo. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Sons; London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1857.—This laborious work of a learned and voluminous writer came into our hands a few weeks after the date of its publication; and we have from that time contemplated an extended notice of it, and of its important subject. Various circumstances, most unfriendly to dispatch in the carrying out of such a purpose, have hitherto prevented; but the venerable expositor having been recently removed from the Church militant, the claims of his work to serious consideration have been thus revived, and we feel that a few brief remarks on this, his last production, will now be timely and acceptable, while they will not necessarily preclude a more systematic examination on a future day.

This work is an able and painstaking attempt to establish doctrinal Calvinism, by what the author deems a correct and impartial interpretation of the Epistle to the Romans; and to separate doctrinal Calvinism from practical Antinomianism, denying that the latter is a logical and natural consequence of the former. The systematizing spirit of Calvinistic theology evidently influences his analysis, and he is frequently recurring to the first links in that daring theory of causation, so as to make it apparent either that his thoughts on religious subjects have been strongly tintured with the fatalism of his creed; or that, differing, as he does, from many Calvinistic divines, in his mode of conceiving and stating some important subjects, and on various questions of interpretation, he has felt it the more necessary to show, when he can, that he is agreed with them in what they deem indispensable. Yet, in his frequent remembrance and application of the starting-points of his theological system, he is remarkably one-sided. It is quite a matter of course with him to be reminding the believer, the regenerate, the elect, that all their privileges and hopes, their faith, acceptance, and sanctification, are effects of the assumed fact, that

they were eternally chosen unto salvation, and unto faith and holiness, as the means to the predestined end. But when he addresses the unbelievers and unregenerate, he seems as if he could not or would not remember that, according to the avowed principle of his doctrinal theory, some of them are morally incapable of the faith to which he exhorts them. His language in these cases would be powerfully pathetic, if disentangled from his opinion, (in these instances neither mentioned nor alluded to,) that only those can have power or grace to come to Christ who were predestinated to do so. At pages 118, 119, there is a passage quite worthy of the Gospel, as we understand Paul to set it forth; but glaringly and inexcusably incompatible with the supposition that for *some* of the persons addressed the atonement was not made, and that from each of *these* effectual grace is sovereignly, and by an eternal purpose, withheld. The passage we allude to is, 'If men, after all, *will* continue in unbelief and sin, will not come to Christ that they may have life, their destruction is absolutely certain; for "the wages of sin is death;" and in their case these wages will be fully earned; for they have heard that eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord, and they have scornfully put away from them the highest blessing God has to bestow,—a holy, happy eternity, equally the purchase of His Son's blood, and the free gift of His own sovereign mercy. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." But the most unholy need not despair of being admitted into heaven; for as there is pardon for the guiltiest, there is sanctification for the most depraved. If the sinner who hears the Gospel is shut out from the marriage feast for want of a wedding garment, it will be because he would not, in the faith of the truth, put it on. The sinner under the Gospel can find *his* way to perdition only by trampling under foot the atoning justifying blood of the Son of God, and doing despite to the transforming, sanctifying influence of the Spirit of God.' It is painful to remind ourselves, that he who thus strongly appeals to the reason and the *will* of sinners, on the ground of 'the atoning blood of the Son of God, and the transforming, sanctifying influence of the Spirit of God,' must, according to one of his own views of the *supposed* Divine purpose, elsewhere avowed, have had in his mind the reserved thought, that possibly some, or many, of the persons addressed might not be included in that limited number for whom only he assumes the atoning blood to have been shed, and the saving grace provided.

At page 240, there is another passage, which would be of great force on the ground of general redemption, and if the writer *really* believed that He who 'is long-suffering to us-ward,' is also 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance;' but which on the opposite hypothesis is as unsubstantial and illusory as a fog-bank at sea. After expatiating on the riches and glory of the great object of Christian hope, eternal life, he goes on to say:—'And this may be yours, poor thoughtless sinner, miserable self-deceiver, base hypocrite, open profligate, if *now*, in the faith of the truth, you receive Him who is our *hope*, as He is our *peace*, "made of God" to

man "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." But it must be *now*. The Master will, ere long, in reference to each of you, rise up and shut to the door by the hand of death. How soon may this be, how suddenly! And then there is no hope for you, false or true, throughout eternity. Nothing but intolerable suffering, and a certain fearful looking for of its uninterrupted, unending continuance. Turn to the stronghold. Prisoner of hope! the Avenger is out, and on thy track, and may at any moment overtake or intercept thee. "Escape for thy life," for thy soul's life! Flee! "Look not behind thee." The gate is open; nor man nor angel can shut it. No safety without, no danger within.' He who writes thus avows in another place, (page 325,) 'We do hold, that the grand characteristic principles of Augustinianism and Calvinism are real wisdom—the true philosophy of Christianity, the theory which best binds together the "facts" (for the doctrines of Christianity are "facts") in which the substance of our holy religion consists.' Now, the 'grand characteristic principles' of Augustine and Calvin include the tremendous and unmitigated horrors of unconditional reprobation. He also (page 337) defends the opinion that 'God exercises His sovereignty equally in giving and withholding the Divine influence, which, in consequence of the depravity of man, is necessary to true repentance. And, however men may fret and quarrel, it will be difficult to show that there is any thing unjust or unreasonable in all this.' In support of this he quotes from Scott's Remarks on Tomline, as follows:—"May not the Judge of all the earth, when a rebellious creature, from enmity to Him, and love of that which He abhors, has closed his own eyes, and hardened his own heart, and deliberately preferred the delusions of the wicked one to the truth as it is in Jesus, say to such an one, "Take thine own choice and its consequences?"—may He not do this without being any more the author of sin, than the sun is the cause of cold, and frost, and darkness, because these are the results of the withholding of his influence?' We admit the reasonableness of all this, *if* the sinner in question had been favoured with *real* opportunity for receiving and embracing the truth as it is in Jesus, and yielding to the softening, quickening, and saving influences of the Holy Spirit; but if *not*, if the sinner, in being rebellious, perverse, impenitent, and unbelieving, only did that which he was predestinated to do, then we utterly deny the equity of such appeals on behalf of the partial and remorseless idol of Calvinistic philosophy, who is not the God of the Scriptures, but the inexorable, all-controlling Fate of heathen antiquity, enthralling and constraining both gods and men with the chain of inevitable necessity. If there are sinners for whom Christ did not die, they *cannot*, in the sense which Dr. Brown's reproaches imply, 'find their way to perdition only by trampling under foot the atoning, justifying blood of the Son of God;' and if there are sinners to whom God has never given, and never *wills* to give, 'the transforming, sanctifying influence of His Holy Spirit,' they cannot find their way to perdition *only* by doing despite to the Spirit of grace. On the other hand, those who, according to his

hypothesis, are predestinated to eternal life, cannot 'find their way to perdition' at all, unless they can break the everlasting adamantine chain, by which they are *supposed* to be drawn to the throne of grace; and it is useless trifling to warn *them* against that which, on the very theory of their monitor, can, in their case, never happen; and it is worse than trifling to warn and reproach the non-elect against that which on the same theory it is, and ever was, and ever will be, as impossible for them to avoid, as it would be to turn back the course of time, and undo all the facts of the world's history. It avails nothing to plead, that in such addresses to sinners Calvinistic divines draw the bow at a venture, being unable to discern, amidst the promiscuous crowds of hearers or readers, those who are chosen, and those who are left. For, according to *their* view, the concealment of God's secret choice of individuals leaves the result as certain as if it were already known, not to Him only, but to *them*; and as they deny that the motives of such choice have any respect to faith or works foreseen, why should they trouble themselves to warn and admonish on matters which, *on their showing*, God does not care for, except either to make them inevitable in one class, or to make them impossible to the other, by His predetermination? To remember what the reserved views of such writers are, deprives their otherwise impressive reasonings and expostulations, not only of all convincing force, but of all moral propriety.

That which Dr. Brown mentions as, in his estimation, commending the 'grand characteristic principles' of Augustine and Calvin to his preference is, that they constitute '*the true philosophy of Christianity*'; '*the theory which best binds together* "the facts" (for the doctrines of Christianity are "facts") in which the substance of our holy religion consists.' '*The philosophy*,' '*the theory which best binds together*';—we apprehend that these phrases indicate an immoderate love of system, of theoretical completeness, which, except in the case of those who have merely learned what they have been taught, and who teach what they have heard, is the charm of Calvinism to a certain class of minds, inducing them to overlook or to palliate its moral repulsiveness and its inhuman horrors. Facts must be made to take their place in a system. Facts which are divinely revealed, must be arranged in an arbitrary logical order of man's invention. An eminent writer said in the last century, 'Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of man. It is like that of the principle of evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defeated evil. Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering, through the wild waste of centuries added to centuries of miseries and desolation.' The language of Burke is surely applicable here.

Some important questions of interpretation, not involving the essentials of Calvinism, are treated by Dr. Brown with a judgment and moderation honourable to his character and attainments. His exposition of the latter part of the seventh chapter is different from our

received view, but may be of great service to the interests of vital godliness amongst Calvinists. He represents the chequered experience and the harassing spiritual conflicts described in that part of the chapter, in a way which nearly agrees with the doctrine of Mr. Wesley's Sermon on Sin in Believers, and denies that any true believer lives in sin. He describes the witness of the Spirit of adoption in a manner which does not materially differ from the views of that great Christian privilege set forth by the same divine. He not only *admits*, but *affirms*, that the justified receive such a witness; and rebukes the presumption of any objector who would 'deny such a testimony because he has never been conscious of it. There is likely too good a reason. He has not received the *Spirit* of adoption, and how can he have its testimony?'

We do not think he succeeds in making out a spiritual basis for the peculiarities of doctrinal Calvinism; nor that any intelligent Arminian of evangelical views will be unsettled by his exposition. Neither do we think that he demolishes the logical connexion between Calvinism and Antinomianism. Those parts of the doctrines of Calvinism which he alleges as destructive of practical Antinomianism, are equally held by Christians who are not Calvinists; but those parts of Calvinism which involve fatalism often counteract the better parts which belong to Christianity; they require no straining or twisting to enable them to lead some to presumption, others to despair, and both sorts to neglect of the great salvation. But it is against the doctrine, not the expositor, that we charge the logical and natural consequences. He writes like a good and devout man, zealous for truth and holiness. Had he been somewhat less of a systematic divine, and freed from the trammels of a *speculative* rather than a *scriptural* theology, his eloquent advocacy of revealed truth and holiness might have been like the flight of a tethered bird that has cut the string, and soars unconfined in the free air and light of heaven. On the subjects of *imputed righteousness* and *the righteousness of God*, he rises above the deep and well-worn tracks of traditional Calvinistic interpretation. He considers 'the righteousness of God' as meaning God's way of treating a sinner as if he were just, in consistency with His own righteousness,—the Divine method of justification. And on the faith of Abraham, which 'was reckoned to him for righteousness,' and on the further testimony that 'it was not written for his sake alone, that it was imputed to him, but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe,' &c., he remarks, 'Faith will be reckoned to every man to justification, who, like Abraham, believes God,—making known the method of justification, simply on God's own authority,—so believes as to trust the Divine promise, and in the face of all difficulties expect its performance, in the way of Divine appointment.'

The critical labours of Dr. Brown will be of most advantage to those who have other helps and better authorities. The author is not a safe *guide*, but his exposition may be handled like a *torch*, serving to throw light upon obscure and difficult places.

Palissy, the Huguenot Potter. A True Tale. By C. L. Brightwell. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1858.—This little book tells with simplicity and effect the memorable story of Palissy's life; and the Religious Tract Society does good service by making known to a wide circle of readers that hero of the sixteenth century. Bernard Palissy may well teach all who are conscious of native talents, and are disposed to trust to them, that genius is helped by industry, and that it flourishes most when sustained as well as sanctified by piety. Miss Brightwell avails herself of Mr. Morley's guidance; but her flowing narrative will be liked by a class of readers, who would never take the pains to search for the facts and lessons of the brave old Huguenot's life amid the obscurities of that writer's fragmentary chapters.

This little volume enables us to trace the double thread of the Potter's history. We have his nature-loving, science-seeking life; his gifts and attainments; his experiments, his frequent failures, and his eventual success: and we have too his religious life; his friendship for the fiercely persecuted Huguenots, and his sufferings with them unto the death. Miss Brightwell tells us how he began life with the principle that it is every man's duty to turn to good account God's gifts within him. This upheld him through sixteen years of unrewarded toil in search of the lost art of enamelling porcelain,—years spent in building furnaces and taking them down; 'in trying pots and breaking them; in grinding drugs and burning them;' till, fuel failing, he broke up the palings of the little garden and the flooring and tables of his house; while his neighbours taunted him with being a madman, as he passed down the streets of Saintes; and his wife, destitute of his insight and foresight, crushed by poverty, and weary with 'hope deferred,' added her remonstrance and reproach. 'And all this talk,' quoth Palissy, 'they brought to mingle with my grief.' Few and sad words, conveying a keen, yet not a bitter reproof. How did Palissy rejoice, when, having taken three hundred trial pieces to the glass-furnace, he saw one melt after four hours' exposure to the heat, and come out white and polished! Thenceforth, through years of further disappointment, he felt sure of final success. And so it was, that at last his object was achieved by the production of the ware that bears his name. Palissy had been ever a lover and close student of nature; and now he covered his rustic pieces with the bright colours and elegant forms of the plants and animals with which he had become familiar by the sea-shore, along the river-side, in woods and fields; broad-leaved marsh plants, delicate and minute mosses, sea-weeds and corals, snails and lizards, butterflies and beetles, no fancy leaf among them, no imaginary insect, but all so accurately true, that even their species might be noted, and their home ascertained.

During the brief season of Bernard Palissy's highest fortunes,—when, named by his early patron, the Sire Antoine de Pons, to the Grand Constable Montmorency, and by him to Catherine de Medicis, he was summoned to Paris,—he resided in the precincts of the Tuileries, gained acquaintance with Italian art, and designed and executed his own masterpieces. Here he turned his museum into a lecture-room,

and spoke of 'fountains, stones, and metals,' to an assembly of choice students, imparting to them the 'secrets which God had given him grace to understand, while scratching in the earth for the space of forty years.' His theory on springs of water anticipated the discoveries of modern science; and a careful examination of the structure of rocks, and of certain fossils that they enclosed, led him to conclusions substantially agreeing with those of the geologists of our day.

The charm and wonder with which we regard this self-taught man, so using his endowments and his daily opportunities as to be far in advance of his age, deepen into reverence when we read that he was 'valiant for the truth upon earth.' He was one of six poor unlearned men, who formed the first Reformed Church at Saintes, and his name occurs in a contemporary list of preachers. True to his earliest convictions, the first text from which he exhorted was the Parable of the Talents. At the age of seventy-five, Bernard Palissy was sacrificed by his monarch to the Protestant-hating Guises, and was imprisoned in the Bastille. Three years passed by, of which no record remains. Then the King visited the dungeon, and threatened the aged man with a martyr's death, unless he would change his religion. But neither his courage, nor his trust in God, failed him. 'Sire,' said Bernard, 'I am ready to yield up my life for the glory of God. You say, you feel pity for me. It is rather I that should pity you, who utter such words as these, "I am compelled." This is not the language of a King, and neither yourself, nor the Guises, with all your people, shall compel me; for I know how to die.' To the last fiery trial he was not, however, called. Some powerful friend interfered to shelter him. A few months passed, and God took him from an earthly prison to a heavenly home.

This little volume is nicely illustrated, and written in a popular and pleasing style. Our remarks, which are somewhat out of proportion to its size, have been prompted by its merits and the unusual interest of its theme.

Cecil and Mary: or, Phases of Life and Love. By Joseph Edward Jackson. Parker and Son. 1858.—There are many beauties, both moral and poetical, in this little volume; and also, we are bound to say, many artistic blemishes. We will not now insist upon the latter, as it would lead us into a repetition of much that we have said before, (in the third number of this Journal,) when characterising the effusions of Mr. Alexander Smith. As a poet, Mr. Jackson belongs to the same school. He has evidently made the *Balder* of Mr. Dobell a particular study. His illustrations are out of all proportion to the amount of truth and incident, and their profusion is far more evident than their felicity or force. Considering this ornate style, nothing could be more ill-chosen than the dramatic form. Of course, all the interlocutors use the same lavishly embroidered language. Every epithet is a metaphor, and every sentiment shrined in oriental phrase; and though this might be allowed as a peculiarity of the polished and fastidious Cecil, it is hardly right that his good mother should be made to drop so many tropes, and that too under circumstances of

severe maternal trial. We do not object to the following excellent advice, except that it is not very happily addressed to one whose choice was made; but the terms are not such as even noble mothers use upon like occasions. Cecil is about to go to India as a missionary, leaving home and his betrothed behind him:—

— 'Hearken now, my son:

We who have sailed far down the stream of life
Know better than those nearer to its source
Where lie its perilous rapids, shoals, and falls.
You cannot take her with you whom you have
Most wisely chosen, and absence, like long drought,
Withers the flower of love, or other chance
May leave you loverless; and should you have
To choose again—nay, start not—let her be
A woman worthy of a true man's love.
Use ears as well as eyes—she should be praised
By those who know her, but who fear her not;
And from her lips should fall, like summer dew,
Words wise and holy. O! woe not a wife
Whose tongue is like a clock that has no dial,
Which goes, but to no purpose; and beware,
Let no foul gold-sores leprosy your choice.
The kiss of Judas once was given for gold—
A kiss which scorched his hard and icy soul.
And be not dazzled by a pretty face;
A phosphorescent sea has rocks below,
And fair-hued flowers may have a worm within.
A face shone through by piety and love
Is beautiful, whatever be its mould.

* * * Kind words and kinder deeds
Are gentle rain to the sweet flower of love.
O blow not on it with the blighting breath
Of anger or of sarcasm, lest its leaves
Fall fluttering to the ground: let no harsh words
Strip off the flowers from an unyielding bond
Which links you to each other. Even in jest
Let not the mocking sprite of banter tease
Her gentle patience. Sun her with your smile
When she is joyful; and when'er she stands
Within the shade of grief, stand you there too.
Pray with her, read to her, lead her gently on
Up the ascent of life, until you reach
That spot whence one of you shall be caught up
And landed on the golden steps of heaven.

This is a fair specimen of the author's style, and every page is of the same elaborate pattern. The whole poem breathes a pure, religious, and missionary spirit; and it is for this reason we the more regret its excess of sentiment and imagery. A manly, simple, and direct style would surely have better seconded the author's moral purpose; for how shall we believe in the devotion of a hero whose tones are of the daintiest, and who cannot plainly tell you what a thing *is*, but must needs tell you handsomely what it is *like*?

England and India. An Essay on the Duty of Englishmen towards the Hindoos. By Baptist W. Noel, M.A. London: Nisbet. 1859.—In a large octavo of five hundred pages, Mr. Noel treats in succession

of the Confession of Christ by the East India Government, and the Object of British Rule in India,—of Duties arising out of the Mutiny,—of Things to be removed, or amended, by the East India Government,—of some Things which the East India Government ought to do,—and of the Duties of Individuals.

On the first point it is argued that 'that which is the duty of all Christians, must be the duty of the members of the East India Government, if they are Christians;' and he adds, 'If any men do not profess to be Christians, they ought not to be sent by professed Christians to govern a heathen people.' Of course, the difficulty here, as elsewhere, lies in proving this position against those who call it in question. It is further laid down that we are to rule India for the advantage of the Hindoos; and 'to do us credit, or be themselves happy, they must become Christians.' Two chapters are then devoted to some details of the Mutiny, and the punishment of the mutineers, and to the re-construction of the native army, from which Mr. Noel thinks Mohammedans, Brahmins, and Rajpoots should be excluded,—as many Pariahs as are duly qualified, and native Christians, being employed in their stead. Among the things which the Government ought to do, it is urged that good men ought to be promoted,—education encouraged,—and the oppressed classes raised.

Now we may be credited in asserting that we approach this subject with every sympathy with Mr. Noel's views, and every desire for their success. With his ideas on individual duty, and on the immediate suspension of all Government encouragement of idolatry, and the immediate suppression of all public immorality, we most cordially agree. But we fear that there are difficulties in carrying out others of his suggestions which he has left untouched, and which will not easily be overcome. The high pay and advantages conferred on the native army made admission to its ranks much desired by the Hindoos, and to exclude any man from it on account of his caste or creed would be deemed an act of religious persecution, nor have we any proof that such a step is inevitable: in the Madras and Bombay armies natives of every rank were commingled, and it was the preference given to high-caste men, to the exclusion of others, in the Bengal army, that was a main cause of its insubordinate character. The promotion of good men—by 'good,' here, Mr. Noel means, of strict religious character—is undoubtedly a most desirable thing regarded abstractedly; but who is to be the judge in such questions? Is the Government competent to decide between contending claims? Of course, if none but such men as Sir John Lawrence and Mr. Montgomery were advanced to high posts, the Government of India would go triumphantly through every outbreak; but the difficulty is, firstly, to find a supply of such men, and, secondly, to distinguish from a host of spurious imitators, who spring up everywhere when piety becomes profitable.

We cannot but fear that the form into which Mr. Noel's book is cast, and the length to which it extends, will prevent its being read extensively, save by those who have at heart the promotion of

Christianity in India. A large mass of Scripture quotations which we feel to be conclusive, will not be so regarded by that unfortunately large number, who look upon the regions of statesmanship and religion as entirely distinct, and as regulated each by their own principles. But though not likely, in our opinion, to make much impression on this class, we yet consider the Essay to be a most seasonable publication. With all the candour of deeply felt conviction Mr. Noel urges the great duty we owe to India. As addressed to individuals, his work is of great value, pointing out, as it does, the changes that are before us, and the immense task which now especially devolves upon Christians in this land. We cordially recognise the high tone in which it is composed, and trust that it may be made abundantly useful in furthering the object in view.

Koe Tohi oe Gaohi Melaga a Misa Jone Uesile. Koe tohi e Misa Uesile. Lonitane. 1858.—Here we have twenty sermons of John Wesley's translated by the Rev. Thomas West into the language of the Friendly Islanders. We hail this addition to the truly good but scanty literature of these Christianized and civilized people. The translator challenges the criticism of competent judges as to his close rendering of the style and force of the original discourses. Whatever were the faults of Mr. West's book, he would have little to fear from us; nor do we think it likely that many of our readers would venture to enter the lists against him: but we rejoice to believe that during his twelve years' residence in the Tonga group he gained such an acquaintance with the language as fits him for the work to which he is prompted by his love of the people to whom he ministered the word of life. They are already indebted to him for Scripture translation.

Eighty years ago, John Wesley, anticipating the time when the 'loving knowledge of God, producing uniform, uninterrupted holiness and happiness, shall cover the earth and fill every soul of man,' set himself to consider the probable order in which God would accomplish this great work. To his reasoning mind it seemed most likely that those heathen natives who were mingled with Christians, or who inhabited tracts of country bordering on Christian lands, would be the first converted to God. Thus he thought that Christianity would spread all over the continent of America, to the dwellers in the East Indies, to numerous tribes of Tartars, to the centre of Africa, to the dwellers in China and Japan. But, glancing on the little-known and rarely-visited islands that stud the bosom of the Pacific, and other great branches of the ocean, he felt that his wisdom was at fault. He thought that their turn would come last, and, if need be, by some special putting forth of the wonder-working power of God. Little did he suppose that before the Gospel should be carried into the heart of Africa, his own sermons would form the models on which six hundred Tongan local preachers should frame theirs; that his own thoughts would instruct the minds, mould the character, and guide the lives, of a whole nation of South Sea islanders.

Mr. West has prefixed to the Sermons a Life of the Rev. John Wesley, and a short Epitome of the Organization and Laws of Metho-

dism. The Epitome is carefully compiled from Grindrod's *Compendium*, and has been so arranged as to meet a growing *desideratum* in the Friendly Islands,—namely, a text-book for the guidance and examination of local preachers and the rising native ministry.

The Old and New Testament Dispensations compared: showing in what Respects they differ; what Things are peculiar to the former; and what are common to both. By Walter Alford, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Muchelney, Somerset. Hatchard. 1858.—The design of this work is sufficiently explained in its title. The author tells us that in pursuing his theological studies, he often felt the need of a work which should set forth the precise relations in which the Old and the New Testament stand to each other, the peculiarities of each, and the points of resemblance and of difference between them; and he submits this to the public as an elementary work, designed especially 'for young students, and for English readers,' which latter class of persons, in the course of the following paragraph, he explains to mean persons unacquainted with German. For ourselves, we are disposed to try all elementary works, whether in theology or in any other science, by severe tests. Nothing can be more mistaken than the notion that it is easy to write a good elementary work. To do this requires not only a profound acquaintance with the subject; it requires, in addition, a keenness of discrimination, and a felicitous power of clear, lucid statement, to which few men attain. Mr. Alford's work evinces considerable industry, and some ability for arranging and generalizing. He is undoubtedly sound in the faith, and approaches the inspired word with due reverence. But, for the purpose which he contemplates, we should have preferred a style more condensed, terse, pointed, and antithetic. These qualities are particularly required when the special object, as in this case, is to point out differences, or resemblances, or nice distinctions. No great service is rendered to *young students*, when the author of an elementary work expatiates too largely upon views which, if they are ordinarily industrious, will be sure to occur to themselves; and the book is too directly theological for very general use. Still, Mr. Alford's plan and purpose are good; the spiritual tone of the work is what it ought to be; he never offends by pretentious conceit; and, although his manner of unfolding the sense of Scripture does not display unusual depth or unusual acuteness, a revised and condensed edition of his work might be of considerable service to beginners in theology.

The Age: a Colloquial Satire. By Philip James Bailey, Author of 'Festus.' Chapman and Hall. 1858.—We are apt to flatter the present age with its great advances in every branch of culture; but this book reminds us that in the department of satiric literature, at least, we have fallen far behind,—that the last half-century has furnished nothing to compare with the master-pieces of a former day. Unfortunately the work of Mr. Bailey gives no hope of an improvement. It has none of Pope's elaborate and polished manner, and still less of Cowper's exquisite irony and moral force. It abounds in all the faults of the age which it essays to rebuke. It is 'a thing of shreds and

patches; a bundle of loose remarks united by the very loosest tie of rhyme. It caricatures many of the noblest features of the age, and frequently degenerates into vulgar libel. The whole medley is so contrived (by its conversational form) that the author may say a smart thing on each side of a question, and yet be held to neither; while the general impression left on the reader's mind is, that it do'n't matter, for 'nought is everything, and everything is nought.' The following are rather favourable specimens of this clever failure:—

'Men like a glass which faithfully reflects
Such faults as even vanity detects;
There's nought we flatter more than our defects.'—Page 16.

'Philosophy, like Stilton cheese, is found
To please us most when just a thought unsound.'—Page 131.

'For mark how rarely women follow out
A train of reasoning; they've no time to doubt;
You argue with them a whole summer's day,
And they'll refute whatever you do'n't say.'—Page 118.

Here we must stop—after this clumsy want of gallantry we hand the author over to the ladies, who will silently bow him to the door.

Evangelical Meditations. By the late Rev. Alexander Vinet, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne, Switzerland. Translated from the French by Professor Edward Masson. Edinburgh: Clark. 1858. —There is a fascination and an authority in the writings of the late Professor Vinet, which tend to disarm criticism; and his spirit and aim are so thoroughly Christian that we surrender ourselves very much to his influence over the heart. And yet we cannot say that the author commands our fullest confidence. A superabundance of figurative terms, and of elaborate illustration, often covers the want of precision and accuracy, and even brings statements on important points into sad confusion. In the volume before us there is, as indeed in most productions of the foreign school, such a profusion of sentiment that doctrines are overlaid. We hold that every religious writer should have an indubitable (not indisputable) creed; and that all 'meditations' should rest on definite truths. This is far from being the case in the work before us. In such writings, evangelical terms have a mystic character given to them; sentiment usurps the place of doctrine; the outlines of scriptural truth are hardly to be traced; and the certainty, which is the peculiar glory of the Gospel, is lost by the fatal want of precision. That Vinet could write in a very different style, admits of easy proof: but there is far more of the dogmatic teaching by which faith is nourished, and of evangelical statement, in the 'note,' pp. 194–196, than in any of the *Meditations*. We greatly desiderate books for the profit of the heart,—*Meditations*, *Thoughts for Private Devotion*, &c., which shall neither be drily doctrinal, nor loosely sentimental; but which shall interest by their style, instruct by their clear exhibition of vital truth, and warm the affections by their evangelical fervour. This volume meets some of these requirements, but not all.

MISCELLANEA.

A Handbook of the Cotton Trade: or, a Glance at the past History, present Condition, and future Prospects, of the Cotton Commerce of the World. By Thomas Ellison. London: Longmans; Liverpool: Woodward. 1858. This book is valuable for its copious and accurate statistics; but the subject is full of interest as well as importance, and others beside the merchant princes of Liverpool may profit by Mr. Ellison's labours.—*Creoles and Coolies: or, Five Years in Mauritius.* By the Rev. Patrick Beaton, M.A. London: Nisbet and Co. 1859. A lively picture of a mixed and motley population, some of its sadder features appealing to our Christian philanthropy and zeal.—*Diversities of Christian Character, illustrated in the Lives of the Four Great Apostles.* By the very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, M.A., F.R.S.E. Blackwood and Sons. 1858. This is a charming little volume, evincing quite an original vein of thought and great freedom of expression. The author does not confine his illustration of characteristic diversities to the four apostles, but offers a few modern examples. To Bishop Jeremy Taylor he ascribes the impulsive character of St. Peter; while Dr. Barrow is referred to the same general type as St. James, 'the practical apostolic teacher.'—*On Preaching and Preachers.* By the Rev. John Leifchild, D.D. Ward and Co. 1857. Few living preachers are better entitled to speak on the subject of their sacred calling than this venerable divine; and we recommend his counsels to ministers of every class.—*The Blessings of the Reformation. A Sermon on the Tercentenary of its first permanent Establishment in this Country by the Accession of Queen Elizabeth on Nov. 17, 1558.* By William Goode, M.A., F.S.A. Hatchard and Co. 1858. Able, timely, and judicious.—*Scripture and Science not at Variance; with Remarks on the historical Character, plenary Inspiration, and surpassing Importance of the earlier Chapters of Genesis.* By John H. Pratt, M.A., Archdeacon of Calcutta. Second Edition, with new Matter. Hatchard. 1858. An excellent pamphlet. Its perusal will surely make the captious sciolist pause before rushing head foremost against a pyramid of truth. The first three chapters of Genesis are sufficient of themselves to establish the truth of revelation; and this the archdeacon powerfully suggests. But his main object is defensive, and the subject remains an unexhausted quarry.—*The Servant of his Generation. A Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. Jabez Bunting, D.D.* By Frederick J. Jobson, D.D. It is probable that no memoir, however elaborate, will do full justice to all the great qualities of this eminent man; for the genius of Dr. Bunting was highly practical, and while its effects remain, too many of its signs must necessarily perish. For this reason we welcome all the more the beautiful memorial of Dr. Jobson. In chaste and nervous language he gives us an admirable summary of qualities, mental and moral, personal and social, which, in their combination, have been rarely seen, and which a future generation must largely take on trust as the characteristics of Dr. Jabez Bunting. It is a faithful, noble, and attractive portraiture.

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